CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS:

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MISCELLANIES.

DR. FRANCIA.[1]

[1843.]

THE confused South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South-American Continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, 'the Napoleon of Mexico,' a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated 'Plan of Iguala;' a constitution of no continuance. He be-

[1] FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. 62.—1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia: by Citizen the Rev. Manuel Antonio Perez, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October* 1840. (In the *British Packet and Argentine News*, No. 813. Buenos-Ayres, March 19, 1842).

2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia.* Par MM. Rengger et Longchamp. Seconde édition. Paris, 1827.

3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. Second edition. London, 1839.

4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* By the same. London, 1839.

5. *Letters on South America.* By the same. 3 vols. London, 1843.

6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By John Miers. 2 v. Lond. 1826.

7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. Second edition. London, 1829.

came Emperor of Mexico, most serene 'Augustin I.;' was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning;—landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,[2] but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro.*

And Bolivar, 'the Washington of Columbia,' Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man; now dead and gone;—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation 'to the death'? Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without farther dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the

[2] *A Statement of some of the principal Events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide:* written by Himself. London, 1843.

firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained, in the Cumana regions, the 'immortal victory' of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing 'immortal victory' of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost Emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of 'two chambers, and a supreme governor for life with liberty to name his successor,' the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct; and twice, or at least once, did the people, on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and in his later years, in autumn 1825, he rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersaulting and war-whooping round him,[3]—and 'as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous Moun-'tain, came in sight, the bells all pealed out, and there was 'a thunder of artillery,' says General Miller. If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled-man, where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it made his appearance!

Of General San Martin, too, there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and 'his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of 'Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.' In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, whitewashed Town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, 'with its shady public-walk well paved and swept;' looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa Wilderness; pleasantly, on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains,

[3] *Memoirs of General Miller.*

capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them : there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world ; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile ? It is a feat worth looking at ; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cénis highway ; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South-American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes : so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven-out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead : whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles 'at the Fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river,' some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising : still more the concluding civic-feast ; which lasts for three days ; which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results, as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand ; nay, 'five or six of these poor women, 'taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watch-'ing over the rest ;' so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only 'one or two' deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man ! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness ; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General

Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes !—For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths ; huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand ; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms ;—the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you ; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow ; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces ; one false step, and you will need no second ; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like seesaws : men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dextrously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march ; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition-wagons he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed : on the packsaddle of your foremost mule there rested with firm girths a long strong pole ; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule ; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal ; 'store of onions, of garlic,' was not wanting : Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-bushes, or almost of rock-lichens or dried mule-dung. No farther baggage was permitted : each soldier lay at night wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven ; lullabied by hard travail ; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left

much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watch-fire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked-on by the Constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate-out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Gauchos* of his; nay, that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly-astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the 'plains of Maypo,' and again, positively for the last time, on the plains or heights of 'Chacabuco;' and completed the 'deliverance of Chile,' as was thought, forever and a day.

Alas, the 'deliverance' of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but 'delivered' from one set of evil-doers to another set!—San Martin's manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fairspoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but

so terribly hampered by 'class-legislation' and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and 'natural son 'of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of 'Chile,' carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humour and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic-writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of Highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half-century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow (being only three feet broad), and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay food and refection,—for there are 'iron boxes' of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.[4] Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at eventide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With 'both hands,' it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

> Had you seen this road before it was made,
> You would lift both your hands and bless General Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that

[4] Miers.

the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal-box could yield, have not scrupled to tear-down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-stayed traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather, has to linger here for days, 'for fifteen days together,' does not lift both his hands and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead,—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmo al popolo?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless peculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by

native haciendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers! —Yes, but coming always, answer we; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing: the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco Ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the Clergy, and emancipating of the Slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South-American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires:—readers have heard of that huge South-American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital-fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking, till *it* is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more! The South-American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piastres; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampire; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows and other coloured persons: your mulatto nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South-American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess 'universities,' which are at least schools with other than monk teachers; they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking-in through the windows.[5] Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeak-

[5] *Travels in Chile.*

able improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also ('in his haste,' as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South-American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom, and which, we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his 'reign of terror' have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves; these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our own nose, rises a new 'tyrant,'

claiming also *his* reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got-up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay-banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologer, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailors, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, 'upwards of forty persons,' some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut-off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is labouring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real *Life of Francia*, from those parts, be still possible! If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls-in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen-and-ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius, and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little Book, the Second on our List, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty

prepense; coolly *omitting* whatsoever he *saw* that he did not understand:—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deserved *wages* first of all! Reformation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards 'natural history,' among other things. After long towing and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country; but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave Surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia's soldiery, of Francia's self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This Book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces, up to the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable *brevity;* the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia:* these are its excellences,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit! There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar,

never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *nothing* more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their *Francia's Reign of Terror*, and other Books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this Reviewer; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, and thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The Brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents (*Corrientes* so-called), and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous Brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the Brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them or others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the Brothers Robertson, to be

worn-out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his 'reign of terror,' or earlier it may be (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents), the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade and elsewhither; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge,—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a Book. Arrangements being made, Two Volumes of *Letters on Paraguay* came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these *Letters* for the first time lately: a Book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an off-hand, free-flowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eupeptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humour or quasi-humour, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A Book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, 'with one eye shut and the other not open;' a considerable luxury for some readers. These *Letters on Paraguay* meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined

by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a Third Volume, and entitle it *Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror*. They did so, and this likewise the present Reviewer has read. Unluckily the Authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their Book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure: this is the problem; let a man have credit, of its kind, for doing his problem! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from *Rengger and Longchamp*, adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the Volume of four-hundred pages, and say "There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled; and the consequences are already here: Three Volumes more on *South America*, from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson! These also, in his eagerness, this present Reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these Three Volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, Three solid-looking Volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it overnight, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh: but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments

occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there.[6] M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuença, five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to World-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last Volumes, of writing still other Volumes on Chile, 'if the public will encourage.' The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *male*faction or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature

[6] Condamine: *Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.*

or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth,—did not man's indignant providence, with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes: for the mind of man is voracious, is feracious; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the Author-corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading-corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put-up with almost any dandelion, or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive M. de la Condamine, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new Work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to Heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain-out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*), and

little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, 'sanguinary tyrant,' and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This latter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through Rengger's eyes, through Parish Robertson's eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something; and then to ask in quietness, What? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific Cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the City of Assumpcion, was the Father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man's name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year above mentioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a Mother too; but her name also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! José Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humours, with fits of vehement ill-nature; such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the Gospel, and doing the Divine Offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addi-

tion; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust 'men of genius' too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a Priest, and *do* the Divine Offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez having learned his hornbooks and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or throve on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoonmeat, as times go! Spoonpoison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius' so-called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodri-

guez Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long lawsuit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit skullcap and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this thou hast been born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a Priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a Lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look-out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remark-

able. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it too, that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this Universe; that Thou too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the wagonload, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left flying there as shot-rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the *Encyclopédie* and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay is it not, in some sort, beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapours, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in Science, and in Politics and Morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an *ill*-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-coloured, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what *is* the *truth* of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-coloured inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better

or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn-up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be decease and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look-in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the City of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best Advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian *Reign of Terror* itself is willing to admit, nay repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success and love of power, he became a mere ravenous ghoul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums from their parliament-houses,—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape-out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion Advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion City, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere,—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting-out the sun's glare; over-canopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this Century (date undiscoverable in those intricate Volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horse-

back, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.[7]

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just risen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandas open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free-and-easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humour. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of '*swarrie*,' as the Flunky says, 'consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock.' Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the Parana: promiscuously; but you have all got linen bathing-garments, and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are destructive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! Tertulia well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilised mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue; for

[7] *Letters on Paraguay.*

night-lamp burns Canopus in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the Sun's first level light-volley shears away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough?—How, over-night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this Editor.

The Gaucho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as 'ease and scarcity.' The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and 'dictating to three secretaries at once.'[8] They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only,—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, and all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Gaucho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging-on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troup of Centaurs

[8] *Letters on Paraguay.*

with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Gauchos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, mass-chantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Gauchos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily *upon* you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had 'perennial fire-proof joys, namely employments.' He had much Law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had secondhand scientific

treatises in French; he loved to 'interrogate Nature,' as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumours to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befell not. As for that light-headed, smart brown girl whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumpcion, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that, even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her?[9] Poor Francia; poor light-headed, smart brown girl,—this present Reviewer cannot say!

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, downlooking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour; of iron rectitude, above all. 'The skilful lawyer,' 'the learned lawyer,' these are reputations; but the 'honest lawyer'! This Law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a *Francia's Reign of Terror*, with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:

'It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.

'He had a friend in Assumpcion of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young Doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it.

[9] Robertson.

Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

'At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his Master and the Doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent Doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.

'"Machain," said the Lawyer, addressing him, "you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence."

'The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebullition of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

'The first "escrito," or writing, sent-in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. "My friend," said the judge to the leading counsel, "I cannot go forward in this matter unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent." "I will try," replied the advocate; and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three-hundred-and-fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this douceur was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

'"*Salga Usted,*" said Francia, "*con sus viles pensamientos y vilisimo oro de mi casa!* Out, with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold, from my house!"

'Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capote, the offended Advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—"Sir," continued Francia, "you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely

in my power; and unless to-morrow I have a decision in favour of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame."

'The morrow *did* bring a decision in favour of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young Doctor's fame extended far and wide.'

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his Father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been 'money matters.' Francia is not accused of avarice; nay is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, 'the height of fair play'! A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole Law, and occult French Sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private 'hypochondria;' black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome self-secluded life; 'interrogating Nature' through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies,—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate-fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Gauchos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent Monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonisation; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humours, kept close under lock-and-key, what has he to look

for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay he has already a post in the Cabildo; he has already been Alcalde, Lord-Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt-coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say, but barren moneys, barren Gaucho world-celebrities; Abbé-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero*, thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ-de-Mars: guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French People risen against Tyrants; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy-chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of Sansculottism; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars;—fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then as a branch of these, 'Conventions of Aranjuez,' soon followed by 'Spanish Juntas,' 'Spanish Cortes;' and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so, in the new Hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new Hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Rodriguez Francia three ears, he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut-out for Doctor Rodriguez.

The Paraguay People as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos-Ayres, Tucuman, most of the

La Plata Provinces had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos-Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night-watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again![10] Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of Congress assembled, and the old Government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, 'compiled chiefly out of Rollin's *Ancient History*;' and we became a Republic: with Don Fulgencio Yegros, one of the richest Gauchos and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was in 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labours, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their Books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was Secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability, over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it,—this we do know; and, cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide

[10] Rengger.

that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin,—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them.

Besides, these Gaucho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact,—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it.—Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vapouring blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his peculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and, as a running accompaniment, intriguings, caballings, outings, innings: till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk-out with oratorical vivacity his lean right-hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low swift tone: "Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!"—

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—But he shall himself report:

'On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west

wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Donna Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out "*Buen tiro*"—"a good shot." I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.

'In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia.'

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library; —the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum*:

'He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three-hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some schoolboy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a maté-cup and inkstand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the

brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another.'

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the Government-offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable :—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry, was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew 'more than once' to his *chacra*, disgusted with his Colleagues; who always by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd 'Vowels;' no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble, and rumour of new war, from Buenos-Ayres;—alas, from what corner of the great Continent come there other than troubles and rumours of war? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves 'shot in market-places;' revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; 'dictating despatches from cow-skulls.' Like clouds of wolves,—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes,—the Indians dart-in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppuration, when it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice, That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls*: with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for Consul's *cloak*, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gor-

geous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak?* Next year in the third Congress, Francia, by 'insidious manœuvering,' by 'favour of the military,' and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature,—gets himself declared *Dictator:* 'for three years,' or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of *Rollin*, who would not lament such destiny? This Congress should have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left; which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback again, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting again. The military mostly favoured Francia; being gained-over by him,—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the Government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, Guardhouses, at short distances were established along the River's bank and all round the dangerous Frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm-cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the heart of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the fire-brands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos-Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no 'Congress of Lima,' 'General Congress of Panama,' or other

general or particular Congress, would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier 'Guardhouses' being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's license, —given on payment of the due moneys, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licenses were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance-dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant (think the Messrs. Robertson), were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock-and-key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Gaucho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the Perpetual Dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree; the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artiguenos and other war firebrands, all shut-out from it. But in that year 1819, the second year of the Perpetual Dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of 'Plots,' even dangerous Plots! In that year the firebrand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it, hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and conqueror, and fellow-bandit and firebrand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a Letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Gaucho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence there and then! A Conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; Conspiracy which seems the wider spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing

itself these 'two years,' and now 'on Good-Friday next' is to burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with![11] Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature and structure of this Plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his Perpetual Dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio Plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the 'reign of terror,' properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the 'running shriek' of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it! The Career of Freedom, be it known to all men and Gauchos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life: the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Gauchos, —or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the Horse-subduer that does it. By Heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St.-Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid: till the 'three ball-cartridges' are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the Plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years,

[11] Rengger.

little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The 'reign of terror,' one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigour; which would become 'terrible' enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the 'running shriek,' which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year (1820, as we grope and gather), that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done; eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Gauchos? In Gauchos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Gauchos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French Sciences and natural sagacity, nay driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers, throughout all Paraguay, To sow a certain portion of their lands anew; with or without hope,—under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that Two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that Agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.[12] As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not Foreign Trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on; the course persisted in, 'with evident advantages,' says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic Plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without; and Locust-swarms with Improvement of Husbandry in the interior; and those Guardhouses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage

[12] Rengger, pp. 67 &c.

this huge Paraguay, which, by strange 'insidious' and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was? One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the *Æsthetische Briefwechsel* of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a Work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognising heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sunglance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical Remarks of his, and then a few Anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

'Pity,' exclaims Sauerteig once, 'that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call "tremendous cheers"! Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men! The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by "tremendous cheers" alone!'— —

'Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South-American continent,—he too is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting-process taking place;—monstrous gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again,—unable to manage it by "tremendous cheers" alone!'— —

'What they say about "love of power" amounts to little. Power? Love of "power" merely to make flunkies come and go for you is a "love," I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing, as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and

four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunky "power"? He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunky promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunky had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

'And yet truly a man does tend, and must under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world? He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is.'— —

'Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one veracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm-profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called "Nothing, and find yourself"! Spartan food and lodging, solitude, three cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had.'

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting-out of the Seven Devils from a Gaucho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labour, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigours; for indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture:— not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, 'boarding-schools,' 'elementary schools,' and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education as he could; repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man

and man was enforced in his Law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing-up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this Hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the Public Offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die! We might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of *un*veracity in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience; they had better disappear out of his neighbourhood. Poor Francia: his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life*-lease. He had his 'three ball-cartridges' ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez as he preaches, 'in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumpcion, on the 20th of October 1840,' in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His 'Funeral Discourse,' translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible

in the *Argentine News* of Buenos-Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages; studying to abate the nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has 'much surprised' the Able Editor, it seems;—has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litanying about 'reign of terror,' and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature?

'Amid the convulsions of revolution,' says the Reverend Manuel, 'the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don José Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. *And when*, in the words of my Text, *the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them.*'

'What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labours undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of Arms, and to discipline Soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to the study of the military art; and, in a short time, taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfulest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paragueno think it other than honourable to carry a musket, when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency, as you know, did himself superintend; at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvered, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigour which infused his own martial spirit into these troops.'

'What evils do not the people suffer from Highwaymen!' exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; 'violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inacessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seem to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest Guardhouse (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere

long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired.'—This is saying something, your Reverence!

'But what is all this compared to the demon of Anarchy? Oh,' exclaims his simple Reverence, 'Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren.'—'It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling'—if feeling to any extent there were! 'I,' exclaims his Reverence, 'am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the State's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution.' It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! 'Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adonijah to death.' Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway,—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, 'till he become a bore to us,' and perhaps worse! An Advocate in Arras once gave-up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this Advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar-of-lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

'His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the State from another class of enemies,' says Perez in the Incarnation Church; 'the peculating Tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against

the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year.'

'The habit of his Excellency when he delivered-out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artisans' workmanship.'

'Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so widespread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator nevertheless did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic.

'Four respectable Fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the People whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe.'

'The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive-back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the Fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the Republic against attack from any.

'The great Wall, ditch and fortress, on the opposite bank of the River Parana; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter.'

'The beauty, the symmetry and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants,' continues Perez: 'Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,'—thus think most persons! 'His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the Capital of the Republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners.'

But enough, O Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Gauchos of sense, that Dictator Francia *was* 'the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies'?—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of

him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man 'sent by Heaven,'—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two-hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting-up direct from Nature's heart, in this bewildered Gaucho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and 'permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,'[13] has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, 'taking observations with his theodolite,' and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems farther, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfulest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting-down of the luxuriant 'cross hedges' and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved City, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer[14]); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

[13] Perez. [14] Ib.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this *Reign of Terror*, with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders-in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the 'Bar of the House of Commons,' and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker,—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?"—Sure enough, our Robertson, arriving at the 'Bar of the House of Commons' with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the 'House of Commons' was this message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator!—The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the Bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all: hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this *Reign of Terror* are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham-per-

formance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *un*real performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Gauchos,—it is no child's-play, casting-out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favour from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he somewhat roughly shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Debout, canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal says; *Debout: aux champs, aux ateliers!* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness or nearly so,—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work;—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and suchlike; given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humour of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware he also left sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron-saint for one of his new Fortifications once, he made this answer: "O People of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots? While I was a Catholic, I thought as you do: but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"[15] This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss Surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans, —but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priests like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on; and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of

[15] Rengger.

them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons so-called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather, stand on their bases in high winds. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, 'which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold'! For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which *were* meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure every thing!" Francia, in despair, erected his 'Workman's Gallows.' Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner:

'In came, one afternoon, a poor Shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. "Sentinel,"—said he,—and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

'*Dictator.* "Take this *bribonazo*" (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which, being interpreted, means "most impertinent scoundrel")—"take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times:—and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it."

'*Shoemaker.* "Please your Excellency, I have done my best."

'*Dictator.* "Well, *bribon*, if this *be* your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the State's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."

'*Shoemaker.* "God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid! I am

your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatéro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), I will make them to your Excellency's liking."

'*Dictator.* "Off with him, sentinel!"

'*Sentinel.* "*Venga, bribon,* Come along, you rascal."

'*Shoemaker.* "Señor Excelentisimo,—*this very night* I will make the belts according to your Excellency's pattern."

'*Dictator.* "Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."

'*Sentinel.* "*Vamonos, bribon;* the Supreme commands it."

'Off was the Shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall.'

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America;—and he is now, if still in this life, Beltmaker-general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the Seven Devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introducible, under that simple form, in our old-constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain Tenpound Franchisers, with their 'tremendous cheers,' are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Gauchos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your Seven Devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time

of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

'I have already said, that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took-up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This Edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This Structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the City, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe.

'He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the Interior Colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes-up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his *official gazette*. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the Outer Colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself.

'After dinner he takes his *siesta*. On awakening he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly

those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the Outer Colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself.'

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.[16] Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to 'strike men with the flat of their swords,' much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never found any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris!—At one time also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on!—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: "Move on!" cried the sentry sharply; —no effect: "Move on!" and again none. "Move on!" for the third time:—alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively:—whereupon a shot belches-forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must have been considerable, his retreat-pace one of the rapidest. As for Francia, he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, "What

[16] Rengger.

news, *Amigo?*" The sentry quoted "Your Excellency's order;" Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that, at all events, such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human Science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set-up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. With an eye to botany? Botany? Why, yes,—and perhaps to commerce still more. "Botany!" exclaims Francia: "It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous French individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas's! Bring him to me!" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland's tea-establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior; root-out his tea-plants; scatter his four-hundred Indians, and—we know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America;—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and 'thirty piasters a month till he died.' The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, such of them as took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, 'were instantly seized and shot.'

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying Father —requires to be confirmed! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia "was busy;—what use

was it?—could not come." A second still more pressing message arrives: "The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter Heaven, if they be not reconciled."—"Then let him enter —— !" said Francia; "I will not come!"[17] If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia by far the worst. If Francia, in that death-hour, could not forgive his poor old Father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have, done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumour, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? if so, let him do it,—for the sake of the Psychological Sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Gauchos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen-in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *maté*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or unquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years and through all his

[17] Robertson.

days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labour. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A Life of terrible labour;—but for the last twenty years, the Fulgencio Plot being once torn in pieces, and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labour: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still *home*.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their Book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon! He died on the 20th of September 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay 'with tears,' as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him; as some 'Directorate,' '*Junta Gubernativa*,' or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years!

AN ELECTION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.[1]

[1844.]

ANTHONY WOOD, a man to be depended on for accuracy, states as a fact that John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, and others, did, during the autumn of 1640, ride to and fro over England, inciting the people to choose members of their faction. Pym and others. Pym 'rode about the country to promote elec-'tions of the Puritanical brethren to serve in Parliament; 'wasted his body much in carrying-on the cause, and was him-'self,' as we well know, 'elected a Burgess.' As for Hamp-den, he had long been accustomed to ride: 'being a person 'of antimonarchical principles,' says Anthony, 'he did not only 'ride, for several years before the Grand Rebellion broke out, 'into Scotland, to keep consults with the Covenanting breth-'ren there; but kept his circuits to several Puritanical houses 'in England; particularly to that of Knightley in Northamp-'tonshire,' to Fawsley Park, then and now the house of the Knightleys, 'and also to that of William Lord Say at Broughton near Banbury in Oxfordshire:'[2]—Mr. Hampden might well be on horseback in election-time. These Pyms, these Hampdens, Knightleys were busy riding over England in those months: it is a little fact which Anthony Wood has seen fit to preserve for us.

A little fact, which, if we meditate it, and picture in any measure the general humour and condition of the England that then was, will spread itself into great expanse in our imagination! What did they say, do, think, these patriotic missionaries, 'as they rode about the country'? What did they propose, advise, in the successive Townhalls, Country-houses,

[1] FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 178.

[2] Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss's edition), iii. 73, 59; Nugent's *Hampden*, i. 327.

and 'Places of Consult'? John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, Mr. Hampden of Great Hampden, riding to and fro, lodging with the Puritan Squires of this English Nation, must have had notable colloquies! What did the Townspeople say in reply to them? We have a great curiosity to know about it: how this momentous General Election, of autumn 1640, went on; what the physiognomy or figure of it was; how 'the re-markablest Parliament that ever sat, the father of all Free British Parliaments, American Congresses and French Con-ventions, that have sat since in this world,' was got together!

To all which curiosities and inquiries, meanwhile, there is as good as no answer whatever. Wood's fact, such as it is, has to twinkle for us like one star in a heaven otherwise all dark, and shed what light it can. There is nothing known of this great business, what it was, what it seemed to be, how in the least it transacted itself, in any town, or county, or locality. James Heath, 'Carrion Heath' as Smelfungus calls him, does, in his *Flagellum* (or *Flagitium*[3] as it properly is), write some stuff about Oliver Cromwell and Cambridge Election; concerning which latter and Cleaveland the Poet there is also another blockheadism on record:—but these, and the like, mere blockheadisms, pitch-dark stupidities and palpable falsities,—what can we do with these? Forget them, as soon as possible, to all eternity;—that is the evident rule: Admit that we do honestly know nothing, instead of misknowing several things, and in some sense all things, which is a great misfortune in comparison!

Contemporary men had no notion, as indeed they seldom have in such cases, what an enormous work they were going-on with; and nobody took note of this election more than of any former one. Besides, if they had known, they had other business than to write accounts of it for *us*. But how could anybody know that this was to be the *Long* Parliament, and to cut his Majesty's head off, among other feats? A very 'spirited election,' I dare believe:—but there had been another election that same year, equally spirited, which had issued in a *Short* Parliament, and mere 'second Episcopal War.'

[3] Or, *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1663): probably, all things considered, the brutalest Platitude this English Nation has to show for itself in writing.

There had been three prior elections, sufficiently spirited; and had issued, each of them, in what we may call a futile shriek; their Parliaments swiftly vanishing again.

Sure enough, from whatever cause it be, the world, as we said, knows not anywhere of the smallest authentic notice concerning this matter, which is now so curious to us, and is partly becoming ever more curious. In the old Memoirs, not entirely so dull when once we understand them; in the multitudinous rubbish-mountains of old Civil-War Pamphlets (some thirty or fifty thousand of them in the British Museum alone, unread, unsorted, unappointed, unannealed!), which will continue dull till, by real labour and insight, of which there is at present little hope, the ten-thousandth part of them be extracted; and the nine-thousand nine-hundred and ninety-nine parts of them be eaten by moths, or employed in domestic cookery when fuel grows scarce;—in these chaotic masses of old dull printing there is not to be met with, in long years of manipulation, one solitary trait of any election, in any point of English land, to this same Long Parliament, the remarkablest that ever sat in the world. England was clearly all alive then,—with a moderate crop of corn just reaped from it; and other things not just ready for reaping yet. In Newcastle, in 'the Bishoprick' and that region, a Scotch Army, bristling with pike and musket, sonorous with drum and psalm-book, all snugly garrisoned and billeted 'with 850*l.* a-day;' over in Yorkshire an English Army, not quite so snugly; and a 'Treaty of Ripon' going on; and immense things in the wind, and Pym and Hampden riding to and fro to hold 'consults:' it must have been an election worth looking at! But none of us will see it; the Opacities have been pleased to suppress this election, considering *it* of no interest. It is erased from English and from human Memory, or was never recorded there,—(owing to the stupor and dark nature of that faculty, we may well say). It is a lost election; swallowed in the dark deeps: *premit atra Nox.* Black Night; and this one fact of Anthony Wood's more or less faintly twinkling there!

In such entire darkness, it was a welcome discovery which the present Editor made, of certain official or semi-official Documents, legal testimonies and signed affidavits, relative to

the Election for Suffolk, such as it actually showed itself to men's observation in the Town of Ipswich on that occasion: Documents drawn-up under the exact eye of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, High-Sheriff of Suffolk; all carefully preserved these two centuries, and still lying safe for the inspection of the curious among the *Harley Manuscripts* in the British Museum. Sir Simonds, as will be gradually seen, had his reasons for getting these Documents drawn-up; and luckily, when the main use of them was over, his thrifty historical turn of mind induced him to preserve them for us. A man of sublime Antiquarian researches, Law-learning, human and divine accomplishments, and generally somewhat Grandisonian in his ways; a man of scrupulous Puritan integrity, of highflown conscientiousness, exactitude and distinguished perfection; ambitious to be the pink of Christian country-gentlemen and magistrates of counties; really a most spotless man and High-Sheriff: how shall he suffer, in Parliament or out of it, to the latest posterity, any shadow from election-brabbles or the like indecorous confusion to rest on his clear-polished character? Hence these Documents;—for there had an unseemly brabble, and altercation from unreasonable persons, fallen-out at this Election, which 'might have ended in blood,' from the nose or much deeper, had Sir Simonds been a less perfect High-Sheriff! Hence these Documents, we say; and they are preserved to us.

The Documents, it must be at once owned, are somewhat of the wateriest: but the reader may assure himself they are of a condensed, emphatic, and very potent nature, in comparison with the generality of Civil-War documents and records! Of which latter indeed, and what quality they are of, the human mind, till once it has earnestly tried them, can form no manner of idea. We had long heard of Dulness, and thought we knew it a little; but here first *is* the right dead Dulness, Dulness its very self! Ditch-water, fetid bilge-water, ponds of it and oceans of it; wide-spread genuine Dulness, without parallel in this world: such is the element in which that history of our Heroic Seventeenth Century as yet rots and swims! The hapless inquirer swashes to and fro, in the sorrow of his heart: if in an acre of stagnant water he can pick-up half a peascod, let him thank his stars!

This Editor, in such circumstances, read the D'Ewes Documents, and re-read them, not without some feeling of satisfaction. Such as they are, they bring one face to face with an actual election, at Ipswich, 'in Mr. Hambies' field, on Monday 'the 19th of October 1640, an extreme windy day.' There is the concrete figure of that extreme windy Monday, Monday gone Two-hundred and odd years: the express image of Old Ipswich, and Old England, and that Day; exact to Nature herself, —though in a most dark glass, the more is the pity! But it is a glass; it is the authentic *mind*, namely, or *seeing-faculty*, of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and his Affidavit-makers, who did look on the thing with eyes and minds, and got a real picture of it for themselves. Alas, we too could see *it*, the very thing as it then and there was, through these men's poor limited authentic picture of it here preserved for us, had we eyesight *enough*;—a consideration almost of a desperate nature! Eyesight *enough*, O reader: a man in that case were a god, and could do various things!—

We will not overload these poor Documents with commentary. Let the public, as we have done, look with its own eyes. To the commonest eyesight a markworthy old fact or two may visibly disclose itself; and in shadowy outline and sequence, to the interior regions of the seeing-faculty, if the eyesight be beyond common, a whole world of old facts,—an old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived, on that 'extreme windy day,'—may more or less dimly suggest themselves. The reader is to transport himself to Ipswich; and, remembering always that it is two centuries and four years ago, look about him there as he can. Some opportunity for getting these poor old Documents copied into modern hand has chanced to arise; and here, with an entire welcome to all faithful persons who are sufficiently patient of dulness for the sake of direct historical knowledge, they are given forth in print.

It is to be premised that the Candidates in this Election are Three: Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker on the Puritan side; and Mr. Henry North, son of Sir Roger North, on the Court or Royalist side. Sir Roger is himself already elected, or about to be elected, for the borough of Eye; —and now Mr. Henry, heir-apparent, is ambitious to be Knight of the Shire. He, if he can, will oust one of the two Puritans, he cares little which, and it shall be tried on Monday.

To most readers these Candidates are dark and inane, mere Outlines of Candidates : but Suffolk readers, in a certain dim way, recognise something of them. 'The Parkers still continue 'in due brilliancy, in that shire : a fine old place, at Long 'Melford, near Bury :—but this Parker,' says our Suffolk monitor,[4] 'is of another family, the family of Lord Morley-and-Mont-'eagle, otherwise not unknown in English History.[5] The Bar-'nardistons too,' it would appear, 'had a noble mansion in the 'east side of the county, though it has quite vanished now, and 'corn is growing on the site of it,' and the family is somewhat eclipsed. The Norths are from Mildenhall, from Finborough, Laxfield ; the whole world knows the North kindred, Lord Keeper Norths, Lord Guildford Norths, of which these Norths of ours are a junior twig. Six lines are devoted by Collins Dryasdust[6] to our Candidate Mr. Henry, of Mildenhall, and to our Candidate's Father and Uncle ; testifying indisputably that they lived, and that they died.

Let the reader look in the dim faces, Royalist and Puritan, of these respectable Vanished Gentlemen ; let him fancy their old Great Houses, in this side of the county or that other, standing all young, firm, fresh-pargeted, and warm with breakfast-fire, on that 'extreme windy morning,' which have fallen into such a state of dimness now ! Let the reader, we say, look about him in that old Ipswich ; in that old vanished population : perhaps he may recognise a thing or two. There is the old 'Market Cross,' for one thing ; 'an old Grecian cir-'cular building, of considerable diameter ; a dome raised on 'distinct pillars, so that you could go freely in and out between 'them ; a figure of Justice on the top ;' which the elderly men in Ipswich can still recollect, for it did not vanish till some thirty years ago. The 'Corn Hill' again, being better rooted, has not vanished hitherto, but is still extant as a Street and Hill ; and the Townhall stands on one side of it.

[4] D. E. Davy, Esq., of Ufford, in that County, whose learning in Suffolk History is understood to be supreme, and whose obliging disposition we have ourselves experienced.

[5] 'It was to William Parker, Lord Monteagle, ancestor of this Sir Philip, 'that the Letter was addressed which saved the King and Parliament from 'the Gunpowder Plot. Sir Philip had been High-Sheriff in 1637 ; he died 'in 1675.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

[6] *Peerage*, iv. 62, 63 (London, 1741).

Samuel Duncon, the Town-constable, shall speak first. 'The 'Duncons were a leading family in the Corporation of Ipswich; 'Robert Duncon was patron of the' &c. &c.: so it would appear; but this Samuel, Town-constable, must have been of the more decayed branches, poor fellow! What most concerns us is, that he seems to do his constabling in a really judicious manner, with unspeakable reverence to the High-Sheriff; that he expresses himself like a veracious person, and writes a remarkably distinct hand. We have sometimes, for light's sake, slightly modified Mr. Duncon's punctuation; but have respected his and the High-Sheriff's spelling, though it deserves little respect,—and have in no case, never so slightly, meddled with his sense. The questionable *italic letters in brackets* are evident interpolations;—omissible, if need be.

SUFFOLKE ELECTION.[7]

No. I.

[*Samuel Duncon testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, That upon Monday the 19th day of October this present year 1640, the election of two Knights for the Shire was at Ipswich in Suffolke; the Writt being read about eight of the clocke in the morning: and in the Markett Crosse where the County Court is generally kept, Mr. Henry North sonne of Sir Roger North was there at the reading of the said Writt. All this time the other two, namely, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker, were at the King's Head; and Mr. North was carried about neare halfe an houre before the other two came [*Carried about in his chair by the jubilant people: Let all men see, and come and vote for him. The chairing was then the first step, it would seem*]; and after the other two were taken there, Mr. North was carried into the field neare the said towne, called Mr. Hambie's feild:[8] and the said High-Sherriffe was there polling, about halfe an houre before the other two Knights knewe either of his being polling, or of the High-Sherriff's intention to take the Poll in that place. But at length the two Knights were carried into the said feild; and before they came there, the tables which were sett for them, the said Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip, were thrust downe, and troaden under foot [*Such a pressure and crowding was there!*]; and they both caused but one

[7] From *Harleian Mss.*, British Museum (Parliamentary Affairs collected by Sir S. D'Ewes), No. 165, fol. 5-8.

[8] Or, 'Hanbie's field,' as the Duncon *Ms.* has it: he probably means Hamby. 'A family of the latter name had property at Ipswich and about it, 'in those times.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

table to bee sett there,—till about three of the clocke of the afternoone, the said day, about which time Sir Nathaniel had another table sett there, a little remote from the other. And when they went about to poll, they wanted a clarke. I, Samuell Duncon, standing by, some requested mee; and upon the Under-Sherriff's allowance, I did take names, and one Mr. Fishar with mee, he for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip; although many that came for the one, came for the other; and if any came for Mr. North (as there did some), wee tooke them likewise for him. And Mr. John Clinch of Creting,[9] Sir Roger North's brother-in-law, or some other of Mr. North his ["*North his*" *means North's*] friends, stoode by all the time. And after the space of one quarter of an houre, came Sir Robert Crane,[10] and did oppose against Mr. Fishar; and then came the said High-Sherriffe himselfe to the table, wheere wee weere writing, and discharged Mr. Fishar, and tooke his papers of him; and at the request of Sir Roger North did appoint one Mr. John Sheppard to write in his place, who then tooke names for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip. About one houre after, Sir Robert Crane and the rest of Mr. North his friends moved Sir Nathaniel that wee might leave off polling for him and Sir Philip, and take the Poll only for Mr. North; for, they said, Mr. North's table was much pestred, and many of his men would be gone out of towne, being neare night,—and the like reasons. Which reasons might as well have been alledged in the behalfe of Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip: but without reasoning, Sir Nathaniel did grant them their desire; and presently Sir Robert Crane went and called all that were for Mr. North to come to that table; and soe Mr. Sheppard and myselfe tooke for Mr. North as long as wee could well see; which I think was about one houre. Having done, wee gave upp our Bookes, and did goe to Mrs. Penning's house in Ipswich, where Sir Roger North was then with the said High-Sherriffe: and I heard no oppositions at that time taken against any thing that had passed that Monday at the taking of the said Poll; but Sir Roger North and the said High-Sherriffe did part very courteously and friendly, each from the other.

'But by the next morning it was generally thought, that Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip had outstripped Mr. North, about 500 voices apiece, at the Poll taken on the Monday foregoing; soe as the said Sir Roger being, it seemes, much vexed thereat, came to the said High-

[9] 'The family of Clinch, or Clench as it should be spelt, were of note in 'Suffolk. They descended from John Clench of' &c. &c., 'buried in 1607, 'with a handsome monument to his memory. He was one of the Justices of 'the King's Bench. His Grandson, John Clench, Esq., was High-Sheriff 'of the County in 1639.'—*Dryasdust Mss.* This, I think, is our and Samuel Duncon's Clench.

[10] 'Sir Robert Crane was descended from a Norfolk family, which mi-'grated,' &c. 'He was created a Baronet in May 1627. He was of Chilton 'Hall, near Sudbury; he died in 1642.'—*Ibid.*

Sherriffe's lodging about eight of the clocke, the same Teuesday morning, and begann to make cavills against what had passed at the taking of the Poll the day past. And then they went to the Poll againe; and two tables were sett in the Markett Crosse,[11] whereat the Poll was taken for Mr. North by four clarkes on oath, two writing the same names. About 12 of the clocke, the same forenoone, the Court was adjourned to two of the clocke in the afternoone. About which time the said High-Sherriffe repairing thither againe, did with much patience attend the same Mr. North's Poll, sitting sometimes about a quarter of an houre before any came in to give their voice, for the said Mr. North. And as the said High-Sherriffe was soe attending his [*Sir Roger North's*] said sonne's Poll, about three of the clocke the same afternoone, came Sir Roger North, accompanied with divers gentlemen, most of them armed with swords or rapiers [*Lo, there!*], into the said Mearkett Crosse; and the said High-Sherriffe very respectfully attending with silence to what the said Sir Roger North had to say, he fell into most outrageous, unjust and scandalous criminations against the said High-Sherriffe; charging him to have dealt partiallie and unjustlie, and to have wronged his said sonne. To all which violent accusations, the said High-Sherriffe, having desired silence, did answeare soe fully and readily, as it gave all unpartiall and honest men full satisfaction. A while after the said High-Sherriffe's speech was ended, the said Sir Roger North with divers others went upp and downe in such a manner on the said Corne Hill, as I, the said Samuell Duncon, fearing that much danger and bloudshedd might ensue, and being one of the constables of Ipswich, did in the King's Majestie's name charge some of the said company to desist [*Highly proper, in such a place as the Corne Hill!*].

'SAMUEL DUNCON.'

No. II.

[*Samuel Duncon testifieth for the second time.*]

'*Monday, the 19th of October* 1640.

'When I came into the field where the Polling was for the Knights of the Shire, the first place I settled at was an Elm [*Nota bene*] in the middle of the feild, where there were polling for Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker: and there was a long table, at one end whereof was Mr. Robert Dowe, clerke; and he did write for both the foresaid knights; and Mr. Farran, Under-Sherriffe,[12] did sweare the people; and at the other end of the same table did Mr. Robert Clarke write

[11] 'A spacious place; there was room enough in it: see the old copper-plate of 1780.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

[12] 'Under-Sheriff,' so Duncon calls him; but the real Under-Sheriff was Mr. Choppine, to whom this Mr. Farran must have been assistant or temporary substitute.

for Sir Philip, and Mr. Peter Fisher wrot for Sir Nathaniel; and sometimes Mr. Chopping[13] did sweare the people at that end, and sometimes Mr. Robert Clerke did sweare them.

'After I had stood there one houre or thereabout, Mr. Robert Clerke his nose did bleede [*Ominous?*], so as he coulde not write, and then he called mee to write in his stead, and the Under-Sherriffe required me so to doe; which I did till his nose left bleeding, and then he tooke the Booke again and wrot himselfe. Then I stood by againe about another houre, and then with the violent presse of the people, the tressolls brake, and the table fell downe to the ground [*Aha!*]. There was a cessation of writing until the table was set up againe. In that interim, Peter Fisher and Samuel Duncon went to the Conduit-head [*Mark!*]; and having a table sett up there, they did write there for the two foresaid Knights: and then, at the former place [*Beside the big Elm, namely, under its creaking boughs, and brown leaves dropping*], when the table was up againe, Mr. Dowe wrot still for the two Knights, and then ["*Then*" *signifies* "*meanwhile*"] at the other end of the table was Mr. Robert Clarke writing for Sir Philip. And then there was no man at that end writing for Sir Nathaniel; which presently bred this confusion inevitable, viz. when men had with much trouble pressed to the end of the table (where Mr. Clarke did only take for Sir Philip), and desired to be sworne and entered for both, Mr. Clerke would sweare and take them onely for Sir Philip; and would send them to the place where Mr. Fisher was writing for Sir Nathaniel [*And I for Sir Philip still? No, I had ceased; the official nose having done bleeding: see presently*], at the foresaid Conduit-head: whereupon men, being unwilling to endure so much trouble as to presse twice into such great crowdes, began to murmure and complaine [*Very naturally!*], saying they would not endure this, but desired they might be discharged at one place; also Mr. Fisher came to Mr. Clerke, and demanded the reason Why there was no one to take for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table, where the said Clerke did take names for Sir Philip? and Mr. Fisher said that men complained because they were not despatched for both at once; and said also they would goe away, and not endure this crowding twice. When I [*Having now quitted the Conduit-head, and come to the Elm again*] saw no clerke to write for Sir Nathaniel, I desired this inconvenience aforesaid might be prevented; and seeing a Paper Booke in Mr. Farran his hands, I sayd to him, "Mr. Farran, you see there wants a clerke at the other end of the table to write for Sir Nathaniel;" and then Mr. Farran gave me the Paper Booke in his hands, and sayd to mee, "Write you, for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table," where Mr. Clerke did write for Sir Philip. And then I, having the Booke, did write for Sir Nathaniel till the evening. And at that end of the table

[13] 'A.D. 1640. John Choppine, Gent., Under-Sheriff; Tallemach Choppine of Coddenham's brother.'—*Harleian Mss.* No. 99, fol. 7.

where ["*table where*," *not* "*end where*"] Mr. Robert Dowe did write at one end, and Mr. Clerke and myselfe at the other end, there were present two or three knightes or gentlemen, all the whole time, of Mr. North's partie: sometimes Sir Robert Crane, and Mr. — Waldegrave, and Mr. John Smith,[14] and Mr. Henry North sen. [*This is the Candidate's Uncle, come over from Laxfield, I think, to see fair play.*] No man, all that time, made any observation against mee; and yet they stoode, some of these and sometimes some others of that side, all the afternoone, and did supravise all the clerkes. Also, at night, when wee were breaking up, Mr. Clerke demanded of Mr. Clinch [*Clinch of Creting, — whom we saw above*] if he could find any fault with us in doing any wrong? To which he answered, "He could not as yet, if there were no other carriage than there had yet beene," or to that effect. Neither was there any, that day, who did find fault with the clerkes, in my hearing; but sometimes some muttering and complaining about some particular questions in the oaths, which (as soon as they came to the High-Sherriffe his intelligence) were rectified and settled.

'And at night, when wee broke up, I gave my Booke that I wrott in, unto the Under-Sheriffe, Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrott; and then wee came home with the High-Sheriffe to Mrs. Penning's howse [*Did she keep the King's Head?*]; and there did the High-Sheriffe call for all the Bookes from the Under-Sheriffe, and in the presence of Sir Roger North, and Mr. North his brother, and more other gentlemen, locke up all the Bookes in a little truncke; and sett that truncke in his owne lodging-chamber; and gave the key thereof to his Under-Sheriffe, who lodged not in that howse where the Bookes were.

'*Tuesday, the 20th of October* 1640.

'In the morning Mr. High-Sheriffe came into the Corne Hill at Ipswich and the Knights, to make an end of polling. Whereupon the clerkes who wrot the day before appeared, and wrot againe as before. But Mr. High-Sheriffe commanded that wee should all of us make new Bookes to write in; for he would not stirr those that were wrot-in the day before: and so wee did, and wrot in new Bookes.

'And all that day also while wee wrot, there were divers supravisors; but they found no fault with the clerkes in my hearing; and at noone, when wee brake upp, I gave my Booke againe into Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrot. And in the afternoone, wee came together againe, and made an end of polling; and towards the end of polling, before wee had done polling at the table where I sat

[14] Smith is undecipherable; being 'very frequent' in Suffolk, as elsewhere. Of Waldegrave, the Monitor says, 'There being no Christian name mentioned, 'it is hard to say what individual is meant. Doubtless he was one of the 'Waldegraves of Smallbridge. Wm. Waldegrave, Esq., son of Sir Wm. 'Waldegrave, Knight, of Smallbridge in Bures, Suffolk, would be about 'forty years of age about this time:'—let us fancy it was he.

to write, Sir Roger with the rest of the knights and gentlemen went about the Corne Hill, swinging their caps and hats crying, "A North! A North!" [*Questionable*]; which caused me to admire; because I knew the Bookes were not cast up [*And nobody could yet tell who was to win*].

'Then after that, Mr. High-Sheriffe went to Mrs. Penning's, and the Knights followed him, and the clerkes to summe up the Bookes. But the night grew on so fast, that they could not be ended that night: then Mr. High-Sheriffe did againe locke up the Bookes in the same truncke they were in before, and gave the key to Mr. — North, and sett the truncke into his chamber, and appointed to meete the next day upon [*Means, in it, not on the roof of it; the figure of Justice stands on the roof*] the Townhall.'

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, That on Tuesday October 20, in the afternoone, this present year 1640, the High-Sherriffe of the county of Suffolk, sitting in the Markett Crosse [*Note him!*], in Ipswich, where hee kept his County Court, and had that afternoone taken the poll of divers that came to give their voices for Mr. Henry North, sonne of Sir Roger North [*Grammar fails a little*]. And when it appeared, after some stay, that noe more weere likely to come, and Mr. Gardener Webb[15] speaking concerning the said election averred That the said High-Sherriffe had been damnably base in all his carriage. Whereupon I, Samuel Duncon, hearing the same, did [*As an enemy of blasphemy, and Constable of this Borough*] enforme the said High-Sheriffe of that outrageous and scandalous speeche; who thereupon asking the said Webb, Whether hee had spoken the said wordes or not? he answered, with much impudence and earnestness, That he had said soe, and would maintain it. And did thereupon in the presence of the said High-Sherriffe call mee, the said Samuel Duncon, base rascall and rogue [*He shall answer it!*] because I had acquainted the said High-Sherriffe with his said injurious speeches. SAMUEL DUNCON.'

No. III.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth, though without signature.*]

'*Wednesday the 21st October* 1640.

'The truncke was brought up into the Townhall, and the High-Sherriffe and the rest of the knights and gentlemen came up together to make end of their Bookes: and they passed quietly untill my Booke was produced; and then Mr. North protested against my Booke, and Sir Roger came up and exclaimed at mee, and said I was no fitt clerke,

[15] 'Gardiner Webb was the son of William Webb of Ixworth in Suffolk, 'attorney-at-law. He became heir, in right of his mother (who was one of 'the Gardiners of Elmswell), to considerable landed property' (*Drysdust Mss.*); and seems to have been a hot-tempered loose-spoken individual.

neyther authorised to write. Then was Mr. Farran called, and asked How I came to write? Which he answered, "He never saw mee before Monday in all his life, but wanting one to write, and I standing by, he requested mee to write." The High-Sherriffe told Sir Roger, "He could not but accept of my Booke, and would doe so if I had wrot for his own sonne;" and for myselfe, as I then testified, so am I ready to make oath, being lawfully called, That my Booke was just and right, and that I did not write one name that was not sworne for Sir Nathaniel; and notwithstanding Sir Roger and other knights did speake their large pleasures of mee and charged me with direct and manifest outrage [*Maltreating the honest Town-constable: shameful!*].

'In conclusion, the High-Sherriffe finished the Bookes, and soe we brake up that night, and the next day we proclaymed Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker Knights of the Shire for the ensuing Parliament.' [SAMUEL DUNCON: signature not given.]

'To all these Three Pages I am ready to give testimony; and to the whole substance thereof. EDW. BESTWALL.'[16]

No. IV.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, Upon Tuesday morning some women [*Puritan women; zealous beyond discretion!*] came to be sworne for the two foresaid Knights; and Mr. Robert Clerke did suddenly take some of them; but as soone as Mr. High-Sherriffe had intelligence of it, wee had worde brought to the table where Mr. Clerke and myselfe wrot, that Mr. Sheriffe would have us take no women's oaths; and both the Knights desired that those that were taken might be put out, and that we should take no more: and so we refused the rest of the women after that notice from Mr. High-Sherriffe; and when Mr. High-Sherriffe cast up the Bookes, he cast out the women out of the generall summe.'

[SAMUEL DUNCON: signature not given.]

These transactions are of 'so high a nature,' it is probable a Parliamentary Committee will have to sit upon them: justice between the vociferous irrational Sir Roger and the discreet unspotted Sir Simonds will then be done. Duncon backed by Bestwall, in writing, and by the Under-Sheriffs Farran and Choppin *vivâ voce* if needful, and indeed by the whole town of Ipswich if needful,—may sufficiently evince that Mr. High-Sheriff's carriage in the business was perfection or nearly so.

[16] Bestwall is not known to Dryasdust. An impartial onlooker, and presumably nothing more. The 'Three Pages' he vouches for are all these testimonies of Duncon's from beginning to end,—*nearly six* pages as printed here.

The accurate Magistrate meanwhile thinks good to subjoin a succinct Narrative of his own, which he is ready to sign when required; every word of which can be proved by the oath of witnesses. No. V. is clearly by D'Ewes himself; there are even some directions to his clerk about writing it fair.

No. V.

A short and true relation of the carriage of the Election of the Knights for the Countie of Suffolke at Ipswich, which beganne there upon Monday morning, October 19, *this present Year* 1640, *and ended upon the Thursday morning then next ensuing.*[17]

'The Under-Sherriffe having had order from the High-Sheriffe of the same Countie to provide honest and able men to take the Poll, and to looke to gett ready materialls for the Election, went to Ipswich on Friday night: and the said High-Sherriffe was purposed to have gone thither the next day, but that hee understood the small-pox [*Nota bene*] was exceeding spread in the said towne. Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker joined together, and Henry North stood singlie, for the place of Knights of the Shire.

'The said High-Sherriffe came to Ipswich about eight of the clocke of the said Monday morning.[18] To whom Sir Roger North, father of the said Mr. Henry North, and divers other gentlemen repairing, hee yeilded to them to have the Poll taken in a feild neare the towne; and soe, after a little discourse without further stay, went to the Markett Crosse, and caused the King's Majestie's Writt to bee published; by which meanes the said Mr. North was carried about a good while before the other Knights [*Yes!*] had notice that the said Writt was published. And this the said High-Sherriffe did about an houre and halfe sooner than he was by law compelled to; that there might be noe just ground of cavill, as if he had delaied the business [*Sir Simonds is himself known to be a Puritan; already elected, or about to be elected, for the town of Sudbury. So high stood Sudbury then; sunk now so low!*].

'After the publication of which, the said High-Sherriffe withdrew himselfe to make haste into the said feild [*Mr. Hambie's field; with the Conduit-head and big Elms in it*] to take the Poll. But before hee got thither, or any place was made readie for the clerkes to write, the said Mr. North was brought into the feild [*Triumphantly in his chair*]; and many of the gentrie as well as others that were of his partie pressed soe upon the place where the planks and boards were setting upp, as they could not be fastened or finished. All this time the other two Knights

[17] From *Harleian Mss.* British Museum, collected by Sir S. D'Ewes, No. 158, page 275.

[18] He lived at Stow Hall (*Autobiography of D'Ewes*); he must have started early.

knew yett nothing that the said Poll was begunn in the said feild : soe as [*So that*] the said High-Sherriffe begann Mr. North's poll alone, and admitted a clerke. The said Sir Roger North proffered to write the names, with the clerke his [*The High-Sheriff's*] Under-Sherriffe had before appointed, which hee [*The High-Sheriff*] conceived hee was not in law bound unto.

'Having then taken the Poll a while, in the said Sir Roger North's presence and his said sonne's, the companie did tread upon the said planks with such extreme violence, as having divers times borne them downe upon the said High-Sherriffe ; and hee having used all meanes of entreatie and perswasion to desire them to beare off, as did the said Sir Roger North also,—the said High-Sherriffe was at the last forced to give over; and soe gave speedie order, by the advice of the said Sir Roger North and others, To have three severall tables [" *Three :" Duncon notices only two of them ; one under the Elm, one at the Conduit-head, where the Puritan Knights were polling ; Sir Simonds himself superintends the Norths' table:—" three several tables*"] sett upp against trees or other places wheere they might not bee borne downe by violence. Which being verie speedilie performed, the said High-Sherriffe went in person and assisted at the said table wheere Mr. North's poll was taking, leaving his Under-Sherriffe and sworne deputies to attend the other tables, and to administer the oath, where the said Sir Roger and his sonne did appoint their kindred and friends to overview all that was done.

'The said High-Sherriffe did there, without eating or drinking, assist the said Mr. North, from about nine of the clocke in the morning till it grew just upon night, notwithstanding it was in the open feild, and a verie cold and windie day: and did in his owne person take much paines to dispatch the said Poll; which had been much better advanced, if such as came to the same had not treaded with such extreme violence one upon another. And whereas the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston came, about twelve of the clocke that forenoone, to the said High-Sherriffe, desiring him that all the companie might dissolve to goe to dinner, and that in respect of the great winde, the Poll in the afternoone might be taken in the said towne of Ipswich [*A very reasonable motion*]: The said High-Sherriffe, upon the said Mr. North's request to the contrarie, staide in the said feild till the shutting upp of the said day, as is aforesaid.

'What was done at the other tables the said High-Sherriffe knew not; but twice, upon complaint to him made, repaired thither, and certified and reconciled all matters. And during the same day alsoe the said High-Sherriffe did desire the said Sir Roger North to sende for another table to the place wheere he sate, being willing by all meanes to expedite the said Poll. And though there were not one man sworne for the other two Knights at the said Mr. North's table,—yet were there divers sworne at one of the other two tables for the said Mr.

North; soe as, by this and the early beginning of the said Mr. North's poll, he had neare upon Two-hundred voices advantage of the other two Knights, had they come single; but they having manie hundreds that gave voices for them jointly, did before night outstrippe his votes by about Fowre-hundred apiece.

'At the said High-Sherriffe's rising from the said Poll on the said Monday night, hee tooke the Bookes from the said clerkes; and though by lawe he was tied to call noe partie to assist him in the laying them upp, yet to take away all possible cause of cavill, and to showe his integritie in the whole proceedings, hee called the said Sir Roger North to him, and desired him to accompanie him not only to the places wheere he received all the other Bookes or Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or the other clarkes that wrote them, but to his lodging also [*Mrs. Penning's*]; wheere hee bound and sealed upp the said Bookes and Papers, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North and the said Under-Sherriffe; then locking them upp, gave the key to his said Under-Sherriffe to keepe; having first asked the said Sir Roger, If hee were not a person fitte to be trusted with it? And soe the said Sir Roger North departed, in a verie friendly and amicable manner, from the said High-Sherriffe, without so much as moving the least complaint against any of the said proceedings of that day.

'But it seemes, after his departure, having that night learned that the other Knights' polls outstripped his said sonne's by divers hundreds, —he came the next morning to the said High-Sherriffe's lodging; and beganne, in violent and passionate termes, to charge him That hee had dealt unjustlie and partiallie in taking the Poll the day past [*Behold!*]: which at the present caused the said High-Sherriffe to wonder at that sudden and unexpected change; in respect the same Sir Roger parted in soe friendlie a manner from him the night foregoing, and that his indefatigable paines the day past deserved rather just acknowledgment than such unjust expostulation [*Certainly!*].

'The said High-Sherriffe therefore, having received the said key from his said Under-Sherriffe, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North, departed to the finishing of the said Poll. And whereas the other two Knights had but each of them one table allowed at which two clerkes only wrote; the said High-Sherriffe allowed the said Mr. North two tables and four clerkes: and at noone when the said Court was adjourned to two of the clocke of the same afternoone, the said High-Sherriffe having taken all the Bookes and Papers touching the same Poll from his Under-Sherriffe, or the clerkes which wrot them, desired the said Mr. North himselfe to accompanie him to his said lodging; which he did, and sawe them sealed and locked upp, and then had himselfe the key along with him.

'But all these testimonies of the said High-Sherriffe's impartialitie, and integritie in his proceedings, did in noe way mitigate the passion and indignation of the said Sir Roger North and some others, who now

beganne to give the cause upp as conclamated[19] and lost; and therefore, though the said High-Sherriffe afterwardes in his numbering the votes of the said Poll did proceed with it in publike view, which hee might have done privately with his own clerkes, yet all the time after hee was often interrupted by most unjust and outrageous accusations and criminations; and by that meanes was almost as long, within an houre or two, in numbering the names of the said Poll, as hee was in taking the Poll itselfe. And in all differences that emergently fell out in numbering the said names, wheere there was but any equalitie of doubt, the said High-Sherriffe prevailed with the other two Knights to let the advantage rest on the said Mr. North's side.

'And though the said Sir Roger North came, on the said Tuesday in the afternoone, October 20th, into the Countie Court whilst the said High-Sherriff sate taking the Poll for his said sonne, and there used most outrageous and violent speeches against the said High-Sherriffe [*Hear Duncon too*], and told him "Hee would make it good with his bloud;" yet the said High-Sherriffe, seeing him accompanied with many young gentlemen and others, all or most of them armed with their swords and their rapiers [*Questionable!*], and fearing if he had made use of his just power to punish such an affront, much bloudshedd would have ensued, hee rather passed it over with an invincible patience; and only stoode upp, and desired silence to cleare himselfe from these unjust assertions and criminations which had been laid upon him; and resolved to expect redresse of his enemies from the High Court of Parliament [*Far the better plan, Mr. High-Sheriff!—which, among other good effects, has yielded us these present Documents withal.*]

'Yet the said Sir Roger, not satisfied herewith, did, a little after, with the said companie of young gentlemen, and others that followed him, armed as aforesaid, or the greater part of them, go about the Corne Hill in Ipswich, where the Crosse stands, and cried, "A North! a North!" calling the saylers Water-dogges [*Puritan sailors;—mark it; had voted for the Gospel Candidates: "Water-dogs"*], and otherwise provoking them: one also of the companie drewe out his sword [*Lo, there!*], and brandished it about, nor did they give over till one of the Constables of Ipswich [*Sam Duncon; we saw him doing it*], being a sworne officer, charged them In the King's name to desist. The other two Knights, then sitting at the Poll, were fain at the instant to withdraw themselves in at the next windowe of the house wheere they stoode; having first besought the people and saylers to bee quiet, and not to answer violence with violence. For it is too apparent what was sought for in that dangerous action; and that if the said High-Sherriffe had, at that present, made use of his power to vindicate his owne affronts and sufferings, much bloudshedde might have ensued. Nor did the said High-Sherriffe suffer only from the violent language of the said

[19] *Conclamatum est;*—summoned nine times, and making no answer, is now to be held for *dead*.

Sir Roger North and some others of qualitie, but from two of the Webbes alsoe, whose Christian names were Roger and Gardiner [*The intemperate Webbes of Ixworth*], and suchlike persons of inferiour rank. The said High-Sherriffe having sate out all Wednesday October 21, from morning till night, in the West Hall or Court House in Ipswich aforesaid, without dining, did at last, notwithstanding the violent interruptions of the said Sir Roger North and others, finish the numbring of the said votes that day; and found that the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston had 2140 voices, and Sir Philip Parker 2240 at the least,—besides the voices of all such persons as had been admitted without the said High-Sherriffe's knowledge, and were by him, upon numbring the same, disallowed and cast out. And the said Mr. Henry North had 1422.

'The next morning, October 22, the said High-Sherriffe made open publication of the said votes; and pronounced the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker the due elected Knights for the said Countie of Suffolke. And then caused the indentures witnessing the same election to be there ensealed and loyallie [*Lawfully*] executed.

''Tis true that, by the ignorance of some of the clerkes at the other tables, the oaths of some single women [*We saw it with Duncon*] that were freeholders were taken, without the knowledge of the said High-Sherriffe; who, as soon as he had notice thereof, instantlie sent to forbidd the same, conceiving it a matter verie unworthy of anie gentleman, and most dishonourable in such an election, to make use of their voices, although they might in law have been allowed; nor did the said High-Sherriffe allow of the said votes upon his numbring the said Poll, but with the allowance and consent of the said two Knights themselves discount them and cast them out.

'Now, though all the frivolous cavills, exceptions and protestations which were made against the foresaid Election by the said Sir Roger North or others did only concerne the Poll which was taken on the said Monday October 19; and are sufficiently answered with the verie preceding bare Narration of the true carriage thereof; and the rather, because himselfe accompanying the said High-Sherriffe the same evening when he received all the said Bookes and Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or such persons who had written them, did except against noe person, nor noe booke or paper, but consented to the sealing and locking them upp as Acts by which the matter in question was to be decided: Yet to satisfy all the world, such exceptions shall be heare set down, and clearly elevated or wiped away, which on the Tuesday and Wednesday following were pressed at Ipswich upon the said High-Sherriffe, with soe much outrageous passion as he could be scarce permitted to make answer to the same, by reason of the vociferation and clamours of the other partie.

'It was objected, That the said High-Sherriffe made delaies on purpose to hinder the said Mr. North. This is so frivolous as 'tis not worth the answering; for the hindrance must have been equallie prejudiciale to the other two Knights as well as to him. Nay, on the contrarie, if any had wrong, they had; for the said High-Sherriffe soe hastened both the reading of the Writt, and goeing to the Poll as hee could not in time give the other two Knights notice of it. Soe as if the said Mr. North's companie had not by their overpressing violence throwne downe the boards and planks, wheere the said High-Sherriffe begann his the said Mr. North's poll alone, hee had gained neare upon an houre's advantage of the other two.

'Another objection, That the said High-Sherriffe refused such clerkes as the said Sir Roger North offered him; telling him hee was provided. This is a shamefull objection: as if the adverse partie were to provide men to take the poll. In this matter the said High-Sherriffe committed all to the trust and care of his Under-Sherriffe, who assured him hee had provided able and sufficient writers; yet did the said High-Sherriffe admitt a clarke, at the said Mr. North's poll, to write with the clerke his said Under-Sherriffe had provided, upon the motion of the said Sir Roger North.

'A third objection, That the said Mr. North lost many voices that were forced to goe out of towne the same Monday, because they could not be sworne. And soe doubtless did the other two likewise. And this was an invincible or remediless mischief on all sides. And 'tis evident the extreame pressing of the said Mr. North's votes hindred some hundreds from being dispatched. Besides, the said High-Sherriffe, at his entreatie, forebore his dinner [*The high-spirited immaculate man*], to sitt it out with him in the winde and cold till night; which deserved acknowledgment, and not rage and furie. Besides, he made the said Sir Roger North once or twice to send for another table to the same place; which courtesie the said High-Sherriffe afforded the said Mr. North the next morning, more than was allowed the other two Knights. And had the said Mr. North lost the place by one or two hundred voices, there might indeed be some colour that hee had miscarried because the Poll could not be finished on the said Monday night; which notwithstanding that it had been soe, yet the said High-Sherriffe was noe ways the cause thereof. But it is noe ways probable that the said Mr. North should be so ill-beloved or lightlie esteemed by such as appeared for him, that Seven-hundred persons would all depart and desert his cause, rather than abide and stay one night in Ipswich to assist him with their votes. For by so many at the least did either of the other two Knights carrie it from him.

'Lastly, for conclusion of the whole. There is not a word or sillible sett down here, which is not notoriously known to manie, or which the said High-Sherriffe himself will not make good by his corporall oath, being loyallie thereunto called, as also by the Bookes and Papers taken

at the said Poll. Soe as never was innocency oppressed more by violence and fury; nor did his royall Majestie's Authoritie ever suffer more in the person of his Minister, than by the outrageous affronts offered unto, and unjust criminations heaped upon, the said High-Sherriffe at the said Election.'

Such is the account High-Sheriff D'Ewes has to give of himself, concerning his carriage in the Election of Knights of the Shire for Suffolk on this memorable occasion. He has written it down in an exact manner, to be ready for the Parliament, or for any and all persons interested; his clerks can now make copies of it as many as wanted. In the same Volume, No. 158 of the *Harley Collection*, there is another copy of this 'short and true relation,' with slight changes, principally in the punctuation; doubtless the immaculate Magistrate saw good to revise his Narrative more than once, and bring it still nearer perfection: he adds always this direction for the amanuenses: "They are desired who take a coppie of this to compare it with the originall after they have transcribed it,"—to be sure that they are exact. The original, which, at any rate, in D'Ewes's hand, few persons could have read, is happily lost.

No notice in the *Commons Journals*, or elsewhere, indicates at all whether this case ever came before the Election Committee of the Long Parliament. But if it did, as is probable enough, we put it to the commonest sense of mankind, whether on Sir Roger North's side it could have a leg to stand on! No Election Committee can have difficulty here. Accordingly our Puritan Knights Sir Philip Parker and Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston sat indisputable as County Members for Suffolk, Mr. Henry North consoling himself as he could. Sir Simonds the High-Sheriff had another case before the Parliament; this namely, that he being High-Sheriff had returned *himself* for Sudbury as duly elected there, which was thought informal by some: but in this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. The intemperate Sir Roger, as we said, was admitted Member for Eye: but in the second year, mingling with 'Commission of Array' and other Royalist concerns, to small purpose as is likely, he, like many others, was 'disabled,'—cast forth, to Oxford, to 'malignancy," disaster, and a fate that has not been inquired into.

Sir Simonds sat spotless for Sudbury; made occasional

fantastic Speeches; and what is far more important for us, took exact Notes. Several of his Speeches he has preserved in writing; one, probably the most fantastic and pedantic of all, he sent forth in print: it relates to a dispute for seniority that had arisen between Oxford University and Cambridge; proves by unheard-of arguments and erudition, obsolete now to all mortals, that Cambridge, which was his own University, is by far the older,—older than Alfred himself, old as the very hills in a manner. Sir Simonds had the happiness to "shake hands with Mr. Prynne," when he came to the Parliament Committee on his deliverance from prison, and to congratulate Mr. Prynne on the changed aspects that then were. He wrote frequent letters to 'Abraham Wheloc' and many others. Far better, he almost daily dictated to his secretary, or jotted-down for him on scraps of paper, Notes of the Proceedings of the Long Parliament; which Notes still exist, safe in the British Museum; unknown seemingly to all the learned. He was a thin high-flown character, of eminent perfection and exactitude, little fit for any solid business in this world, yet by no means without his uses there.

This one use, had there been no other, That he took Notes of the Long Parliament! Probably there is much light waiting us in these Notes of his, were they once disimprisoned into general legibility. They extend, in various forms, in various degrees of completeness, to the year 1645: but in that year, after the victory of Naseby, the questionable course things were taking gave offence to our Presbyterian Grandison; he sat mostly silent, with many thoughts, and forbore jotting any farther. Two of his written Speeches relate to the confused negotiations with King Charles in the Isle of Wight; and are strong in the Royalist-Presbyterian direction. Colonel Pride, in the end, purged him out altogether, on the memorable 6th December 1648; sent him, with four or five score others, 'over to the Tavern called Hell, kept by Mr. Duke, near Palaceyard,' —in the most unheard-of manner! For, on questioning Mr. Hugh Peters, who had come across to them, By what law? By what shadow or vestige of any law, common or statutory, human or divine, is this unheard-of thing done?—the candid Mr. Peters, a man of good insight and considerable humour of character, answered these much-injured honourable gentlemen,

"By the law of Necessity; truly by the power of the sword!" And they remained in a nearly rabid state; evidently purged out, without reason and without remedy; and had to retire to their respective countries, and there rhyme the matter for themselves as they could.

Our poor Knight, Sir Simonds, soon after died; leaving an unspotted pedant character, and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Besides his *History of the Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth*, a laborious compilation, which has since been printed, long ago, and still enjoys a good reputation of its sort, there are, as we count, some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers still extant in the British Museum: very worthless some of them, very curious others;—among which latter, certain portions of his *Autobiography*, already known in print,[20] are well worth reading; and these his *Notes of the Long Parliament* are perhaps, to us English, the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Pury's Notes of the Long Parliament[21] appear to be irretrievably lost; Varney's, which also have never yet been made accessible,[22] extend over only a short early period of the business: it is on these Notes of D'Ewes's, principally, that some chance of understanding the procedure and real character of the Long Parliament appears still to depend for us. At present, after shiploads of historical printing, it is and remains mere darkness visible; if in these Notes by an accurate eye-witness there be no chance of light, then is light

[20] *Bibliotheca Topographica*, No. 6.

[21] 'Mr. Robinson asked me this morning,' Monday, 12 Jan. 1656-7, 'before the Speaker came, If I took Notes at Scot's Committee? I said, Yea. 'He told me He had much ado to forbear moving against my taking Notes, 'for it was expressly against the Orders of the House. I told him how *Mr. 'Davy* took Notes all the Long Parliament, and that Sir Symons D'Ewes 'wrote great volumes' of the like. *Burton's Diary* (London, 1828), i. 341.

Of Sir Simonds's 'great volumes' we are here speaking: but who the 'Mr. Davy' is? No person of the name of *Davy* sat in the Long Parliament at all; or could by possibility have taken Notes! After multifarious examination, and bootless trial of various names more or less resembling *Davy*, a sight of the original MS. of the thing called *Burton's Diary* was procured; and the name 'Davy' then straightway turned out to be *Pury*. Pury, or Purry, perhaps now written *Perry*, Alderman of Gloucester, and once well known as Member for that City. But of him or of his *Notes*, on repeated application there, no trace could now be found. If, as is possible, they still exist, in the buried state, in those regions,—to resuscitate and print them were very meritorious.

[22] Edited now (London, 1845) by Mr. Bruce.

anywhere hopeless, and this remarkablest Parliament that ever sat will continue an enigma forever. In such circumstances, we call these Notes the most interesting of all Manuscripts. To an English soul who would understand what was really memorable and godlike in the History of his Country, distinguishing the same from what was at bottom *un*memorable and devil-like; who would bear in everlasting remembrance the doings of our noble heroic men, and sink into everlasting oblivion the doings of our loud ignoble quacks and sham-heroes,—what other record can be so precious? If English History have nothing to afford us concerning the Puritan Parliament but vague incoherencies, inconceivabilities and darkness visible,—English History, in this Editor's opinion, must be in a poor way!

It has often been a question, Why none of the Dryasdust Publishing Societies, the *Camden* or some other, has gone into these D'Ewes's *Mss.* in an efficient spirit, and fished-up somewhat of them? Surely it is the office of such Publishing Societies. Now when Booksellers are falling irrecoverably into the hand-to-mouth system, unable to publish anything that will not repay them on the morrow morning; and in Printed Literature, as elsewhere, matters seem hastening pretty fast towards strange consummations: who else but the Printing Societies is to do it? They should lay aside vain Twaddle and Dilettantism, and address themselves to their function by real Labour and Insight, as above hinted,—of which, alas, there is at present little hope!

Unhappily the Publishing Societies, generally speaking, are hitherto 'Dryasdust' ones; almost a fresh nuisance rather than otherwise. They rarely spend labour on a business, rarely insight; they consider that sham-labour, and a twilight of ignorance and buzzard stupidity, backed by prurient desire for distinction, with the subscription of a guinea a year, will do the turn. It is a fatal mistake! Accordingly the Books they print, intending them apparently to be read by some class of human creatures, are wonderful. Alas, they have not the slightest talent for knowing, first of all, what *not* to print; what, as a thing dead, and incapable of ever interesting or profiting a human creature more, ought not to be printed again, to steal away the valuable cash, and the invaluable time and patience of any

man again! It is too bad. How sorrowful to see a mass of printed Publishings and Republishings, all in clear white paper, bound in cloth and gold lettered; concerning which you have to acknowledge that there should *another* artist be appointed to go in the rear of them, to fork them swiftly into the oven, and save all men's resources from one kind of waste at least. Mr. Chadwick proposes that sweepers shall go in the rear of all horses in London, and instantly sweep-up their offal, before it be trampled abroad over the pavement to general offence. Yes; but what sweeper shall follow the Dryasdust Printing Societies, the Authors, Publishers, and other Prurient-Stupids of this intellectual Metropolis, who are rising to a great height at present! Horse-offal, say Chadwick and the Philanthropists very justly, if not at once swept-up, is trampled abroad over the pavements, into the sewers, into the atmosphere, into the very lungs and hearts of the citizens: Good Heavens, and to think of Author-offal, and how *it* is trampled into the very souls of men; and how the rains and the trunkmakers do not get it abolished for years on years, in some instances!

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

[*Precursor to Latter-day Pamphlets.*]

[1849.]

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSE ON THE NIGGER QUESTION.[1]

THE following Occasional Discourse, delivered by we know not whom, and of date seemingly above a year back, may perhaps be welcome to here and there a speculative reader. It comes to us,—no speaker named, no time or place assigned, no commentary of any sort given,—in the handwriting of the so-called "Doctor," properly "Absconded Reporter," Dr. Phelim M'Quirk, whose singular powers of reporting, and also whose debts, extravangancies and sorrowful insidious finance-operations, now winded-up by a sudden disappearance, to the grief of many poor tradespeople, are making too much noise in the police-offices at present! Of M'Quirk's composition we by no means suppose it to be; but from M'Quirk, as the last traceable source, it comes to us;—offered, in fact, by his respectable unfortunate landlady, desirous to make-up part of her losses in this way.

To absconded reporters who bilk their lodgings, we have of course no account to give; but if the Speaker be of any eminence or substantiality, and feel himself aggrieved by the transaction, let him understand that such, and such only, is our connection with him or his affairs. As the Colonial and Negro Question is still alive, and likely to grow livelier for some time, we have accepted the Article, at a cheap market-rate; and give it publicity, without in the least committing ourselves to the strange doctrines and notions shadowed forth in it. Doctrines and notions which, we rather suspect, are pretty much in a "minority of one," in the present era of the world! Here, sure enough, are peculiar views of the Rights of Negroes; involving, it is probable, peculiar ditto of innumerable other rights, duties, expectations, wrongs and disappointments, much argued of, by logic and by grape-shot, in these emancipated epochs of the human mind!—Silence now, however; and let the Speaker himself enter.

My Philanthropic Friends,—It is my painful duty to address some words to you, this evening, on the Rights of Negroes.

[1] First printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1849; reprinted in the form of a separate Pamphlet, London, 1853.

Taking, as we hope we do, an extensive survey of social affairs, which we find all in a state of the frightfulest embroilment, and as it were of inextricable final bankruptcy, just at present; and being desirous to adjust ourselves in that huge upbreak, and unutterable welter of tumbling ruins, and to see well that our grand proposed Association of Associations, the UNIVERSAL ABOLITION-OF-PAIN ASSOCIATION, which is meant to be the consummate golden flower and summary of modern Philanthropisms all in one, do *not* issue as a universal "Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society,"—we have judged that, before constituting ourselves, it would be very proper to commune earnestly with one another, and discourse together on the leading elements of our great Problem, which surely is one of the greatest. With this view the Council has decided, both that the Negro Question, as lying at the bottom, was to be the first handled, and if possible the first settled; and then also, what was of much more questionable wisdom, that—that, in short, I was to be Speaker on the occasion. An honourable duty; yet, as I said, a painful one!—Well, you shall hear what I have to say on the matter; and probably you will not in the least like it.

West-Indian affairs, as we all know, and as some of us know to our cost, are in a rather troublous condition this good while. In regard to West-Indian affairs, however, Lord John Russell is able to comfort us with one fact, indisputable where so many are dubious, That the Negroes are all very happy and doing well. A fact very comfortable indeed. West-Indian Whites, it is admitted, are far enough from happy; West-Indian Colonies not unlike sinking wholly into ruin: at home too, the British Whites are rather badly off; several millions of them hanging on the verge of continual famine; and in single towns, many thousands of them very sore put to it, at this time, not to live "well" or as a man should, in any sense temporal or spiritual, but to live at all:—these, again, are uncomfortable facts; and they are extremely extensive and important ones. But, thank Heaven, our interesting Black population,—equalling almost in number of heads one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, and in *worth* (in quantity of intellect, faculty, docility, energy, and available human valour and value) perhaps one of

the streets of Seven Dials,—are all doing remarkably well. "Sweet blighted lilies,"—as the American epitaph on the Nigger child has it,—sweet blighted lilies, they are holding-up their heads again! How pleasant, in the universal bankruptcy abroad, and dim dreary stagnancy at home, as if for England too there remained nothing but to suppress Chartist riots, banish united Irishmen, vote the supplies, and *wait* with arms crossed till black Anarchy and Social Death devoured us also, as it has done the others; how pleasant to have always this fact to fall-back upon: Our beautiful Black darlings are at last happy; with little labour except to the teeth, *which* surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail!

Exeter Hall, my philanthropic friends, has had its way in this matter. The Twenty Millions, a mere trifle despatched with a single dash of the pen, are paid; and far over the sea, we have a few black persons rendered extremely "free" indeed. Sitting yonder with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices; the grinder and incisor teeth ready for ever new work, and the pumpkins cheap as grass in those rich climates: while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labour cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins;—and at home we are but required to rasp from the breakfast-loaves of our own English labourers some slight "differential sugar-duties," and lend a poor half-million or a few poor millions now and then, to keep that beautiful state of matters going on. A state of matters lovely to contemplate, in these emancipated epochs of the human mind; which has earned us not only the praises of Exeter Hall, and loud long-eared hallelujahs of laudatory psalmody from the Friends of Freedom everywhere, but lasting favour (it is hoped) from the Heavenly Powers themselves;—and which may, at least, justly appeal to the Heavenly Powers, and ask them, If ever in terrestrial procedure they saw the match of it? Certainly in the past history of the human species it has no parallel: nor, one hopes, will it have in the future. [*Some emotion in the audience; which the Chairman suppressed.*]

Sunk in deep froth-oceans of "Benevolence," "Fraternity," "Emancipation-principle," "Christian Philanthropy," and other most amiable-looking, but most baseless, and in the end baleful and all-bewildering jargon,—sad product of a sceptical

Eighteenth Century, and of poor human hearts left *destitute* of any earnest guidance, and disbelieving that there ever was any, Christian or Heathen, and reduced to believe in rosepink Sentimentalism alone, and to cultivate the same under its Christian, Antichristian, Broad-brimmed, Brutus-headed, and other forms,—has not the human species gone strange roads, during that period? And poor Exeter Hall, cultivating the Broad-brimmed form of Christian Sentimentalism, and long talking and bleating and braying in that strain, has it not worked-out results? Our West-Indian Legislatings, with their spoutings, anti-spoutings, and interminable jangle and babble; our Twenty millions down on the nail for Blacks of our own; Thirty gradual millions more, and many brave British lives to boot, in watching Blacks of other people's; and now at last our ruined sugar-estates, differential sugar-duties, "immigration loan," and beautiful Blacks sitting there up to the ears in pumpkins, and doleful Whites sitting here without potatoes to eat: never till now, I think, did the sun look-down on such a jumble of human nonsenses;—of which, with the two hot nights of the Missing-Despatch Debate,[2] God grant that the measure might now at last be full! But no, it is not yet full; we have a long way to travel back, and terrible flounderings to make, and in fact an immense load of nonsense to dislodge from our poor heads, and manifold cobwebs to rend from our poor eyes, before we get into the road again, and can begin to act as serious men that have work to do in this Universe, and no longer as windy sentimentalists that merely have speeches to deliver and despatches to write. O Heaven, in West-Indian matters, and in all manner of matters, it is so with us: the more is the sorrow!—

The West Indies, it appears, are short of labour; as indeed is very conceivable in those circumstances. Where a Black man, by working about half-an-hour a-day (such is the calculation), can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to raise into hard work! Supply and demand, which, science

[2] Does any reader now remember it? A cloudy reminiscence of some such thing, and of noise in the Newspapers upon it, remains with us,—fast hastening to abolition for everybody. (*Note of* 1849.)—This Missing-Despatch Debate, what on earth was it? (*Note of* 1853.)

says, should be brought to bear on him, have an uphill task of it with such a man. Strong sun supplies itself gratis, rich soil in those unpeopled or half-peopled regions almost gratis; these are *his* "supply;" and half-an-hour a-day, directed upon these, will produce pumpkin, which is his "demand." The fortunate Black man, very swiftly does he settle *his* account with supply and demand:—not so swiftly the less fortunate White man of those tropical localities. A bad case, his, just now. He himself cannot work; and his black neighbour, rich in pumpkin, is in no haste to help him. Sunk to the ears in pumpkin, imbibing saccharine juices, and much at his ease in the Creation, he can listen to the less fortunate white man's "demand," and take his own time in supplying it. Higher wages, massa; higher, for your cane-crop cannot wait; still higher,—till no conceivable opulence of cane-crop will cover such wages. In Demerara, as I read in the Blue-book of last year, the cane-crop, far and wide, stands rotting; the fortunate black gentlemen, strong in their pumpkins, having all struck till the "demand" rise a little. Sweet blighted lilies, now getting-up their heads again!

Science, however, has a remedy still. Since the demand is so pressing, and the supply so inadequate (equal in fact to *nothing* in some places, as appears), increase the supply; bring more Blacks into the labour-market, then will the rate fall, says science. Not the least surprising part of our West-Indian policy is this recipe of "immigration;" of keeping-down the labour-market in those islands by importing new Africans to labour and live there. If the Africans that are already there could be made to lay-down their pumpkins, and labour for their living, there are already Africans enough. If the new Africans, after labouring a little, take to pumpkins like the others, what remedy is there? To bring-in new and ever new Africans, say you, till pumpkins themselves grow dear; till the country is crowded with Africans; and black men there, like white men here, are forced by hunger to labour for their living? That will be a consummation. To have "emancipated" the West Indies into a *Black Ireland;* "free" indeed, but an Ireland, and Black! The world may yet see prodigies; and reality be stranger than a nightmare dream.

Our own white or sallow Ireland, sluttishly starving from

age to age on its act-of-parliament "freedom," was hitherto the flower of mismanagement among the nations: but what will this be to a Negro Ireland, with pumpkins themselves fallen scarce like potatoes! Imagination cannot fathom such an object; the belly of Chaos never held the like. The human mind, in its wide wanderings, has not dreamt yet of such a "freedom" as that will be. Towards that, if Exeter Hall and science of supply-and-demand are to continue our guides in the matter, we are daily travelling, and even struggling, with loans of half-a-million and suchlike, to accelerate ourselves.

Truly, my philanthropic friends, Exeter-Hall Philanthropy is wonderful. And the Social Science,—not a "gay science," but a rueful,—which finds the secret of this Universe in "supply and demand," and reduces the duty of human governors to that of letting men alone, is also wonderful. Not a "gay science," I should say, like some we have heard of; no, a dreary, desolate, and indeed quite abject and distressing one; what we might call, by way of eminence, the *dismal science*. These two, Exeter-Hall Philanthropy and the Dismal Science, led by any sacred cause of Black Emancipation, or the like, to fall in love and make a wedding of it,—will give birth to progenies and prodigies; dark extensive moon-calves, unnamable abortions, wide-coiled monstrosities, such as the world has not seen hitherto! [*Increased emotion, again suppressed by the Chairman.*]

In fact, it will behove us of this English nation to overhaul our West-Indian procedure from top to bottom, and ascertain a little better what it is that Fact and Nature demand of us, and what only Exeter Hall wedded to the Dismal Science demands. To the former set of demands we will endeavour, at our peril,—and worse peril than our purse's, at our soul's peril, —to give all obedience. To the latter we will very frequently demur, and try if we cannot stop short where they contradict the former,—and especially *before* arriving at the black throat of ruin, whither they appear to be leading us. Alas, in many other provinces besides the West Indian, that unhappy wedlock of Philanthropic Liberalism and the Dismal Science has engendered such all-enveloping delusions, of the moon-calf sort, and wrought huge woe for us, and for the poor civilised world, in these days! And sore will be the battle with said moon-

calves; and terrible the struggle to return out of our delusions, floating rapidly on which, not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, is nearing the Niagara Falls. [*Here various persons, in an agitated manner, with an air of indignation, left the room; especially one very tall gentleman in white trousers, whose boots creaked much. The President, in a resolved voice, with a look of official rigour, whatever his own private feelings might be, enjoined "Silence, Silence!" The meeting again sat motionless.*]

My philanthropic friends, can you discern no fixed headlands in this wide-weltering deluge, of benevolent twaddle and revolutionary grape-shot, that has burst-forth on us; no sure bearings at all? Fact and Nature, it seems to me, say a few words to us, if happily we have still an ear for Fact and Nature. Let us listen a little and try.

And first, with regard to the West Indies, it may be laid-down as a principle, which no eloquence in Exeter Hall, or Westminster Hall, or elsewhere, can invalidate or hide, except for a short time only, That no Black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin, however plentiful such land may be; but has an indisputable and perpetual *right* to be compelled, by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living. This is the everlasting duty of all men, black or white, who are born into this world. To do competent work, to labour honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the "unhappy" lot: lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labour while he lives on earth,—that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power or opportunity towards delivering him from that. If it be his own indolence that prevents and prohibits him, then his own indolence is the enemy he must be delivered from: and the first "right" he has,—poor indolent blockhead, black or white,—is, That every *un*prohibited man, whatsoever wiser, more industrious

person may be passing that way, shall endeavour to "emancipate" him from his indolence, and by some wise means, as I said, compel him, since inducing will not serve, to do the work he is fit for. Induce him, if you can: yes, sure enough, by all means try what inducement will do; and indeed every coachman and carman knows that secret, without our preaching, and applies it to his very horses as the true method:—but if your Nigger will not be induced? In that case, it is full certain, he must be compelled; should and must; and the tacit prayer he makes (unconsciously he, poor blockhead,) to you, and to me, and to all the world who are wiser than himself, is, "Compel me!" For indeed he *must*, or else do and suffer worse,—he as well as we. It were better the work did come out of him! It was the meaning of the gods with him and with us, that his gift should turn to use in this Creation, and not lie poisoning the thoroughfares, as a rotten mass of idleness, agreeable to neither heaven nor earth. For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot*, and become putrescent;—and I say deliberately, the very Devil is in *it*.

None of you, my friends, have been in Demerara lately, I apprehend? May none of you go till matters mend there a little! Under the sky there are uglier sights than perhaps were seen hitherto! Dead corpses, the rotting body of a brother man, whom fate or unjust men have killed, this is not a pleasant spectacle; but what say you to the dead soul of a man,—in a body which still pretends to be vigorously alive, and can drink rum? An idle White gentleman is not pleasant to me; though I confess the real work for him is not easy to find, in these our epochs; and perhaps he is seeking, poor soul, and may find at last. But what say you to an idle Black gentleman, with his rum-bottle in his hand (for a little additional pumpkin you can have red-herrings and rum, in Demerara),—rum-bottle in his hand, no breeches on his body, pumpkin at discretion, and the fruitfulest region of the earth going back to jungle round him? Such things the sun looks-down upon in our fine times; and I, for one, would rather have no hand in them.

Yes, this is the eternal law of Nature for a man, my beneficent Exeter-Hall friends; this, that he shall be permitted, encouraged, and if need be, compelled to do what work the Maker of him has intended by the making of him for this

world! Not that he should eat pumpkin with never such felicity in the West-India Islands is, or can be, the blessedness of our Black friend; but that he should do useful work there, according as the gifts have been bestowed on him for that. And his own happiness, and that of others round him, will alone be possible by his and their getting into such a relation that this can be permitted him, and in case of need, that this can be compelled him. I beg you to understand this; for you seem to have a little forgotten it, and there lie a thousand inferences in it, not quite useless for Exeter Hall, at present. The idle Black man in the West Indies had, not long since, the right, and will again under better form, if it please Heaven, have the right (actually the first "right of man" for an indolent person) to be *compelled* to work as he was fit, and to *do* the Maker's will who had constructed him with such and such capabilities, and prefigurements of capability. And I incessantly pray Heaven, all men, the whitest alike and the blackest, the richest and the poorest, in other regions of the world, had attained precisely the same right, the divine right of being compelled (if "permitted" will not answer) to do what work they are appointed for, and not to go idle another minute, in a life which is so short, and where idleness so soon runs to putrescence! Alas, we had then a perfect world; and the Millennium, and true "Organisation of Labour," and reign of complete blessedness, for all workers and men, had then arrived,—which in these our own poor districts of the Planet, as we all lament to know, it is very far from having yet done. [*More withdrawals; but the rest sitting with increased attention.*]

Do I, then, hate the Negro? No; except when the soul is killed out of him, I decidedly like poor Quashee; and find him a pretty kind of man. With a pennyworth of oil, you can make a handsome glossy thing of Quashee, when the soul is not killed in him! A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, grinning, dancing, singing, affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition. This certainly is a notable fact: The black African, alone of wild-men, can live among men civilised. While all manner of Caribs and others pine into annihilation in presence of the pale faces, he contrives to continue; does not die of sullen irreconcilable rage,

of rum, of brutish laziness and darkness, and fated incompatibility with his new place; but lives and multiplies, and evidently means to abide among us, if we can find the right regulation for him. We shall have to find it; we are now engaged in the search; and have at least discovered that of two methods, the old Demerara method, and the new Demerara method, neither will answer.

Alas, my friends, I understand well your rage against the poor Negro's slavery; what said rage proceeds from; and have a perfect sympathy with it, and even know it by experience. Can the oppressor of my black fellow-man be of any use to me in particular? Am I gratified in my mind by the ill-usage of any two- or four-legged thing; of any horse or any dog? Not so, I assure you. In me too the natural sources of human rage exist more or less, and the capability of flying out into "fiery wrath against oppression," and of signing petitions; both of which things can be done very cheap. Good heavens, if signing petitions would do it, if hopping to Rome on one leg would do it, think you it were long undone!

Frightful things are continually told us of Negro slavery, of the hardships, bodily and spiritual, suffered by slaves. Much exaggerated, and mere exceptional cases, say the opponents. Exceptional cases, I answer; yes, and universal ones! On the whole, hardships, and even oppressions and injustices are not unknown in this world; I myself have suffered such, and have not you? It is said, Man, of whatever colour, is born to such, even as the sparks fly upwards. For in fact labour, and this is properly what we call hardship, misery, &c. (meaning mere ugly labour not yet done), labour is not joyous but grievous; and we have a good deal of it to do among us here. We have, simply, to carry the whole world and its businesses upon our backs, we poor united Human Species; to carry it, and shove it forward, from day to day, somehow or other, among us, or else be ground to powder under it, one and all. No light task, let me tell you, even if each did his part honestly, which each doesn't by any means. No, only the noble lift willingly with their whole strength, at the general burden; and in such a crowd, after all your drillings, regulatings, and attempts at equitable distribution, and compulsion, what deceptions are still practicable, what errors are inevitable! Many cunning

ignoble fellows shirk the labour altogether; and instead of faithfully lifting at the immeasurable universal handbarrow with its thousand-million handles, contrive to get on some ledge of it, and be lifted!

What a story we have heard about all that, not from vague rumour since yesterday, but from inspired prophets, speakers and seers, ever since speech began! How the giant willing spirit, among white masters, and in the best-regulated families, is so often not loaded only but overloaded, crushed-down like an Enceladus; and, all his life, has to have armies of pigmies building tabernacles on his chest; marching composedly over his neck, as if it were a highway; and much amazed if, when they run their straw spear into his nostril, he is betrayed into sudden sneezing, and oversets some of them. [*Some laughter, the speaker himself looking terribly serious.*] My friends, I have come to the sad conclusion that SLAVERY, whether established by law, or by law abrogated, exists very extensively in this world, in and out of the West Indies; and, in fact, that you cannot abolish slavery by act of parliament, but can only abolish the *name* of it, which is very little!

In the West Indies itself, if you chance to abolish Slavery to Men, and in return establish Slavery to the Devil (as we see in Demerara), what good is it? To save men's bodies, and fill them with pumpkins and rum, is a poor task for human benevolence, if you have to kill their soul, what soul there was, in the business! Slavery is not so easy to be abolished; it will long continue, in spite of acts of parliament. And shall I tell you which is the one intolerable sort of slavery; the slavery over which the very gods weep? That sort is not rifest in the West Indies; but, with all its sad fruits, prevails in nobler countries. It is the slavery of the strong to the weak; of the great and noble-minded to the small and mean! The slavery of Wisdom to Folly. When Folly all "emancipated," and become supreme, armed with ballot-boxes, universal suffrages, and appealing to what Dismal Sciences, Statistics, Constitutional Philosophies, and other Fool Gospels it has got devised for itself, can say to Wisdom: "Be silent, or thou shalt repent it! Suppress thyself, I advise thee; canst thou not contrive to cease, then?" That also, in some anarchic-constitutional epochs, has been seen. When, of high and noble objects, there re-

mained, in the market-place of human things, at length none; and he that could not make guineas his pursuit, and the applause of flunkies his reward, found himself in such a minority as seldom was before.

Minority, I know, there always was: but there are degrees of it, down to minority of one,—down to suppression of the unfortunate minority, and reducing it to zero, that the flunky-world may have peace from it henceforth. The flunky-world has peace; and descends, manipulating its ballot-boxes, Coppock suffrages, and divine constitutional apparatus; quoting its Dismal Sciences, Statistics, and other satisfactory Gospels and Talmuds,—into the throat of the Devil; not bothered by the importunate minority on the road. Did you never hear of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" That was a considerable feat in the suppressing of minorities; and is still talked-of on Sundays, —with very little understanding, when I last heard of it. My friends, my friends, I fear we are a stupid people; and stuffed with such delusions, above all with such immense hypocrisies and self-delusions, from our birth upwards, as no people were before; God help us!—Emancipated? Yes, indeed, we are emancipated out of several things, and into several things. No man, wise or foolish, any longer can control you for good or for evil. Foolish Tomkins, foolish Jobson, cannot now singly oppress you: but if the Universal Company of the Tomkinses and Jobsons, as by law established, can more than ever? If, on all highways and byways, that lead to other than a Tomkins-Jobson winning-post, you meet, at the second step, the big, dumb, universal genius of Chaos, and are so placidly yet peremptorily taught, "Halt here!" There is properly but one slavery in the world. One slavery, in which all other slaveries and miseries that afflict the earth are included; compared with which the worst West-Indian, white, or black, or yellow slaveries are a small matter. One slavery over which the very gods weep. Other slaveries, women and children and stump-orators weep over; but this is for men and gods! [*Sensation; some, however, took snuff.*]

If precisely the Wisest Man were at the top of society, and the next-wisest next, and so on till we reached the Demerara Nigger (from whom downwards, through the horse, &c., there is no question hitherto), then were this a perfect world, the ex-

treme *maximum* of wisdom produced in it. That is how you might produce your maximum, would some god assist. And I can tell you also how the *minimum* were producible. Let no man in particular be put at the top; let all men be accounted equally wise and worthy, and the notion get abroad that anybody or nobody will do well enough at the top; that money (to which may be added success in stump-oratory) is the real symbol of wisdom, and supply-and-demand the all-sufficient substitute for command and obedience among two-legged animals of the unfeathered class: accomplish all those remarkable convictions in your thinking department; and then in your practical, as is fit, decide by count of heads, the vote of a Demerara Nigger equal and no more to that of a Chancellor Bacon: this, I perceive, will (so soon as it is fairly under way, and *all* obstructions left behind) give the *minimum* of wisdom in your proceedings. Thus were your minimum producible,—with no God needed to assist, nor any Demon even, except the general Demon of *Ignavia* (Unvalour), lazy Indifference to the production or non-production of such things, which runs in our own blood. Were it beautiful, think you? Folly in such million-fold majority, at length peaceably supreme in this earth. Advancing on you as the huge buffalo-phalanx does in the Western Deserts; or as, on a smaller scale, those bristly creatures did in the Country of the Gadarenes. Rushing, namely, in wild *stampede* (the Devil being in them, some small fly having stung them), boundless,—one wing on that edge of your horizon, the other wing on that, and rearward whole tides and oceans of them:—so could Folly rush; the enlightened public one huge Gadarenes-swinery, tail cocked, snout in air, with joyful animating short squeak; fast and ever faster; down steep places, —to the sea of Tiberias, and the bottomless cloacas of Nature: quenched there, since nowhere sooner. My friends, such sight is *too* sublime, if you are out in it, and are not of it!—

Well, *except* by Mastership and Servantship, there is no conceivable deliverance from Tyranny and Slavery. Cosmos is not Chaos, simply by this one quality, That it is governed. Where wisdom, even approximately, can contrive to govern, all is right, or is ever striving to become so; where folly is "emancipated," and gets to govern, as it soon will, all is wrong.

That is the sad fact; and in other places than Demerara, and in regard to other interests than those of sugar-making, we sorrowfully experience the same.

I have to complain that, in these days, the relation of master to servant, and of superior to inferior, in all stages of it, is fallen sadly out of joint. As may well be, when the very highest stage and form of it, which should be the summary of all and the keystone of all, is got to such a pass. Kings themselves are grown sham-kings; and their subjects very naturally are sham-subjects; with mere lip-homage, insincere to their sham-kings;—sincere chiefly when they get into the streets (as is now our desperate case generally in Europe) to shoot them down as nuisances. Royalty is terribly gone; and loyalty in consequence has had to go. No man reverences another; at the best, each man slaps the other good-humouredly on the shoulder, with, "Hail, fellow; well met:"—at the worst (which is sure enough to *follow* such unreasonable good-humour, in a world like ours), clutches him by the throat, with, "Tyrannous son of perdition, shall I endure thee, then, and thy injustices forever?" We are not yet got to the worst extreme, we here in these Isles; but we are well half-way towards it, I often think.

Certainly, by any ballot-box, Jesus Christ goes just as far as Judas Iscariot; and with reason, according to the New Gospels, Talmuds and Dismal Sciences of these days. Judas looks him in the face; asks proudly, "Am not I as good as thou? Better, perhaps!" slapping his breeches-pocket, in which is audible the cheerful jingle of thirty pieces of silver. "Thirty of them here, thou cowering pauper!" My philanthropic friends, if there be a state of matters under the stars which deserves the name of damnable and damned, this I perceive is it! Alas, I know well whence it came, and how it could not help coming;—and I continually pray the gods its errand were done, and it had begun to go its ways again. Vain hope, at least for a century to come! And there will be such a sediment of Egyptian mud to sweep away, and to fish all human things out of again, once this most sad though salutary deluge is well over, as the human species seldom had before. Patience, patience!—

In fact, without real masters you cannot have servants; and a master is not made by thirty pieces or thirty-million

pieces of silver; only a sham-master is so made. The Dismal Science of this epoch defines him to be master good enough; but he is not such: you can see what kind of master he proves, what kind of servants he manages to have. Accordingly, the state of British servantship, of American helpship—I confess to you, my friends, if looking out for what was *least* human and heroic, least lovely to the Supreme Powers, I should not go to Carolina at this time; I should sorrowfully stay at home! Austere philosophers, possessed even of cash, have talked to me about the possibility of doing without servants; of trying somehow to serve yourself (boot-cleaning &c. done by contract), and so escaping from a never-ending welter, dirtier for your mind than boot-cleaning itself. Of which the perpetual *fluctuation*, and change from month to month, is probably the most inhuman element; the fruitful parent of all else that is evil, unendurable and inhuman. A poor Negro overworked on the Cuba sugar-grounds, he is sad to look upon; yet he inspires me with sacred pity, and a kind of human respect is not denied him; him, the hapless brother mortal, performing something useful in his day, and only suffering inhumanity, not doing it or being it. But with what feelings can I look upon an over-fed White Flunky, if I know his ways? Disloyal, unheroic, this one; *in*human in his character, and his work, and his position; more so no creature ever was. Pity is not for him, or not a soft kind of it; nor is any remedy visible, except abolition at no distant date! He is the flower of *nomadic* servitude, proceeding by month's warning, and free supply-and-demand; if obedience is not in his heart, if chiefly gluttony and mutiny are in his heart, and he has to be bribed by high feeding to do the shows of obedience,—what can await him, or be prayed for him, among men, except even "abolition"?

The Duke of Trumps, who sometimes does me the honour of a little conversation, owned that the state of his domestic service was by no means satisfactory to the human mind. "Five-" and-forty of them," said his Grace; "really, I suppose, the " cleverest in the market, for there is no limit to the wages: " I often think how many quiet families, all down to the basis " of society, I have disturbed, in attracting gradually, by higher " and higher offers, that set of fellows to me; and what the " use of them is when here! I feed them like aldermen, pay

" them as if they were sages and heroes :—Samuel Johnson's " wages, at the very last and best, as I have heard you say, " were 300*l.* or 500*l.* a year; and Jellysnob, my butler, " who indeed is clever, gets, I believe, more than the highest " of these sums. And, shall I own it to you? In my young " days, with one valet, I had more trouble saved me, more help " afforded me to live,—actually more of my will accomplished, " —than from these forty-five I now get, or ever shall. It is " all a serious comedy; what you call a melancholy sham. " Most civil, obsequious, and indeed expert fellows these; but " bid one of them step-out of his regulated sphere on your be- " half! An iron law presses on us all here; on them and on " me. In my own house, how much of my will can I have " done, dare I propose to have done? Prudence, on my side, " is prescribed by a jealous and ridiculous point-of-honour at- " titude on theirs. They lie here more like a troop of foreign " soldiers that had invaded me, than a body of servants I had " hired. At free quarters; we have strict laws of war estab- " lished between us; they make their salutes, and do certain " bits of specified work, with many becks and scrapings; but " as to *service*, properly so called—!—I lead the life of a ser- " vant, sir; it is I that am a slave; and often I think of pack- " ing the whole brotherhood of them out of doors one good day, " and retiring to furnished lodgings; but have never done it " yet!"—Such was the confession of his Grace.

For, indeed, in the long-run, it is not possible to buy *obedience* with money. You may buy work done with money: from cleaning boots to building houses, and to far higher functions, there is much work bought with money, and got done in a supportable manner. But, mark withal, that is only from a class of supportably wise human creatures: from a huge and ever-increasing insupportably foolish class of human creatures you cannot buy work in that way; and the attempt in London itself, much more in Demerara, turns out a very "serious comedy" indeed! Who has not heard of the Distressed Needlewomen in these days? We have thirty-thousand Distressed Needlewomen,—the most of whom cannot sew a reasonable stitch; for they are, in fact, Mutinous Serving-maids, who, instead of learning to work and to obey, learned to give warning: "Then suit yourself, Ma'am!" Hapless enfranchised White

Women, who took the "freedom" to serve the Devil with their faculties, instead of serving God or man; hapless souls, they were "enfranchised" to a most high degree, and had not the wisdom for so ticklish a predicament,—"Then suit yourself, Ma'am;"—and so have tumbled from one stage of folly to the other stage; and at last are on the street, with five hungry senses, and no available faculty whatever. Having finger and thumb, they do procure a needle, and call themselves Distressed Needlewomen, but cannot sew at all. I have inquired in the proper places, and find a quite passionate demand for women that can sew,—such being unattainable just now. "As well "call them Distressed Astronomers as Distressed Needlewo- "men!" said a lady to me: "I myself will take three *sewing* "Needlewomen, if you can get them for me today." Is not that a sight to set before the curious?

Distressed enough, God knows;—but it will require quite other remedies to get at the bottom of *their* complaint, I am afraid. O Brothers! O Sisters! It is for these White Women that my heart bleeds and my soul is heavy; it is for the sight of such mad notions and such unblessed doings now all-prevalent among mankind,—alas, it is for such life-theories and such life-practices, and ghastly clearstarched life-hypocrisies, playing their part under high Heaven, as render these inevitable and unaidable,—that the world of to-day looks black and vile to me, and with all its guineas, in the nostril smells badly! It is not to the West Indies that I run first of all; and not thither with "enfranchisement" first of all, when I discern what "enfranchisement" has led to in hopefuler localities. I tell you again and again, he or she that will not work, and in the anger of the gods cannot be compelled to work, shall die! And not he or she only: alas, alas, were it the guilty only!—But as yet we cannot help it; as yet, for a long while, we must be patient, and let the Exeter-Hallery and other tragic Tomfoolery rave itself out. [*Deep silence in the small remnant of audience;—the gentleman in white trousers came in again, his creaking painfully audible in spite of efforts.*]

My friends, it is not good to be without a servant in this world; but to be without master, it appears, is a still fataler predicament for some. Without a master, in certain cases, you become a Distressed Needlewoman, and cannot so much

as live. Happy he who has found his master, I will say; if not a good master, then some supportable approximation to a good one; for the worst, it appears, in some cases, is preferable to none!

Happy he who has found a master;—and now, farther I will say, having found, let him well keep him. In all human relations *permanency* is what I advocate; *nomadism*, continual change, is what I perceive to be prohibitory of any good whatsoever. Two men that have got to coöperate will do well not to quarrel at the first cause of offence, and throw-up the concern in disgust, hoping to suit themselves better elsewhere. For the most part such hope is fallacious; and they will, on the average, not suit themselves better, but only about as well,—and have to begin again *bare*, which loss often repeated becomes immense, and is finally the loss of everything, and of their joint enterprise itself. For no mutual relation while it continues "bare," is yet a human one, or can bring blessedness, but is only waiting to become such,—mere new-piled crags, which, if you leave them, *will* at last "gather moss," and yield some verdure and pasture. O my friends, what a remedy is this we have fallen upon, for everything that goes wrong between one man and another: "Go, then; I give you a month's warning!" What would you think of a sacrament of marriage constructed on such principles? Marriage by the month,—why this too has been tried, and is still extensively practised in spite of Law and Gospel; but it is not found to do! The legislator, the preacher, all rational mortals, answer, "No, no!" You must marry for longer than a month, and the contract not so easily revocable, even should mistakes occur, as they sometimes do.

I am prepared to maintain against all comers, That in every human relation, from that of husband and wife down to that of master and servant, *nomadism* is the bad plan, and continuance the good. A thousand times, since I first had servants, it has occurred to me, How much better had I servants that were bound to me, and to whom I were bound! Doubtless it were not easy; doubtless it is now impossible: but if it could be done! I say, if the Black gentleman is born to be a servant, and, in fact, is useful in God's creation only as a servant, then let him hire not by the month, but by a very much longer

term. That he be "hired for life,"—really here is the essence of the position he now holds! Consider that matter. All else is abuse in it, and this only is essence;—and the abuses must be cleared away. They must and shall! Yes; and the thing itself seems to offer (its abuses once cleared away) a possibility of the most precious kind for the Black man and for us. Servants hired for life, or by a contract for a long period, and not easily dissoluble; so and not otherwise would all reasonable mortals, Black and White, wish to hire and to be hired! I invite you to reflect on that; for you will find it true. And if true, it is important for us, in reference to this Negro Question and some others. The Germans say, "You must empty-out the bathing-tub, but not the baby along with it." Fling-out your dirty water with all zeal, and set it careering down the kennels; but try if you can keep the little child!

How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it: alas, I do not pretend that this is easy, that it can be done in a day, or a single generation, or a single century: but I do surmise or perceive that it will, by straight methods or by circuitous, need to be done (not in the West-Indian regions alone); and that the one way of helping the Negro at present (Distressed Needlewomen &c. being quite out of our reach) were, by piously and strenuously beginning it. Begun it must be, I perceive; and carried on in all regions where servants are born and masters; and are *not* prepared to become Distressed Needlewomen, or Demerara Niggers, but to live in some human manner with one another. And truly, my friends, with regard to this world-famous Nigger Question,—which perhaps is louder than it is big, after all,—I would advise you to attack it on that side. Try against the dirty water, with an eye to *save* the baby! That will be a quite new point of attack; where, it seems to me, some real benefit and victory for the poor Negro, might before long be accomplished; and something else than Demerara freedom (with its rum-bottle and no breeches,—'baby' quite *gone* down into the kennels!), or than American stump-oratory, with mutual exasperation fast rising to the desperate pitch, might be possible for philanthropic men and women of the Anglo-Saxon type. Try this; perhaps the very Carolina planter will coöperate with you; he will, if he has any wisdom left in this exasperation! If he do not, he

will do worse; and go a strange road with those Niggers of his.

By one means or another these enormities we hear of from the Slave States,—though I think they are hardly so hideous, any of them, as the sight our own Demerara now offers,—must be heard of no more. Men will and must summon "indignation-meetings" about them; and simple persons,—like Wilhelm Meister's Felix flying at the cook's throat for plucking pigeons, yet himself seen shortly after pelting frogs to death with pebbles that lay handy,—will agitate their caucuses, ballot-boxes, dissever the Union, and, in short, play the very devil, if these things are not abated, and do not go on abating more and more towards perfect abolition. *Unjust* master over servant *hired for life* is, once for all, and shall be, unendurable to human souls. To *cut* the tie, and "fling Farmer Hodge's horses quite loose" upon the supply-and-demand principle: that, I will believe, is not the method! But by some method, by hundredfold restrictions, responsibilities, laws, conditions, cunning methods, Hodge must be got to treat his horses *justly*, for we cannot stand it longer. And let Hodge think well of it,—I mean the American two-footed Hodge,—for there is no other salvation for him. And if he would avoid a consummation like our Demerara one, I would advise him to know this secret; which our poor Hodge did not know, or would not practise, and so is come to such a pass!—Here is part of my answer to the Hon. Hickory Buckskin, a senator in those Southern States, and man of really respectable attainments and dimensions, who in his despair appears to be entertaining very violent projects now and then, as to uniting with our West Indies (under a *New Downing Street*), forming a West-Indian empire, &c. &c.

'The *New Downing Street*, I take it, is at a great distance 'here; and we shall wait yet awhile for it, and run good risk 'of losing all our Colonies before we can discover the way of 'managing them. On that side do not reckon upon help. 'At the same time, I can well understand you should "pub-'licly discuss the propriety of severing the Union," and that 'the resolution should be general "you will rather die," &c. 'A man, having certified himself about his trade and post under the sun, is actually called upon to "die" in vindica-

'tion of it, if needful; in defending the possibilities he has of 'carrying it on, and eschewing with it the belly of Perdition, 'when extraneous Insanity is pushing it thither. All this I 'presuppose of you, of men born of your lineage; and have 'not a word to say against it.

'Meanwhile suffer me to say this other thing. You will 'not find Negro Slavery defensible by the mere resolution, 'never so extensive, to defend it. No, there is another con-'dition wanted: That your relation to the Negroes, in this 'thing called Slavery (with such an emphasis upon the word) 'be actually fair, just and according to the facts;—fair, I say, 'not in the sight of New-England platforms, but of God Al-'mighty the Maker of both Negroes and you. That is the 'one ground on which men can take their stand; in the long-'run all human causes, and this cause too, will come to be 'settled *there*. Forgive me for saying that I do not think you 'have yet got to that point of perfection with your Negro re-'lations; that there is probably much in them *not* fair, nor 'agreeable to the Maker of us, and to the eternal laws of fact 'as written in the Negro's being and in ours.

'The advice of advices, therefore, to men so circumstanced 'were, With all diligence make them so! Otherwise than *so*, 'they are doomed by Earth and by Heaven. Demerara may 'be the maddest remedy, as I think it is a very mad one: but 'some remedy we must have; or if none, then destruction 'and annihilation, by the Demerara or a worse method. These 'things it would behove you of the Southern States, above all 'men, to be now thinking of. How to make the Negro's po-'sition among his White fellow-creatures a just one,—the real 'and genuine expression of what *commandment* the Maker has 'given to both of you, by making the one of you thus and the 'other so, and putting you in juxtaposition on this Earth of 'His? That you should *cut* the ligature, and say, "He has 'made us equal," would be saying a palpable falsity, big with 'hideous ruin for all concerned in it: I hope and believe, you, 'with our example before you, will say something much better 'than that. But something, very many things, do not hide 'from yourselves, will require to be said! And I do not pre-'tend that it will be easy or soon done, to get a proper code 'of laws (and still more difficult, a proper system of habits,

'ways of thinking, for a basis to such "code") on the rights 'of Negroes and Whites. But that also, you may depend 'upon it, has fallen to White men as a duty;—to you now in 'the first place, after our sad failure. And unless you can do 'it, be certain, neither will you be able to keep your Negroes; 'your portion too will be the Demerara or a worse one. This 'seems to me indubitable.

'Or perhaps you have already begun? Persist diligently, 'if so; but at all events, begin! For example, ought there 'not to be in every Slave State, a fixed legal sum, on paying 'which, any Black man was entitled to demand his freedom? 'Settle a fair sum; and let it stand fixed by law. If the poor 'Black can, by forethought, industry, self-denial, accumulate 'this sum, has he not proved the actual "freedom" of his 'soul, to a fair extent: in God's name, why will you keep his 'body captive? It seems to me a well-considered law of this 'kind might do you invaluable service:—might it not be a 'real *safety-valve*, and ever-open *chimney*, for that down-pressed 'Slave-world with whatever injustices are still in it; whereby 'all the stronger and really worthier elements would escape 'peaceably, as they arose, instead of accumulating there, and 'convulsing you, as now? Or again, look at the Serfs of the 'Middle Ages: they married and gave in marriage; nay, they 'could not even be *divorced* from their natal soil; had home, 'family, and a treatment that was human. Many laws, and 'gradually a whole code of laws, on this matter, could be made! 'And will have to be made; if you would avoid the ugly De-'merara issue, or even uglier which may be in store. I can 'see no other road for you. This new question has arisen, 'million-voiced: "What *are* the wages of a Black servant, 'hired for life by White men?" This question must be ans-'wered, in some not insupportably erroneous way: gods and 'men are warning you that you must answer it, if you would 'continue there!'—The Hon. Hickory never acknowledged my letter; but I hope he is getting on with the advice I gave him, all the same!

For the rest, I never thought the "rights of Negroes" worth much discussing, nor the rights of men in any form; the grand point, as I once said, is the *mights* of men,—what

portion of their "rights" they have a chance of getting sorted out, and realised, in this confused world. We will not go deep into the question here about the Negro's rights. We will give a single glance into it, and see, for one thing, how complex it is.

West-India Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins: pumpkins, however, you will observe, are not the sole requisite for human well-being. No; for a pig they are the one thing needful; but for a man they are only the first of several things needful. The first is here; but the second and remaining, how are they to be got? The answer is wide as human society itself. Society at large, as instituted in each country of the world, is the answer such country has been able to give: Here, in this poor country, the rights of man and the mights of man are—such and such! An approximate answer to a question capable only of better and better solutions, never of any perfect, or absolutely good one. Nay, if we inquire, with much narrower scope, as to the right of chief management in cultivating those West-India lands: as to the "right of property" so-called, and of doing what you like with your own? Even this question is abstruse enough. Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and other produce on those Islands, perhaps none can, except temporarily, decide. The Islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon and precious spices; things far nobler than pumpkins; and leading towards Commerces, Arts, Polities and Social Developments, which alone are the noble product, where men (and not pigs with pumpkins) are the parties concerned! Well, all this fruit too, fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West-India lands: and the ultimate "proprietorship" of them,—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can the *best* educe from them whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. He, I compute, is the real "Vicegerent of the Maker" there; in him, better and better chosen, and not in another, is the "property" vested by decree of Heaven's chancery itself!

Up to this time it is the Saxon British mainly; they hitherto have cultivated with some manfulness: and when a manfuler

class of cultivators, stronger, worthier to have such land, abler to bring fruit from it, shall make their appearance,—they, doubt it not, by fortune of war, and other confused negotiation and vicissitude, will be declared by Nature and Fact to *be* the worthier, and will become proprietors,—perhaps also only for a time. That is the law, I take it; ultimate, supreme, for all lands in all countries under this sky. The one perfect eternal proprietor is the Maker who created them: the temporary better or worse proprietor is he whom the Maker has sent on that mission; he who the best hitherto can educe from said lands the beneficent gifts the Maker endowed them with; or, which is but another definition of the same person, he who leads hitherto the manfulest life on that bit of soil, doing, better than another yet found can do, the Eternal Purpose and Supreme Will there.

And now observe, my friends, it was not Black Quashee, or those he represents, that made those West-India Islands what they are, or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the Ocean deeps, and reeking saluted the tropical Sun, and ever onwards till the European white man first saw them some three short centuries ago, those Islands had produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles and swamp-malaria: till the white European first saw them, they were as if not yet created,—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper black and gray, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, Awake! Till the end of human history and the sounding of the Trump of Doom, they might have lain so, had Quashee and the like of him been the only artists in the game. Swamps, fever-jungles, man-eating Caribs, rattle-snakes, and reeking waste and putrefaction, this had been the produce of them under the incompetent Caribal (what we call Cannibal) possessors, till that time; and Quashee knows, himself, whether ever he could have introduced an improvement. Him, had he by a miraculous chance been wafted thither, the Caribals would have eaten, rolling him as a fat morsel under their tongue; for him, till the sounding of the Trump of Doom, the rattlesnakes and savageries would have held-on their way. It was not he, then;

it was another than he! Never by art of his could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say therefore, are not his: no, they are another's; they are his only under conditions. Conditions which Exeter Hall, for the present, has forgotten; but which Nature and the Eternal Powers have by no manner of means forgotten, but do at all moments keep in mind; and, at the right moment, will, with the due impressiveness, perhaps in a rather terrible manner, bring again to our mind also!

If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing-out those sugars, cinnamons and nobler products of the West-Indian Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will shear him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground; him and all that partake with him,—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favour of Exeter Hall, the "terrible manner" is not yet quite extinct with the Destinies in this Universe; nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft souwder or philanthropic stump-oratory now or henceforth. No; the gods wish besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies:—infinitely more they wish, that manful industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent two-legged cattle, however "happy" over their abundant pumpkins! Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal Act of Parliament for: and both of them, though all terrestrial Parliaments and entities oppose it to the death, shall be done. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing-out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work.

Or, alas, let him look across to Haiti, and trace a far sterner prophecy! Let him, by his ugliness, idleness, rebellion, banish all White men from the West Indies, and make it all one Haiti,—with little or no sugar growing, black Peter exterminating black Paul, and where a garden of the Hespe-

rides might be, nothing but a tropical dog-kennel and pestiferous jungle,—does he think that will forever continue pleasant to gods and men? I see men, the rose-pink cant all peeled away from them, land one day on those black coasts; men *sent* by the Laws of this Universe, and inexorable Course of Things; men hungry for gold, remorseless, fierce as the old Buccaneers were;—and a doom for Quashee which I had rather not contemplate! The gods are long-suffering; but the law from the beginning was, He that will not work shall perish from the earth; and the patience of the gods has limits!

Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any Negro, how much European heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle; to sink, in mortal agony, before the jungles, the putrescences and waste savageries could become arable, and the Devils be in some measure chained there! The West Indies grow pine-apples, and sweet fruits, and spices; we hope they will one day grow beautiful Heroic human Lives too, which is surely the ultimate object they were made for: beautiful souls and brave; sages, poets, what not; making the Earth nobler round them, as their kindred from of old have been doing; true "splinters of the old Harz Rock;" heroic white men, worthy to be called old Saxons, browned with a mahogany tint in those new climates and conditions. But under the soil of Jamaica, before it could even produce spices or any pumpkin, the bones of many thousand British men had to be laid. Brave Colonel Fortescue, brave Colonel Sedgwick, brave Colonel Brayne,—the dust of many thousand strong old English hearts lies there; worn-down swiftly in frightful travail, chaining the Devils, which were manifold. Heroic Blake contributed a bit of his life to that Jamaica. A bit of the great Protector's own life lies there; beneath those pumpkins lies a bit of the life that was Oliver Cromwell's. How the great Protector would have rejoiced to think, that all this was to issue in growing pumpkins to keep Quashee in a comfortably idle condition! No; that is not the ultimate issue; not that.

The West-Indian Whites, so soon as this bewilderment of philanthropic and other jargon abates from them, and their poor eyes get to discern a little what the Facts are and what

the Laws are, will strike into another course, I apprehend! I apprehend they will, as a preliminary, resolutely *refuse* to permit the Black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree for work in return. Not a square inch of soil in those fruitful Isles, purchased by British blood, shall any Black man hold to grow pumpkins for him, except on terms that are fair towards Britain. Fair; see that they be not unfair, not towards ourselves, and still more, not towards him. For injustice is *forever* accursed: and precisely our unfairness towards the enslaved Black man has,—by inevitable revulsion and fated turn of the wheel,—brought about these present confusions.

Fair towards Britain it will be, that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labour. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. Not a Black Ireland, by immigration, and boundless black supply for the demand; not that,—may the gods forbid!—but a regulated West Indies, with black working population in adequate numbers; all "happy," if they find it possible; and *not* entirely unbeautiful to gods and men, which latter result they *must* find possible! All "happy" enough; that is to say, all working according to the faculty they have got, making a little more divine this Earth which the gods have given them. Is there any other "happiness,"—if it be not that of pigs fattening daily to the slaughter? So will the State speak by and by.

Any poor idle Black man, any idle White man, rich or poor, is a mere eye-sorrow to the State; a perpetual blister on the skin of the State. The State is taking measures, some of them rather extensive, in Europe at this very time, and already, as in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, rather tremendous measures, to *get* its rich white men set to work; for alas, they also have long sat Negro-like up to the ears in pumpkin, regardless of 'work,' and of a world all going to waste for their idleness!

Extensive measures, I say; and already (as, in all European lands, this scandalous Year of street-barricades and fugitive sham-kings exhibits) *tremendous* measures; for the thing is urgent to be done.

The thing must be done everywhere; *must* is the word. Only it is so terribly difficult to do; and will take generations yet, this of getting our rich European white men 'set to work'! But yours in the West Indies, my obscure Black friends, your work, and the getting of you set to it, is a simple affair; and by diligence, the West-Indian legislatures, and Royal governors, setting their faces fairly to the problem, will get it done. You are not 'slaves' now; nor do I wish, if it can be avoided, to see you slaves again: but decidedly you will have to be servants to those that are born *wiser* than you, that are born lords of you; servants to the Whites, if they *are* (as what mortal can doubt they are?) born wiser than you. That, you may depend on it, my obscure Black friends, is and was always the Law of the World, for you and for all men: To *be* servants, the more foolish of us to the more wise; and only sorrow, futility and disappointment will betide both, till both in some approximate degree get to conform to the same. Heaven's laws are not repealable by Earth, however Earth may try,—and it has been trying hard, in some directions, of late! I say, no well-being, and in the end no being at all, will be possible for you or us, if the law of Heaven is not complied with. And if 'slave' mean essentially 'servant hired for life,'—for life, or by a contract of long continuance and not easily dissoluble,—I ask once more, Whether, in all human things, the 'contract of long continuance' is not precisely the contract to be desired, were the right terms once found for it? Servant hired for life, were the right terms once found, which I do not pretend they are, seems to me much preferable to servant hired for the month, or by contract dissoluble in a day. What that amounts to, we have known, and our thirty-thousand Distressed Astronomers have known; and we don't want that! [*Some assent in the small remnant of an audience. "Silence!" from the Chair.*]

To state articulately, and put into practical Lawbooks, what on all sides is *fair* from the West-Indian White to the West-Indian Black; what relations the Eternal Maker *has* established between these two creatures of His; what He has

written down with intricate but ineffaceable record, legible to candid human insight, in the respective qualities, strengths, necessities and capabilities of each of the two: this, as I told the Hon. Hickory my Carolina correspondent, will be a long problem; only to be solved by continuous human endeavour, and earnest effort gradually perfecting itself as experience successively yields new light to it. This will be to '*find* the right terms;' terms of a contract that will endure, and be sanctioned by Heaven, and obtain prosperity on Earth, between the two. A long problem, terribly neglected hitherto;—whence these West-Indian sorrows, and Exeter-Hall monstrosities, just now! But a problem which must be entered upon, and by degrees be completed. A problem which, I think, the English People also, if they mean to retain human Colonies, and not Black Irelands in addition to the White, cannot begin too soon. What are the true relations between Negro and White, their mutual duties under the sight of the Maker of them both; what human laws will assist both to comply more and more with these? The solution, only to be gained by earnest endeavour, and sincere reading of experience, such as have never yet been bestowed on it, is not yet here; the solution is perhaps still distant. But some approximation to it, various real approximations, could be made, and must be made:—this of declaring that Negro and White are *un*related, loose from one another, on a footing of perfect equality, and subject to no law but that of supply-and-demand according to the Dismal Science; this, which contradicts the palpablest facts, is clearly no solution, but a cutting of the knot asunder; and every hour we persist in this is leading us towards *dis*solution instead of solution!

What, then, is practically to be done by us poor English with our Demerara and other blacks? Well, in such a mess as we have made there, it is not easy saying what is first to be done! But all this of perfect equality, of cutting quite loose from one another; all this, with 'immigration loan,' 'happiness of black peasantry,' and the other melancholy stuff that has followed from it, will first of all require to be *un*done, and the ground cleared of it, by way of preliminary to 'doing'! After that there may several things be possible.

Already one hears of Black *Adscripti glebæ;* which seems a promising arrangement, one of the first to suggest itself in

such a complicacy. It appears the Dutch Blacks, in Java, are already a kind of *Adscripts*, after the manner of the old European serfs ; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work a year. Is not this something like a real approximation ; the first step towards all manner of such? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a Black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of better, should be brought to bear upon said Black man! How many laws of like purport, conceivable some of them, might be brought to bear upon the Black man and the White, with all despatch by way of solution instead of dissolution to their complicated case just now! On the whole, it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for White men to live beside Black men, and in some just manner to command Black men, and produce West-Indian fruitfulness by means of them? West-Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured there will another come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can. He it is whom the gods will bid continue in the West Indies ; bidding us ignominiously, "Depart, ye quack-ridden, incompetent!"—

One other remark, as to the present Trade in Slaves, and to our suppression of the same. If buying of Black war-captives in Africa, and bringing them over to the Sugar Islands for sale again be, as I think it is, a contradiction of the Laws of this Universe, let us heartily pray Heaven to end the practice ; let us ourselves help Heaven to end it, wherever the opportunity is given. If it be the most flagrant and alarming contradiction to the said Laws which is now witnessed on this Earth ; so flagrant and alarming that a just man cannot exist, and follow his affairs, in the same Planet with it ; why, then indeed— — But is it, quite certainly, such? Alas, look at that group of *un*sold, unbought, unmarketable Irish "free" citizens, dying there in the ditch, whither my Lord of Rackrent and the constitutional sheriffs have evicted them ; or at those "divine missionaries," of the same free country, now traversing, with rags on back, and child on each arm, the principal thoroughfares of London, to tell men what "freedom" really is ; —and admit that there may be doubts on that point! But if

it *is*, I say, the most alarming contradiction to the said Laws which is now witnessed on this earth ; so flagrant a contradiction that a just man cannot exist, and follow his affairs, in the same Planet with it, then, sure enough, let us, in God's name, fling-aside all our affairs, and hasten out to put an end to it, as the first thing the Heavens want us to do. By all manner of means. This thing done, the Heavens will prosper all other things with us ! Not a doubt of it,—provided your premiss be not doubtful.

But now, furthermore, give me leave to ask, Whether the way of doing it is this somewhat surprising one, of trying to blockade the continent of Africa itself, and to watch slave-ships along that extremely extensive and unwholesome coast ? The enterprise is very gigantic ; and proves hitherto as futile as any enterprise has lately done. Certain wise men once, before this, set about confining the cuckoo by a big circular wall ; but they could not manage it !—Watch the coast of Africa ? That is a very long Coast; good part of the Coast of the terraqueous Globe ! And the living centres of this slave mischief, the live coals that produce all this world-wide smoke, it appears, lie simply in two points, Cuba and Brazil, which *are* perfectly accessible and manageable.

If the Laws of Heaven do authorise you to keep the whole world in a pother about this question ; if you really can appeal to the Almighty God upon it, and set common interests, and terrestrial considerations, and common sense, at defiance in behalf of it,—why, in Heaven's name, not go to Cuba and Brazil with a sufficiency of Seventy-fours ; and signify to those nefarious countries : " Nefarious countries, your procedure on " the Negro Question is too bad ; see, of all the solecisms now " submitted to on Earth, it is the most alarming and transcen- " dent, and, in fact, is such that a just man cannot follow his " affairs any longer in the same Planet with it. You clearly " will not, you nefarious populations, for love or fear, watching " or entreaty, respect the rights of the Negro enough ;—where- " fore we here, with our Seventy-fours, are come to be King " over you, and will on the spot henceforth see for ourselves " that you do it !"

Why not, if Heaven do send us ? The thing can be done ; easily, if you are sure of that proviso. It can be done : it is

the way to "suppress the Slave-trade;" and so far as yet appears, the one way.

Most thinking people,—if hen-stealing prevail to a plainly unendurable extent, will you station police-officers at every hen-roost; and keep them watching and cruising incessantly to and fro over the Parish, in the unwholesome dark, at enormous expense, with almost no effect? Or will you not try rather to discover where the fox's den is, and kill the fox! Which of those two things will you do? Most thinking people, you know the fox and his den; there he is,—kill him, and discharge your cruisers and police-watchers!—[*Laughter.*]

O my friends, I feel there is an immense fund of Human Stupidity circulating among us, and much clogging our affairs for some time past! A certain man has called us, "of all peoples the wisest in action;" but he added, "the stupidest in speech:"—and it is a sore thing, in these constitutional times, times mainly of universal Parliamentary and other Eloquence, that the "speakers" have all first to emit, in such tumultuous volumes, their human stupor, as the indispensable preliminary, and everywhere we must first see that and its results *out*, before beginning any business.—(*Explicit Ms.*)

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.[1]

DUELLING.

[1850.]

DUELLING, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was very prevalent; nor has it abated in King James's. It is one of the sincerities of Human Life, which bursts through the thickest-quilted formulas; and in Norse-Pagan, in Christian, New-Christian, and all manner of ages, will, one way or the other, contrive to show itself.

A background of wrath, which can be stirred-up to the murderous infernal pitch, does lie in every man, in every creature; this is a fact which cannot be contradicted;—which indeed is but another phasis of the more general fact, that every one of us is a *Self*, that every one of us calls himself *I*. How can you be a Self, and not have tendencies to self-defence! This background of wrath,—which surely ought to blaze-out as seldom as possible, and then as nobly as possible, —may be defined as no other than the general radical fire, in its least-elaborated shape, whereof Life itself is composed. Its least-elaborated shape, this flash of accursed murderous rage; —as the glance of mother's-love, and all intermediate warmths and energies and genialities, are the same element *better* elaborated. Certainly the elaboration is an immense matter,— indeed, is the whole matter! But the figure, moreover, under which your infernal element itself shall make its appearance, nobly or else ignobly, is very significant. From Indian Tomahawks, from Irish Shillelahs, from Arkansas Bowie-knives, up to a deliberate Norse *Holmgang*, to any civilised Wager of Battle, the distance is great.

[1] Found recently in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, Nos. 1, 3, 6 (Saturday 7th December 1850 et seqq.). Said there to be 'from a Waste-paper Bag' of mine. Apparently some fraction of a certain *History* (Failure of a History) *of James I.*, of which I have indistinct recollections. (*Note of* 1857.)

Certain small fractions of events in this kind, which give us a direct glance into Human Existence in those days, are perhaps, in the dim scarcity of all events that are not dead and torpid, worth snatching from the general leaden haze of my erudite friend, and saving from bottomless Nox for a while.

No. I.

HOLLES OF HAUGHTON.

John Holles, Esquire, or, to speak properly, Sir John Holles, of Haughton, in Notts; the same Sir John whom we saw lately made Comptroller of the Prince's Household;—an indignant man, not without some relation to us here: John Holles indignantly called it 'political simony' this selling of honours; which indeed it was: but what then? It was doable, it was done for others; it was desirable to John also, who possessed the requisite cash. He was come of London citizens, had got broad lands and manors, Haughton, Erby and others; had wealth in abundance,—'his father used to keep a troop of players:' he now, in this epoch, for a consideration of 10,000*l.*, gets himself made Earl of Clare. We invite our readers to look back some two-score years upon his history, and notice slightly the following circumstances there.

John Holles, Esquire, of Haughton, in Notts, a youth of fortune, spirit and accomplishment, who had already seen service under the Veres, the Frobishers, by land and sea, did in 1591, in his twenty-sixth year, marry his fair neighbour, Anne Stanhope;—Mistress Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Thomas Stanhope, in those parts, from whom innumerable Chesterfields, Harringtons and other Stanhopes extant to this very day descend. This fair Anne Stanhope, beautiful in her fardingales and antiquarian headgear, had been the lady of John Holles's heart in those old times; and he married her, thinking it no harm. But the Shrewsburys, of Worksop, took offence at it. In his father's time, who kept the troop of players and did other things, John Holles had been bespoken for a daughter of the Shrewsburys; and now here has he gone-over to the Stanhopes, enemies of the house of Shrewsbury. Ill blood in consequence; ferment of high humours; a Mon-

tague-and-Capulet business; the very retainers, on both sides, biting thumbs at one another.

Pudsey, a retainer on the Shrewsbury Worksop side, bit his thumb at Orme, a retainer on the Holles Haughton side; was called-out with drawn rapier; was slain on the spot, like fiery Tybalt, and never bit his thumb more. Orme, poor man, was tried for murder; but of course the Holleses and the Stanhopes could not let him be hanged; they made interest, they fee'd law-counsel,—they smuggled him away to Ireland, and he could not be hanged. Whereupon Gervase Markham, a passably loose-tongued, loose-living gentleman, sworn squire-of-dames to the Dowager of Shrewsbury, took upon himself to say publicly, "That John Holles was himself privy to Pudsey's murder; that John Holles himself, if justice were done——!" And thereupon John Holles, at Haughton, in Notts, special date not given, presumable date 1594 or '95, indited this emphatic Note, already known to some readers:

'*For Gervase Markham.*

'Whereas you have said that I was guilty of that villany 'of Orme in the death of Pudsey, I affirm that you lie, and 'lie like a villain; which I shall be ready to make good upon 'yourself, or upon any gentleman my equal living.—JOHN 'HOLLES.'

Gervase Markham, called upon in this emphatic way, answered, "Yes, he would fight; certainly;—and it should be in Worksop Park, on such a day as would suit Holles best." Worksop Park; locked Park of the Shrewsburys! Holles, being in his sound wits, cannot consent to fight there; and Markham and the world silently insinuate, "Are you subject to niceties in your fighting, then? Readier, after all, with your tongue than with your rapier?" These new intolerabilities John Holles had to pocket as he could, to keep close in the scabbard, beside his rapier, till perhaps a day would come.

Time went on: John Holles had a son; then, in 1597, a second son, Denzil by name. Denzil Holles, Oliver Cromwell's Denzil: yes, reader, this is he; come into the world not without omens! For at his christening, Lady Stanhope, glad matron, came as grandmother and godmother; and Holles,

like a dutiful son-in-law, escorted her homewards through the Forest again. Forest of merry Sherwood, where Robin Hood and others used to inhabit; that way lies their road. And now, riding so toward Shelton House, through the glades of Sherwood, whom should they chance to meet but Gervase Markham also ambling along, with some few in his company! Here, then, had the hour arrived.

With slight salutation and time of day, the two parties passed on: but Holles, with convenient celerity, took leave of his mother-in-law: "Adieu, noble Madam, it is all straight road now!" Waving a fond adieu, Holles gallops back through Sherwood glades; overtakes Markham; with brief emphasis, bids him dismount, and stand upon his guard. And so the rapiers are flashing and jingling in the Forest of Sherwood; and two men are flourishing and fencing, their intents deadly and not charitable. "Markham," cried Holles, "guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you presently;" for Markham, thrown into a flurry, fences ill; in fact, rather capers and flourishes than fences; his antagonist standing steady in his place the while, supple as an eel, alert as a serpent, and with a sting in him too. See, in few passes, our alert Holles has ended the capering of Markham; has pierced and spitted him through the lower abdominal regions, in very important quarters of the body, 'coming out at the small of the back'! That, apparently, will do for Markham; loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham lies low, having got enough. Visible to us there, in the glades of ancient Sherwood, in the depths of long-vanished years! O Dryasdust, was there not a Human Existence going-on there too; of hues other than the leaden-hazy? The fruit-trees looked all leafy, blossomy, my erudite friend, and the Life-tree Igdrasil which fills this Universe; and they had not yet rotted to brown peat! Torpid events shall be simply damnable, and continually claim oblivion from all souls; but the smallest fractions of events not torpid shall be welcome. John Holles, 'with his man Acton,' leaving Markham in this sated condition, ride home to Haughton with questionable thoughts.

Nevertheless Markham did not die. He was carried home to Worksop, pale, hopeless; pierced in important quarters of the body: and the Earl of Shrewsbury 'gathered a hundred

retainers to apprehend Holles;' and contrariwise the Earl of Sheffield came to Haughton with fifty retainers to protect Holles;—and in the mean while Markham began to show symptoms of recovering, and the retainers dispersed themselves again. The Doctor declared that Markham would live; but that,—but that———Here, we will suppose, the Doctor tragi-comically shook his head, pleading the imperfections of language! Markham did live long after; breaking several of the commandments, but keeping one of them it is charitably believed. For the rest, having 'vowed never to eat supper nor to take the sacrament' till he was revenged on Holles, he did not enjoy either of those consolations in this world.[2]

Such doings went forward in Sherwood Forest and in our English Life-arena elsewhere; the trees being as yet all green and leafy.

No. II.

CROYDON RACES.

Sardanapalus Hay, and other Scotch favourites of King James, have transiently gleamed athwart us; their number is in excess, not in defect. These hungry magnificent individuals, of whom Sardanapalus Hay is one, and supreme Car another, are an eye-sorrow to English subjects; and sour looks, bitter gibes, followed by duels within and without the verge, keep his Majesty's pacificatory hand in use. How many duels has he soldered-up, with difficulty: for the English are of a grim humour when soured; and the Scotch too are fierce and proud; and it is a truculent swash-buckler age, ready with its stroke, in whatever else it may be wanting.

Scotch Maxwell, James Maxwell, Usher of the Black or some kind of Rod, did he not, in his insolent sardonic way, of which he is capable, take a certain young tastefully dizened English gentleman by the bandstring, nay perhaps by the earring and its appendage, by some black ribbon in or about

[2] The above facts are given in Gervase Holles's Manuscript *Memoirs of the Family of Holles* (in *Biographia Britannica*, § Holles); a Manuscript which some of our Dryasdust Societies ought to print.

the ear; and so, by the ribbon, *lead* him out from the Royal Presence,—as if he had been a nondescript in Natural History; some tame rabbit, of unusual size and aspect, with ribbon in its ear! Such touches of sardonic humour please me little. The Four Inns of Court were in deadly emotion; and fashionable Young England in general demanded satisfaction, with a growl that was tremendous enough. Sardonic Maxwell had to apologise in the completest manner,—and be more wary in future how he led-out fashionable young gentlemen.

"*Beati pacifici*, Happy are the peacemakers," said his Majesty always. Good Majesty; shining examples of justice too he is prepared to afford; and has a snarl in him which can occasionally bite. Of Crichton Lord Sanquhar, from the pleasant valley of Nith,—how the Fencing-master accidentally pricked an eye out of him, and he forgave it; how, much wrought-upon afterwards, he was at last induced to have the Fencing-master assassinated;—and to have himself executed in Palace Yard in consequence, and his two assassin servants hanged in Fleet Street; rough Border serving-men of all work, too unregardful of the gallows: of this unadmirable Crichton the whole world heard, not without pity, and can still hear.[3]

This of Croydon Races, too, if we read old *Osborne* with reflection, will become significant of many things. How the races were going on, a new delightful invention of that age; and Croydon Heath was populous with multitudes come to see; and between James Ramsay of the Dalhousie Ramsays, and Philip Herbert of the Montgomery Herberts, there rose sudden strife; sharp passages of wit,—ending in a sharp stroke of Ramsay's switch over the crown and face of my Lord Montgomery, the great Earl of Pembroke's brother, and himself capable to be Earl Pembroke! It is a fact of the most astonishing description: undeniable,—though the exact date and circumstances will now never be discovered in this world. It is all vague as cloud, in old *Osborne;* lies off or on, within sight of Prince Henry's Pageant; exact date of it never to be known. Yet is it well recognisable as distant ill-defined *land*, and no cloud; not dream but astonishing fact. Can the reader sufficiently admire at it? The honourable Philip Herbert, of

[3] *State Trials.*

the best blood of England, here is he switched over the crown by an accursed Scotch Ramsay! We hear the swift-stinging descent of the ignominious horse-switch; we see the swift-blazing countenances of gods and men.

Instantaneous shriek, as was inevitable, rises near and far: The Scotch insolence, Scotch pride and hunger, Scotch damnability! And 'a cripple man, with only the use of three fingers,' crooked of shape, hot of temper, rode about the field with drawn dagger; urging in a shrill manner, that we should prick every Scotch lown of them home to their own beggarly country again, or to the Devil,—off Croydon Heath, at least. The name of this shrill individual, with dagger grasped between two fingers and a thumb, was 'John Pinchback' or Pinchbeck; and appears here in History, with something like golden lustre, for one moment and no more. "Let us breakfast on them at Croydon," cries Pinchbeck, in a shrill, inspired manner; "and sup on them at London!" The hour was really ominous. But Philip Herbert, beautiful young man, himself of infirm temper and given to strokes, stood firmly dissuasive: he is in the King's service, how shall he answer it; he was himself to blame withal. And young Edward Sackville is, with his young friend Bruce of Kinloss, firmly dissuasive; it is the Bruce whom we saw at the chapel-door, stepping-out a new-made knight, now here with Sackville; dear friends these, not always to be friends! But for the present they are firmly dissuasive; all considerate persons are dissuasive. Pinchbeck's dagger brandishes itself in vain.

Sits the wind so, O Pinchbeck? Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother: this is her son, and he stands a switch?—Yes, my shrill crookbacked friend, to avoid huge riot and calamity, he does so: and I see a massive nobleness in the man, which thou, egregious cock of bantam, wilt never in this world comprehend, but only crow over in thy shrill way. Ramsay and the Scots, and all persons, rode home unharmed that night; and my shrill friend gradually composed himself again. Philip Herbert may expect knighthoods, lordhoods, court-promotions: neither did his heroic mother 'tear her hair,' I think, to any great extent, —except in the imaginations of Osborne, Pinchbeck and such-like.

This was the scene of Croydon Races; a fact, and signifi-

cant of many facts, that hangs-out for us like a cloud-island, and is not cloud.[4]

No. III.

SIR THOMAS DUTTON AND SIR HATTON CHEEK.

His Majesty, as I perceive in spite of calumnies, was not a 'coward;' see how he behaved in the Gowrie Conspiracy and elsewhere. But he knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to preside pacifically over an age of some ferocity much given to wrangling. Peace here, if possible; skins were not made for mere slitting and slashing! You that are for war, cannot you go abroad, and fight the Papist Spaniards? Over in the Netherlands there is always fighting enough. You that are of ruffling humour, gather your truculent ruffians together; make yourselves colonels over them; go to the Netherlands, and fight your bellyful!

Which accordingly many do, earning deathless war-laurels for the moment; and have done, and will continue doing, in those generations. Our gallant Veres, Earl of Oxford and the others, it has long been their way: gallant Cecil, to be called Earl of Wimbledon; gallant Sir John Burroughs, gallant Sir Hatton Cheek,—it is still their way. Deathless military renowns are gathered there in this manner; deathless for the moment. Did not Ben Jonson, in his young hard days, bear arms very manfully as a private soldado there? Ben, who now writes learned plays and court-masks as Poet Laureate, served manfully with pike and sword there for his groat a day with rations. And once when a Spanish soldier came strutting forward between the lines, flourishing his weapon, and defying all persons in general,—Ben stept forth, as I hear;[5] fenced that braggart Spaniard, since no other would do it; and ended by soon slitting him in two, and so silencing him! Ben's war-tuck, to judge by the flourish of his pen, must have had a very dangerous stroke in it.

[4] Francis Osborne's *Traditional Memorials on the Reign of James the First* (Reprinted in Sir Walter Scott's *History of the Court of James I.* Edinburgh, 1811), pp. 220-227.

[5] *Life of Ben Jonson.*

'Swashbuckler age,' we said; but the expression was incorrect, except as a figure. Bucklers went out fifty years ago, 'about the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth;' men do not now swash with them, or fight in that way. Iron armour has mostly gone out, except in mere pictures of soldiers: King James said, It was an excellent invention; you could get no harm in it, and neither could you do any. Bucklers, either for horse or foot, are quite gone. Yet old Mr. Stowe, good chronicler, can recollect when every gentleman had his buckler: and at length every serving-man and City dandy. Smithfield,—still a waste field, full of puddles in wet weather,—was in those days full of buckler-duels, every Sunday and holiday in the dry season; and was called Ruffian's Rig, or some such name.

A man, in those days, bought his buckler, of gilt leather and wood, at the haberdasher's; 'hung it over his back, by a strap fastened to the pommel of his sword in front.' Elegant men showed what taste, or sense of poetic beauty, was in them, by the fashion of their buckler. With Spanish beaver, with starched ruff, and elegant Spanish cloak, with elegant buckler hanging at his back, a man, if his moustachios and boots were in good order, stepped forth with some satisfaction. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; a decidedly truculent-looking figure. Jostle him in the street thoroughfares, accidentally splash his boots as you pass,—by Heaven, the buckler gets upon his arm, the sword flashes in his fist, with oaths enough; and you too being ready, there is a noise! Clink, clank, death and fury; all persons gathering round, and new quarrels springing from this one! And Dogberry comes up with the town-guard? And the shopkeepers hastily close their shops? Nay, it is hardly necessary, says Mr. Howe: these buckler-fights amount only to noise, for most part; the jingle of iron against tin and painted leather. Ruffling swashers strutting along, with big oaths and whiskers, delight to pick a quarrel; but the rule is, you do not thrust, you do not strike below the waist; and it was oftenest a dry duel—mere noise, as of working tinsmiths, with profane swearing! Empty vapouring bullyrooks and braggarts, they encumber the thoroughfares mainly. Dogberry and Verges ought to apprehend them. I have seen, in Smithfield on a dry holiday, 'thirty of them on a side,' fighting and hammering as if for life; and was not at

the pains[6] to look at them, the blockheads; their noise as the mere beating of old kettles to me!

The truth is, serving-men themselves, and City apprentices, had got bucklers; and the duels, no death following, ceased to be sublime. About fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away. Holles in Sherwood, as we saw, fought with rapier, and he soon spoiled Markham. Rapier and dagger especially; that is a more silent duel, but a terribly serious one! Perhaps the reader will like to take a view of one such serious duel in those days, and therewith close this desultory chapter.

It was at the siege of Juliers, in the Netherlands wars, of the year 1610;[7] we give the date, for wars are perpetual, or nearly so, in the Netherlands. At one of the storm-parties of the siege of Juliers, the gallant Sir Hatton Cheek, above alluded to, a superior officer of the English force which fights there under my Lord Cecil, that shall be Wimbledon; the gallant Sir Hatton, I say, being of hot temper, superior officer, and the service a storm-party on some bastion or demilune, speaks sharp word of command to Sir Thomas Dutton, the officer under him, who also is probably of hot temper in this hot moment. Sharp word of command to Dutton; and the movement not proceeding rightly, sharp word of rebuke. To which Dutton, with kindled voice, answers something sharp; is answered still more sharply with voice high-flaming;—whereat Dutton suddenly holds in; says merely, "He is under military duty here, but perhaps will not always be so;" and rushing forward, does his order silently, the best he can. His order done, Dutton straightway lays down his commission; packs up, that night, and returns to England.

[6] Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Howe's *Continuation*, 1024, &c.

[7] Siege began in the latter end of July 1610; ended victoriously, 4th September following: principal assaults were, 10th August and 14th August; in one of which this affair of ours must have taken rise. Siege commanded by Christian of Anhalt, a famed Protestant Captain of those times. Henri IV. of France was assassinated while setting-out for this siege; Prince Maurice of Nassau was there; 'Dutch troops, French, English and German' (Brandenburgers and Pfalz-Neuburgers chiefly, *versus* Kaiser Rodolf II. and his unjust seizure of the Town) 'fought with the greatest unity.' Prelude to the Thirty-Years War, and one of the principal sources of it, this Controversy about Juliers. (Carl Friedrich Pauli: *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte*, 4to, Halle, 1762, iii. 502-527.)

Sir Hatton Cheek prosecutes his work at the siege of Juliers; gallantly assists at the taking of Juliers, triumphant over all the bastions and half-moons there; but hears withal that Dutton is, at home in England, defaming him as a choleric tyrant and so forth. Dreadful news; which brings some biliary attack on the gallant man, and reduces him to a bed of sickness. Hardly recovered, he despatches message to Dutton, That he will request to have the pleasure of his company, with arms and seconds ready, on some neutral ground,—Calais sands for instance,—at an early day, if convenient. Convenient; yes, as dinner to the hungry! answers Dutton; and time, place and circumstances are rapidly enough agreed upon.

And so, on Calais sands, in a winter morning of the year 1610, this is what we see, most authentically, through the lapse of dim Time. Two gentlemen stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched; their looks sufficiently serious! The seconds, having stript, equipt, and fairly overhauled and certified them, are just about retiring from the measured fate-circle, not without indignation that *they* are forbidden to fight. Two gentlemen in this alarming posture; of whom the Universe knows, has known, and will know nothing, except that they were of choleric humour, and assisted in the Netherlands wars! They are evidently English human creatures, in the height of silent fury, and measured circuit of fate; whom we here audibly name once more, Sir Hatton Cheek, Sir Thomas Dutton, knights both, soldadoes both. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this?

Dutton, though in suppressed rage, the seconds about to withdraw, will explain some things if a word were granted. "No words," says the other; "stand on your guard!" brandishing his rapier, grasping harder his dagger. Dutton, now silent too, is on his guard. Good Heavens: after some brief flourishing and flashing,—the gleam of the swift clear steel playing madly in one's eyes,—they, at the first pass, plunge home on one another; home, with beak and claws; home to the very heart! Cheek's rapier is through Dutton's throat from before, and his dagger is through it from behind,—the windpipe miraculously missed; and, in the same instant, Dutton's rapier is through Cheek's body from before, his dagger through

his back from behind,—lungs and life *not* missed; and the seconds have to advance, 'pull out the four bloody weapons,' disengage that hell-embrace of theirs. This is serious enough! Cheek reels, his life fast flowing; but still rushes rabid on Dutton, who merely parries, skips; till Cheek reels down, dead in his rage. "He had a bloody burial there that morning," says my ancient friend.[8] He will assist no more in the Netherlands or other wars.

Such scene does History disclose, as in sunbeams, as in blazing hell-fire, on Calais sands, in the raw winter morning; then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting Night, over it, and passes on elsewhither. Gallant Sir Hatton Cheek lies buried there, and Cecil of Wimbledon, son of Burleigh, will have to seek another superior officer. What became of the living Dutton afterwards, I have never to this moment had the least hint.

[8] Wilson (in Kennet), ii. 684.

THE OPERA.[1]

["DEAR P.,—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular *Conspectus of England*, lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here. His *Conspectus*, a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Buncombe, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their 'Transactions' one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!"—T. C.]

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times: and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the sad-

[1] KEEPSAKE for 1852.—The 'dear P.' there, I recollect, was my old friend Procter (Barry Cornwall); and his 'pious Adventure' had reference to that same Publication, under touching human circumstances which had lately arisen.

dest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and the reality of things; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and reality, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it; the judgments of Eternal Destiny upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To 'sing the praise of God,' that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him!

David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing! * * *

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of

the Lamp; a hall as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity and patient travail to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees,—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered

from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too: to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-master: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am?* And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent-for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And, it must be owned, the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,

—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciosity, and then tripping-out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to 'the Melodies Eternal,' might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Chatabagues and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, O, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart and Bellini——O Heavens! when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. * * *

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you: It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. * * *

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your "amusements," which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all. * * *

PROJECT OF A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.[1]

[1854.]

To DAVID LAING, *Esquire* (*Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*), *Signet Library, Edinburgh.*

MY DEAR SIR, Chelsea, 3d May 1854.

With regard to that *General Exhibition of Scottish Historical Portraits*, it is certain there are many people more qualified to speak than I. In fact, it has never been with me more than an aspiration; an ardent wish, rather without much hope: to make it into an executable project there are needed far other capacities and opportunities than mine. However, you shall at once hear what my crude notions on the subject are or have been, since you wish it.

First of all, then, I have to tell you, as a fact of personal experience, that in all my poor Historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after; a good *Portrait* if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that Face and Figure, which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be, in a deeper or less deep degree, the universal one; and that every student and reader of History, who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of Fact and *Man* this or the other vague Historical *Name* can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a Portrait, for all the reasonable Portraits there are; and never rest till he have made out, if possi-

[1] Printed in *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. i. part 3 (4to, Edinburgh, 1855).

ble, what the man's natural face was like. Often I have found a Portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written 'Biographies,' as Biographies are written ;—or rather, let me say, I have found that the Portrait was as a small lighted *candle* by which the Biographies could for the first time be *read*, and some human interpretation be made of them ; the *Biographied* Personage no longer an empty impossible Phantasm, or distracting Aggregate of inconsistent rumours—(in which state, alas his usual one, he is *worth* nothing to anybody, except it be as a dried thistle for Pedants to thrash, and for men to fly out of the way of),—but yielding at last some features which one could admit to be human. Next in directness are a man's genuine Letters, if he have left any, and you can get to *read* them to the bottom : of course, a man's *actions* are the most complete and indubitable stamp of him ; but without these aids, of Portraits and Letters, they are in themselves so infinitely abstruse a stamp, and so confused by foreign rumour and false tradition of them, as to be oftenest undecipherable with certainty.

This kind of value and interest I may take as the highest pitch of interest there is in Historical Portraits ; this, which the zealous and studious Historian feels in them : and one may say, all men, just in proportion as they are '*Historians*' (which every mortal is, who has a *memory*, and attachments and possessions in the Past), will feel something of the same,—every human creature, something. So that I suppose there is absolutely nobody so dark and dull, and everyway sunk and stupefied, that a Series of Historical Portraits, especially of his native country, would not be of real interest to him ;—*real* I mean, as coming from himself and his own heart, not *imaginary*, and preached-in upon him by the Newspapers ; which is an important distinction.

And all this is quite apart from the *artistic* value of the Portraits (which also is a real value, of its sort, especially for some classes, however exaggerated it may sometimes be) : all this is a quantity to be *added* to the artistic value, whatever it may be ; and appeals to a far deeper and more universal principle in human nature than the love of Pictures is. Of which principle some dimmer or clearer form may be seen continually active wherever men are ;—in your Antiquarian Museum, for

example, may be seen, giving very conspicuous proofs of itself, sanctioned more or less by all the world! If one would buy an indisputably authentic *old shoe* of William Wallace for hundreds of pounds, and run to look at it from all ends of Scotland, what would one give for an authentic visible shadow of his face, could such, by art natural or art magic, now be had!

It has always struck me that Historical Portrait-Galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatever; that in fact they ought to exist (for many reasons, of all degrees of weight) in every country, as among the most popular and cherished National Possessions:—and it is not a joyful reflection, but an extremely mournful one, that in no country is there at present such a thing to be found. What Louis-Philippe may have collected, in the way of French Historical Portrait, at Versailles, I did not see: if worth much (which I hear it is not), it might have proved the best memorial left by him, one day. Chancellor Clarendon made a brave attempt in that kind for England; but his House and 'Gallery' fell all asunder, in a sad way; and as yet there has been no second attempt that I can hear of. As matters stand, Historical Portraits abound in England; but where they are, or where any individual of them is, no man knows, or can discover except by groping and hunting (*underground*, as it were, and like the mole!) in an almost desperate manner: even among the intelligent and learned of your acquaintance, you inquire to no purpose. Nor is the English National Gallery poorer in this respect than others,—perhaps even much the reverse. The sad rule holds in all countries.

In the Dresden Gallery, for instance, you find Flayings of Bartholomew, Flayings of Marsyas, Rapes of the Sabines: but if you ask for a Portrait of Martin Luther, of Friedrich the Wise, nay even of August the Big, of Marshal Saxe or poor Count Brühl, you will find no satisfactory answer. In Berlin itself, which affects to be a wiser city, I found, not long ago, Picture-Galleries not a few, with ancient and modern *virtù* in abundance and superabundance,—whole acres of mythological smearing (Tower of Babel, and I know not what), by Kaulbach and others, still going on: but a *genuine Portrait of Frederic the Great* was a thing I could nowhere hear of. That is strange, but that is true. I roamed through endless lines of Pictures;

inquired far and wide, even Sculptor Rauch could tell me nothing: at last it was chiefly by good luck that the thing I was in quest of turned up.—This I find to be one of the saddest of those few defects in the world which are easily capable of remedy: I hope you in Scotland, in the 'new National Museum' we hear talk of, will have a good eye to this, and remedy it in your own case! Scotland at present is not worse than other countries in the point in question: but neither is it at all better; and as Scotland, unlike some other countries, *has* a History of a very readable nature, and has never published even an *engraved* series of National Portraits, perhaps the evil is more sensible and patent there than elsewhere. It is an evil which should be everywhere remedied: and if Scotland be the first to set an example in that respect, Scotland will do honourably by herself, and achieve a benefit to all the world.

From this long Prologue, if you have patience to consider it over, you will see sufficiently what my notion of the main rules for executing the Project would be. The grand interest to be held in view is that which I have defined as the *Historian's*, the ingenuous sincere *Student of History's*. Ingenuous and sincere student; not *pedantic*, fantastic and imaginary! It seems to me all *real* interest for the other classes of mankind, down to the most ignorant class, may well be considered as only a more and more diluted form of that interest. The rule therefore is, Walk straight towards that; not refusing to look to the right and left, but keeping your face steadily on that: if you can manage to secure that *well*, all else will follow from it, or attend it. Ask always, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous Scottish soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying of Scottish History to himself? This is what it concerns us to try if we can get for him and for the world;—and, on the whole, this only; for it is certain, all other men will by and by follow this best-informed and most ingenuous one; and at the end of the account, if you have served him well, you will turn-out to have served everybody well.

Great zeal, great industry will of course be needed in hunting-up what Portraits there are, scattered wide over country mansions in all parts of Scotland;—in gathering-in your raw-material, so to speak. Next, not less, but even more import-

ant, will be skill,—knowledge, judgment, and above all, fidelity, —in selecting, exhibiting and elucidating these. That indeed, I reckon, will be the vitalest condition of all; the cardinal point, on which success or failure will turn. You will need the best Pictorial judgment (some faithful critic who really *knows* the Schools and Epochs of Art a little, and can help towards the solution of so many things that will depend on that); especially all the *Historical* knowledge and good sense that can be combined upon the business will be indispensable! For the rest, I would sedulously avoid all concern with the vulgar Showman or Charlatan line of action in this matter. For though the thing must depend, a good deal at least, on popular support, the real way to get that (especially in such a matter) is, to deserve it: the thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods; nor should it, if it could.—In a word, here as everywhere, to winnow-out the chaff of the business, and present in a clear and pure state what of *wheat* (little or much) may be in it; on this, as I compute, the Project will stand or fall. If faithfully executed,—the chaff actually well suppressed, the wheat honestly given,—I cannot doubt but it might succeed. Let it but promise to deserve success, I suppose honourable help might be got for it among the wealthier and wiser classes of Scotchmen.

But to come now to your more specific questions, I should be inclined, on the above principles, to judge:

1°. That no living Scotchman's portrait should be admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be. And I would farther counsel that you should be extremely chary about such 'Historical men' as have died within the last twenty-five or thirty years; it requires always the space of a generation to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities, in the matter of Men,—to let mere dust-clouds settle into their natural place and bulk. But from that point, especially from the beginning of this century, you have free scope, and ever freer, backwards to the very beginning of things, — which, alas, in the Pictorial respect, I fear will only be some two or three centuries, or little more! The oldest Scottish portrait I can recollect to have seen, of any worth, is that of James IV. (and only as an engraving, the original at Taymouth), though probably enough you may know of older. But for the earlier

figures,—I would go back to Colm and Adamnan,—if I *could*, by any old illuminated missal or otherwise? You will have engravings, coins, casts of sepulchral monuments—I have seen Bruce's *skull*, at least, cast in plaster! And remember always that any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man will be welcome, in these as indeed in all cases. The one question is, that they be genuine (or, if not, well marked as *doubtful*, and in what degree doubtful); that they *be* 'helps,' instead of *hindrances* and criminal misguidances!

2°. In regard to modern pictures representing historical events, my vote would clearly be, To make the rule absolute *not* to admit any one of these; at least not till I saw one that was *other* than an infatuated blotch of insincere ignorance, and a mere distress to an earnest and well-instructed eye! Since the time of *Hollar*, there is not the least *veracity*, even of intention, in such things; and, for most part, there is an *ignorance* altogether abject. *Wilkie's John Knox*, for example: no picture that I ever saw by a man of genius can well be, in regard to all earnest purposes, a more perfect failure! Can anything, in fact, be more entirely *useless* for earnest purposes, more *un*like what ever could have been the reality, than that gross Energumen, more like a boxing Butcher, whom he has set into a pulpit surrounded with draperies, with fat-shouldered women, and play-actor men in mail, and labelled KNOX? I know the picture only by engravings, always hasten-on when I see it in a window, and would not for much have it hung on the wall beside me! So, too, I have often seen a *Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other, which consists of an angry man and horse (man presumably intended for Cromwell, but not like him),—man, with heavy flapping Spanish cloak, &c., and no hat to his head, firing a pistol over his shoulder into what seems a dreadful shower of rain in the distance! What can be the use of such things, except to persons who have turned their back on real interests, and gone woolgathering in search of imaginary? All that kind of matter, as indisputable 'chaff,' ought to be severely purged away.

3°. With respect to *plurality* of portraits, when you have the offer of more than one? The answer to that, on the principles already stated, will come out different in different cases, and be an affair of consideration and compromise. For the

earlier (and more uncertain) figures, I should incline to admit *all* that could be got; certainly all that could be found genuine, that were 'helps,' as above said. Nay, such even as were only half-genuine, if there were no others; marking well their doubtful character. As you come lower down, the selection will be stricter; and in quite modern times when pictures are plentiful, I should think *one* portrait would in general be the rule. But of course respect must be had to the importance of the man, the *excellence* of the portraits offered (or their peculiar worth for your objects), the quantity of house-room you are like to have, &c. &c.; and the decision will be the summary and adjustment of all these considerations.

For example, during the *Reformation period* I would take of John Knox, and his consorts and adversaries (Lethington, Kirkcaldy, Regents Murray, Morton, and Mar, Buchanan, Bothwell, even Rizzio, and the like), any picture I could get; all attainable pictures, engravings, &c., or almost all, unless they be more numerous than I suppose,—might promise to be 'helps,' in that great scarcity, and great *desire* to be helped. While, again, in reference to *The Forty-five*, where pictures abound, and where the personages and their affair are so infinitely insignificant in comparison, I should expect that one portrait, and that only of the very topmost men, would well suffice. Yet there is a real interest, too, in that poor Forty-five,—for, in fine, we lie very *near* it still, and that is always a great point; and I should somehow like to have a Hawley, a Sir John Cope, Wade, and Duke of Cumberland smuggled in, by way of 'illustrative Notes,' if that were possible. Nay, I really think it should be done; and, on the whole, perceive that *The Forty-five* will be one of your more opulent fields.

The question, "Who is a Historical Character?" is, in many cases, already settled, and, in most cases, will be capable of easy settlement. In general, whoever *lives* in the memory of Scotchmen, whoever is yet practically recognisable as a conspicuous worker, speaker, singer, or sufferer in the past time of Scotland, he is a 'Historical Character,' and we shall be glad to see the veritable likeness of him. For examples, given at random:—George Buchanan, David Rizzio, Lord Hailes, Lord Kames, Monboddo, Bozzy, Burns, Gawin Douglas, Barbour, Jamie Thomson. I would take in, and eagerly,

David Dale (of the cotton manufacture), less eagerly Dundas (of the suffrage ditto), and, in general, ask myself, Who said, did, or suffered anything truly memorable, or even anything still much remembered? From Bruce down to Heathfield and Abercromby, the common History-books will direct you plentifully as to one class; and for the others, knowledge and good judgment will be the methods.

4°. Lastly, as to the Catalogue. I am accustomed to conceive the Catalogue, if well done, as one of the best parts of the whole. Brevity, sound knowledge, exactitude, fidelity, ought to be the characteristic of every feature of it. Say you allow, on the average, not more than half a page to each, in by far the majority of cases; hardly more than a page to any: historical, lucid, above all things exact. I would give the *essence* of the man's history, *condensed* to the very utmost; the dates, his birth, death, main transactions,—in short the *bones* of his history; then add reference to books and sources (carefully distinguishing the good from the less good), where his history and character can be learned farther by such as wish to study it. Afterwards in a line or two, indicate the actual *habitat* of the picture here exhibited; *its* history, if it have one; that it is *known* to be by such and such a master (and on what authority), or that it is only guessed. What value and excellence might lie in such a Catalogue, if rightly done, I need not say to David Laing; nor what labour, knowledge and resources would be needed to do it well! Perhaps divided among several men (with some head to *preside* over all), according to the several *periods* and classes of subject;—I can perceive *work* enough for *you*, among others, there! But, on the whole, it could be done; and it would be well worth doing, and a permanently useful thing. I would have it printed in some *bound* form, not as a pamphlet, but still very cheap; I should expect a wide immediate sale for it at railway stations and elsewhere while the Exhibition went on, and a steady and permanent sale for it afterwards for a long time indeed. A modern *Nicolson*, done according to the *real want* of the present day; and far beyond what any 'Historical Library,' with its dusty pedantries, ever was before!

But enough now. Your patience must not be quite ridden to death, and the very paper admonishes me to have done.

Accept in good part what hasty stuff I have written ; forgive it at least. I must say, this small National Project has again grown to look quite beautiful to me ;—*possible* surely in some form, and full of uses. Probably the real "*Crystal Palace*" that would beseem poor old Scotland in these days of Exhibitions, —a country rather eminently rich in men perhaps, which is the pearl and soul of all other "riches."

Believe me yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.[2]

[2] Some efforts, I believe, were made in the direction indicated, by Gentlemen of the Antiquarian Society and others ; but as yet without any actual "Exhibition" coming to light. Later, and for Britain at large, we have had, by the Government itself, some kind of "Commission" or "Board" appointed, for forming a permanent "National Portrait-Gallery,"—with what success is still to be seen.—(*Note of* 1857.)

THE PRINZENRAUB.[1]

A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

[1855.]

OVER seas in Saxony, in the month of July 1455, a notable thing befell; and this in regard to two persons who have themselves, by accident, become notable. Concerning which we are now to say something, with the reader's permission. Unluckily, few English readers ever heard of the event; and it is probable there is but one English reader or writer (the present reviewer, for his sins) that was ever driven or led to inquire into it: so that it is quite wild soil, very rough for the ploughshare; neither can the harvest well be considerable. "English readers are so deeply ignorant of foreign history, especially of German history!" exclaims a learned professor. Alas, yes; English readers are dreadfully ignorant of many things, indeed of most things;—which is a lamentable circumstance, and ought to be amended by degrees.

But, however all this may be, here is somewhat in relation to that Saxon business, called the *Prinzenraub*, or Stealing of the Princes, and to the other "pearls of memory" (do not call them old buttons of memory!) which string themselves upon the threads of that. Beating about in those dismal haunted wildernesses; painfully sorting and sifting in the historical lumber-rooms and their dusty fusty imbroglios, in quest of far other objects,—this is what we have picked-up on that acci-

[1] WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 123, January 1855.—1. *Schreiters Geschichte des Prinzenraubs* (Schreiter's History of the Stealing of the Princes). Leipzig, 1804.

2. *Johann Hübners, Rectoris der Schule zu S. Johannis in Hamburg, Genealogische Tabellen* (Genealogical Tables, by Johann Hübner, Rector of St. John's School in Hamburg). 3 vols. oblong 4to. Leipzig, 1725-1728.

3. *Genealogische Tafeln zur Staatengeschichte der Germanischen und Slawischen Völker im 19ten Jahrhundert* (Genealogical Tables for the State History of the Germanic and Slavic Nations in the 19th Century). By Dr. Friedrich Maximilian Œrtel. 1 vol. oblong 12mo. Leipzig, 1846.

dental matter. To which the reader, if he can make any use of it, has our welcome and our blessing.

The *Wettin* Line of Saxon Princes, the same that yet endures, known by sight to every English creature (for the high individual, Prince Albert, is of it), had been lucky enough to combine in itself, by inheritance, by good management, chiefly by inheritance and mere force of survival, all the Three separate portions and divided dignities of that country: the Thüringen Landgraviate, the Meissen Markgraviate, and the ancient Duchy and Electorate of Saxony; and to become very great among the Princes of the German Empire. It was in 1423 that Elector Frederick, named *der Streitbare* (the Fencible, or Prompt-to-fight), one of the notables of this line, had got from Emperor Sigismund, for help rendered (of which poor Sigismund had always need, in all kinds), the vacant *Kur* (Electorship) and Dukedom of Saxony; after which accession, and through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, this Saxon House might fairly reckon itself the greatest in Germany, till Austria, till Brandenburg gradually rose to overshadow it. Law of primogeniture could never be accepted in that country; nothing but divisions, redivisions, coalescings, splittings, and never-ending readjustments and collisions were prevalent in consequence; to which cause, first of all, the loss of the race by Saxony may be ascribed.

To enter into all that, be far from us. Enough to say that this *Streitbare*, Frederick the *Fencible*, left several sons, and none of them without some snack of principality taken from the main lot: several sons, who, however, by death and bad behaviour, pretty soon reduced themselves to two: 1st, the eldest, a Frederick, named the Placid, Peaceable, or Pacific (Friedrich *der Sanftmüthige*), who possessed the electorate, and indivisible, inalienable land thereto pertaining (Wittenberg, Torgau, &c.; a certain 'circle' or province in the Wittenberg region; of which, as Prussia has now got all or most of it, the exact boundaries are not known to me); and 2d, a Wilhelm, who in all the other territories 'ruled conjointly' with Frederick.

Conjointly: were not such lands likely to be beautifully 'ruled'? Like a carriage-team with *two* drivers on the box! Frederick, however, was pacific; probably an excellent good-

natured man; for I do not find that he wanted fire either, and conclude that the friendly elements abounded in him. Frederick was a man that could be lived with; and the conjoint government went on, without visible outbreak, between his brother Wilhelm and him, for a series of years. For twelve years, better or worse;—much better than our own red and white *Roses* here at home, which were fast budding into battles of St. Albans, battles of Towton, and other sad outcomes about that time! Of which twelve years we accordingly say nothing.

But now in the twelfth year, a foolish second-cousin, a Friedrich the Silly (*Einfältige*), at Weimar, died childless, A.D. 1440; by which event extensive Thuringian possessions fell into the main lot again; whereupon the question arose, How to divide them? A question difficult to solve; which by and by declared itself to be insoluble; and gave rise to open war between the brothers Frederick Pacific and Wilhelm of Meissen. Frederick proving stronger, Wilhelm called-in the Bohemians,—confused Hussite, Ziska-Podiebrad populations, bitter enemies of orthodox Germany; against whom Frederick sent celebrated fighting captains, Kunz von Kaufungen and others; who did no good on the Bohemians, but showed all men how dangerous a conflagration had arisen here in the heart of the country, and how needful to be quenched without delay. Accordingly the neighbours all ran up, Kaiser Frederick III. at the head of them (a cunning old Kaiser, Max's father); and quenched it was, after four or five years' ruinous confusion, by the 'treaty of Naumburg' in 1450,—most obscure treaty, not necessary to be laid before the reader;—whereby, if not joint government, peaceable division and separation could ensue.

The conflagration was thus put out; but various coals of it continued hot for a long time,—Kunz von Kaufungen, above mentioned, the hottest of all. Kunz or Conrad, born squire or ritter of a certain territory and old tower called Kaufungen, the *site* of which old tower, if now no ruins of it, can be seen near Penig on the Mulde river, some two-hours ride south-east of Altenburg in those Thuringian or Upper Saxon regions,—Kunz had made himself a name in the world, though unluckily he was short of property otherwise at present. For one thing, Kunz had gained great renown by beating Albert of Brandenburg, the Albert named *Achilles*, third Hohenzollern Elector of

Brandenburg, and the fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man, ancestor of Frederick the Great); Kunz, I say, had beaten this potentate, being hired by the town of Nürnberg, Albert's rebellious town, to do it; or if not beaten him (for Albert prevailed in the end), had at least taken him captive in some fight, and made him pay a huge ransom. He had also been in the Hussite wars, this Kunz, fighting up and down: a German *condottiere*, I find, or Dugald Dalgetty of the epoch; his last stroke of work had been this late engagement, under Frederick the Peaceable, to fight against brother Wilhelm and his Bohemian allies.

In this last enterprise Kunz had prospered but indifferently. He had indeed gained something they called the 'victory of Gera,'—loud honour, I doubt not, and temporary possession of that little town of Gera;—but in return, had seen his own old tower of Kaufungen and all his properties wasted by ravages of war. Nay, he had at length been taken captive by the Bohemians, and been obliged to ransom himself by huge outlay of money:—4,000 *goldgulden*, or about 2,000*l.* sterling; a crushing sum! With all which losses, why did not Kunz lose his life too, as he might easily have done? It would have been better for him. Not having lost his life, he did of course, at the end of the war, claim and expect indemnity: but he could get none, or not any that was satisfactory to him.

Elector Frederick had had losses of his own; was disposed to stick to the letter of his contracts in reference to Kunz: not even the 4,000 *goldgulden* of Bohemian ransom would he consent to repay. Elector Frederick alleged that Kunz was not his liegeman, whom he was bound to protect; but only his soldier, hired to fight at so much per day, and stand the risks himself. In fine, he exasperated Kunz very much; and could be brought to nothing, except to agree that arbitrators should be named, to settle what was really due from one to the other;—a course of little promise to indigent, indignant Kunz. The arbitrators did accordingly meet, and Kunz being summoned, made his appearance; but not liking the figure of the court, went away again without waiting for the verdict; which accordingly did fall out infinitely short of his wishes or expectations, and made the indigent man still more indignant. Violent speeches were heard from him in consequence, and were officiously reported;

nay, some say, were heard by the Elector himself: for example, That a man might have vengeance, if he could get nothing else; that an indigent, indignant fighting man, driven utterly desperate, would harry and destroy; would do this and also that, of a direful and dreadful nature. To which the Elector answered: "Don't burn the fishponds, at any rate; the poor fishes in their ponds!"—still farther angering Kunz. Kunz was then heard growling about "vengeance not on this unjust Elector's land and people, but on his flesh and blood;" in short, growing ever more intemperate, grim of humour, and violent of speech, Kunz was at last banished the country; ordered flatly to go about his business, and growl elsewhere. He went, with certain indigent followers of his, across into Bohemia; where, after groping about, he purchased an old castle, Isenburg the name of it; castle hanging somewhere on the western slopes of the *Erzgebirge* (Metal Mountains so-called), convenient for the Saxon frontier, and to be had cheap: this empty damp old castle of Isenburg Kunz bought; and lived there, in such humour as may be conceived. Revenge on this unjust Elector, and "not on his land and people, but on his flesh and blood," was now the one thought of Kunz.

Two Misnian squires, Mosen and Schönberg, former subalterns of his, I suppose, and equally disaffected as himself, were with him at Isenburg; besides these, whose connections and followers could assist with head or hand, there was in correspondence with him one Schwalbe, a Bohemian by birth, officiating now as cook (cook or scullion, I am uncertain which) in the electoral Castle itself at Altenburg; this Schwalbe, in the way of intelligence and help for plotting, was of course the most important of all. Intelligence enough from Schwalbe and his consorts; and schemes grounded thereon; first one scheme and then another in that hungry castle of Isenburg, we need not doubt. At length word came from Schwalbe, That on the 7th of July (1455) the Elector was to take a journey to Leipzig; Electress and two Princes (there were but two, still boys) to be left behind at Altenburg: whether anything could follow out of that? Most of the servants, Schwalbe added, were invited to a supper in the town, and would be absent drinking. Absent drinking; Princes left unguarded? Much can follow out of that! Wait for an opportunity till Doomsday, will there

ever come a better? Let this, in brief, be the basis of our grand scheme; and let all hands be busy upon it. Isenburg expects every man to do his duty!—Nor was Isenburg disappointed.

The venerable little Saxon town of Altenburg lies, among intricate woods and Metal-Mountain wildernesses, a good day's riding west from Isenburg: nevertheless, at the fit date, Isenburg has done its duty; and in spite of the intricacies and the hot weather, Kunz is on the ground in full readiness. Towards midnight, namely, on the 7th of July 1455, Kunz, with a party of thirty men, his two Misnian squires among them, well-mounted and armed, silently approaches the rendezvous under the Castle of Altenburg; softly announces himself, by whew of whistling, or some concerted signal, audible in the stillness of the ambrosial night. Cook Schwalbe is awake; Cook Schwalbe answers signal; flings him down a line, fixes his rope-ladders: Kunz, with his Misnian squires and a select few more, mounts aloft; leaving the rest below, to be vigilant, to seize the doors especially, when once we are masters of them from within.

Kunz, who had once been head chamberlain here, knows every room and passage of this royal Castle; probably his Misnians also know it, or a good deal of it, from of old. They first lock all the servants' doors; lock the Electress's door; walk then into the room where the two Princes sleep, in charge of their ancient governess, a feeble old lady, who can give no hindrance;—they seize the two Princes, boys of twelve and fourteen; descend with them, by the great staircase, into the court of the Castle, successfully so far;—or rather, not quite successfully, but with a mistake to mend. They find, when in the court of the Castle, that here indeed is Prince Ernst, the eldest boy, but that instead of Prince Albert we have brought his bedfellow, a young Count Barby, of no use to us. This was Mosen the Misnian's mistake; stupid Mosen! Kunz himself runs aloft again; finds now the real Albert, who had hid himself below the bed; descends with the real Albert. "To horse now, to horse, my men, without delay!" These noises had awakened the Electress; to what terrors and emotions we can fancy. Finding her door bolted, but learning gradually what is toward, she speaks or shrieks, from the window, a passionate prayer, in the name of earth and heaven, Not to take her chil-

dren from her. "Whatsoever your demands are, I will see them granted, only leave my children!"—"Sorry we cannot, high Lady!" thought Kunz, and rode rapidly away; for all the Castle is now getting awake, and locks will not long keep every one imprisoned in his room.

Kunz, forth again into the ambrosial night, divides his party into two, one Prince with each; Kunz himself leading the one, Mosen to lead the other. They are to ride by two different roads towards Bohemia, that if one misluck, there may still be another to make terms. Kunz himself, with the little Albert he has got on hand (no time to *change* princes at present), takes the more northerly road; and both dive into the woods. Not a moment to be lost; for already the alarm-bell is out at Altenburg,—some servant having burst his door, and got clutch of it; the results of which will be manifold! Result *first* could not fail: The half-drunk servants, who are out at supper, come tumbling home; listen open-mouthed, then go tumbling back into the little town, and awaken *its* alarm-bell; which awakens, in the usual progression, all others whatsoever; so that Saxony at large, to the remotest village, from all its belfries, big and little, is ringing madly; and all day Kunz, at every thin place of the forest, hears a ding-dong of doom pronounced against him, and plunges deviously forward all the more intently.

A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm-bell, and shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now, within an hour of the Bohemian border;—cheerily, my men, through these wild woods and hills! The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on; all but himself and two squires shall ride on, get everything ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince; dismounts, he and his squires, to gather him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers-in upon the scene; a grimy *Köhler*, namely (Collier, Charcoal-burner), with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schürbaum*) in his hand: grimy Collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap; somewhat astonished to find company in these solitudes. "How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased

to be doing here?" inquired the Collier. "Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations; who has fallen thirsty: do you know where bilberries are?—No?—Then why not walk on your way, my grim one?" The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go: Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by the spurs, falls flat on his face; the young Prince whispers eagerly, "I am Prince Albert, and am stolen!"—Whew-wew!—One of the squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said; perhaps it was at the Collier only: the Collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the squire, belabours Kunz himself. During which the Collier's dog lustily barks; and, behold, the Collier's Wife comes running on the scene, and with her shrieks brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done!

He surrenders, with his squires and Prince; is led, by this black bodyguard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighbouring monastery of Grünhain (Green Grove), and is there safe warded under lock-and-key. The afternoon of July 8th, 1455; what a day for him and for others!—I remark, with certainty, that dusty riders, in rather unusual numbers, and of miscellaneous equipment, are also entering London City, far away, this very evening; a constitutional parliament having to take seat at Westminster, tomorrow, 9th July 1455, of all days and years,[2] to settle what the battle of St. Albans, lately fought, will come to. For the rest, that the King of England has fallen imbecile, and his she-wolf of France is on flight; that probably York will be Protector again (till he lose his head),—and that the troubles of mankind are not limited to Saxony and its Metal Mountains, but that the Devil everywhere is busy, as usual!—This consideration will serve at least to date the affair of Kunz for us, and shall therefore stand unerased.

From Grünhain Monastery the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other: praised be heaven forever for it. "And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish, what is your want?—How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz, you with your simple poking-pole, you Collier sent of heaven!"—"Ma-

[2] Henry's *History of Britain*, vi. 108.

dam, I *drilled* him soundly with my poking-pole (*hab ihn weidlich getrillt*);" at which they all laughed, and called the Collier *der Triller*, the *Driller*.

Meanwhile, Mosen the Misnian is also faring ill; with the alarm-bells all awake about him, and the country risen in hot chase. Six of his men have been caught; the rest are diving ever deeper into the thickets. In the end, they seek shelter in a cavern, stay there perdue for three days, not far from the castle of Steina, still within the Saxon border. Three days,—while the debate of Westminster is prosperously proceeding, and imbecile Henry the Sixth takes his ease at Windsor,—these poor fellows lie quaking, hungry, in their cave; and dare not debate, except in whispers; very uncertain what the issue will be. The third day they hear from colliers or wandering woodmen, accidentally talking together in their neighbourhood, that Kunz is taken, tried, and most probably beheaded. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Hereupon they open a correspondence with the nearest Amtmann, him of Zwickau: to the effect, That if free pardon is granted, they will at once restore Prince Ernst; if not, they will at once kill him. The Amtmann of Zwickau is thrown into excitement, it may well be supposed: but what can the Amtmann or any official person do? Accede to their terms, since, as desperate men, they have the power of enforcing them. It is thought, had they even demanded Kunz's pardon, it must have been granted; but they fancied Kunz already ended, and did not insist on this. Enough, on the 11th of the month, fourth day since the flight, third day in this hunger-cave of Steina, Prince Ernst was given up; and Mosen, Schönfels and Co., refreshed with food, fled swiftly, unharmed, and 'were never heard of more,' say my authorities.

Prince Ernst was received by his glad father at Chemnitz; soon carried to his glad mother and brother at Altenburg: upon which the whole court, with trembling joy, made a pilgrimage to Ebersdorf, a monastery and shrine in those parts. They gave pious thanks there, one and all; the mother giving suitable dotation furthermore; and, what is notable, hanging-up among her other votive gifts two coats (she, says rumour and prints; but I guess it was the lucrative showmen after *her*): the coat of Kunz, leather buff I suppose, and the

coat of The Driller, Triller, as we call that heaven-sent Collier, coat grimy black, and made of what stuff I know not. Which coats were still shown in the present generation ; nay perhaps are still to be seen at this day, if a judicious tourist made inquiry for them.

On the 14th, and not till then, Kunz of Kaufungen, tried and doomed before, laid his head on the block at Freyberg ; some say, pardon *had* been got for him from the joyful Serene Highnesses, but came an hour too late. This seems uncertain, seems improbable : at least poor Dietrich of Kaufungen, his younger brother, was done to death at Altenburg itself some time after, for 'inconsiderate words' uttered by him,—feelings not sufficiently under one's control. That Schwalbe, the Bohemian Cook, was torn with 'red-hot pincers,' and otherwise mercilessly mangled and strangled, need not be stated. He and one or two others, supposed to be concerned in his peculiar treason, were treated so ; and with this the gallows-part of the transaction ended.

As to the Driller himself, when asked what his wish was, it turned out to be modest in the extreme: Only liberty to cut, of scrags and waste wood, what would suffice for his charring purposes, in those wild forests. This was granted to the man and his posterity; made sure to him and them by legal deed: and to this was added, So many yearly bushels of corn from the electoral stockbarns, and a handsome little farm of land, to grow cole and *sauerkraut*, and support what cows and sheep, for domestic milk and wool, were necessary to the good man and his successors. 'Which properties,' I am vaguely told, but would go to see it with my eyes, were I touring in those parts, 'they enjoy to this day.' Perhaps it was a bit of learned jocularity on the part of the old conveyancers, perhaps in their high chancery at Altenburg they did not know the man's real name, or perhaps he had no very fixed one ; at any rate, they called him merely *Triller* (Driller), in these important documents: which courtly nickname he or his sons adopted as a surname that would do very well; surname borne by them accordingly ever since, and concerning which there have been treatises written.[3]

[3] Groshupf's *Oratio de gentis Trillerianæ ortu* (cited in Michaelis, *Geschichte der Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Teutschland*, i. 469) is one.—

This is the tale of Kunz of Kaufungen; this is that adventure of the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes), much wondered at, and talked of, by all princes and all courtiers in its own day, and never quite forgotten since; being indeed apt for remembrance, and worthy of it, more or less. For it actually occurred in God's Creation, and was a fact, four-hundred years ago; and also is, and will forever continue one,—ever-enduring part and parcel of the Sum of Things, whether remembered or not. In virtue of which peculiarity it is much distinguished from innumerable other tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's Creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the Sum of Nothings; which nevertheless obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers. In comparison, I thought this business worth a few words to the ingenuous English reader, who may still have rooms to let, in that sense. Not only so; but it seemed to deserve a little nook in modern memory for other peculiar reasons,—which shall now be stated with extreme brevity.

The two boys, Ernst and Albert, who, at the time of their being stolen, were fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and had Frederick the *Peaceable*, the *Placid* or *Pacific*, for father, came safe to manhood. They got, by lucky survivorship, all these inextricable Saxon Territories combined into Two round lots;—did not, unfortunately, keep them so; but split them again into new divisions,—for new despair of the historical student, among others!—and have at this day extensive posterity, of thrice-complex relationship, of unintelligible names, still extant in the high places of the world. Unintelligible names, we may well say; each person having probably from ten to twenty names: not John or Tom; but Joachim *John* Ferdinand Ernst Albrecht; Theodor *Tom* Carl Friedrich Kunz;—as if we should say, Bill Walter Kit all as

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See, for the rest, Schurzfleisch, *Dissertatio de Conrado Kaufungo* (Wittenberg, 1720); Tenzel (Gotha, 1700); Rechenberg, *De Raptu Ernesti et Alberti*; Sagittarius, Fabricius, &c. &c.

one name; every one of which is good, could you but omit the others! Posterity of unintelligible names, thrice-complex relationship;—and in fine, of titles, qualities and territories that will remain forever unknown to man. Most singular princely nomenclature, which has often filled me with amazement. Designations *worse* than those of the Naples Lazzaroni; who indeed "have no names," but are, I conclude, distinguished by Numbers, No. 1, No. 2, and can be *known* when mentioned in human speech! Names, designations, which are too much for the human mind;—which are intricate, long-winded; abstruse as the Sibyl's oracles; and flying about, too, like her leaves, with every new accident, every new puff of wind. Ever-fluctuating, ever-splitting, coalescing, re-splitting, re-combining, insignificant little territories, names, relationships and titles; inextricably indecipherable, and not worth deciphering; which only the eye of the Old Serpent could or would decipher!—Let us leave them there; and remark that they are all divided, after our little stolen Ernst and Albert, into Two main streams or Lines, the Ernst or *Ernestine Line*, and the Albert or *Albertine Line;* in which two grand divisions they flow on, each of them many-branched, through the wilderness of Time ever since. Many-branched each of the two, but conspicuously separate each from the other, they flow on; and give us the comfort of their company, in great numbers, at this very day. We will note a few of the main phenomena in these two Saxon Lines,—higher trees that have caught our eye, in that sad wilderness of princely shrubbery unsurveyable otherwise.

ERNESTINE LINE.

Ernst, the elder of those two stolen boys, became *Kurfürst* (Elector); and got for inheritance, besides the 'inalienable properties' which lie round Wittenberg, as we have said, the better or Thuringian side of the Saxon country—that is, the Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, &c. Principalities:—while the other youth, Albert, had to take the '*Osterland* (Easternland), with part of Meissen,' what we may in general imagine to be (for no German Dryasdust will do you the kindness to say precisely) the eastern region of what is Saxony in our day. These Albertines, with an inferior territory, had, as their main

towns, Leipzig and Dresden, a *Residenz-Schloss* (or sublime enough Ducal Palace) in each city, Leipzig as yet the grander and more common one. There, at Leipzig chiefly, I say, lived the august younger or Albertine Line; especially there lived Prince Albert himself, a wealthy and potent man, though younger. But it is with Ernst that we are at present concerned.

As for Ernst, the elder, he and his lived chiefly at Wittenberg, as I perceive; there or in the neighbourhood, was their high Schloss; distinguished among palaces. But they had Weimar, they had Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg,—above all, they had the *Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn. Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sung there, St. Elisabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles, Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto, —the most interesting *Residenz*, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels,—standing in Luther's room, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken inkholder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with mere Heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of "One man *versus* the Devil and all men" was fought, and the latest prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over it; speaking sad, and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honour of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him; *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimmest men now living; and looked like lightning and rain all the morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his

line are not at a loss for Residences, whatever else he and they may want.

Ernst's son was *Frederick the Wise*, successor in the *Kur* (Electorship) and paternal lands; which, as Frederick did not marry and there was only one other brother, were not farther divided on this occasion. Frederick the Wise, born in 1463, was that ever-memorable *Kurfürst* who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms in 1521. A pious Catholic, with due horror of heresy up to that time, he listened with all his faculties to the poor Monk's earnest speech of four hours; knew not entirely what to think of it; thought at least, "We will hear this man farther, we will not burn this man just yet!"—and snatched him up accordingly, and stuck him safe into the Wartburg for a year. Honour to such a Kurfürst:—and what a luck to him and us that he was there to do so ever-memorable a thing, just in the nick of time! A Kurfürst really memorable and honourable, by that and by many other acts of wisdom, piety and prudent magnanimity; in which qualities History testifies that he shone. He could have had the Kaisership, on Max's death, some years before, but preferred to have young Charles V., Max's grandson, elected to it. Whereby it came that the grand Reformation Cause, at once the grandest blessing and the grandest difficulty, fell to the guidance, not of noble German veracity and pious wisdom, but of long-headed obstinate Flemish cunning; and Elector Frederick indeed had an easier life, but Germany has ever since had a much harder one! Two portraits of this wise Frederick, one by Albert Dürer, and another of inferior quality by Lucas Kranach, which represent to us an excellent, rather corpulent, elderly gentleman, looking-out from under his electoral cap, with a fine placid, honest and yet vigilant and sagacious aspect, are well known to print-collectors: but his history, the practical physiognomy of his life and procedure in this world, is less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than it ought to be,—if there were any chance of their taking pattern by him! He was twenty years Luther's senior; they never met personally, much as they corresponded together, during the next four years, both living oftenest in the same town. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his brother, John the Steadfast (*Johann der Beständige*).

This brother, Johann *der Beständige*, was four years younger; he also was a wise and eminently Protestant man. He struggled very faithfully for the good Cause, during his term of sovereignty; died in 1532 (fourteen years before Luther), having held the Electorate only seven years. Excellent man, though dreadfully *fat;* so that they had to screw him up by machinery when he wished to mount on horseback, in his old days.—His son was Johann Friedrich, the Magnanimous by epithet (*der Grossmüthige*), under whom the Line underwent sad destinies; *lost* the Electorship, lost much; and split itself after him, into innumerable branches, who are all of a small type ever since; and whom we shall leave for a little, till we have brought forward the Albertine Line.

ALBERTINE LINE.

Albert the Courageous (*der Beherzte*) was the name this little stolen boy attained among mankind, when he grew to maturity and came to his properties in Meissen and the Osterland. What he did to merit such high title might, at this date, in this place, be difficult to say. I find he was useful in the Netherlands, assisting Kaiser Max (or rather young Prince Max, Kaiser indeed, and Charles V.'s grandfather, in time coming) when the said young Max wedded the beautiful young Mary of Burgundy, the great heiress in those parts. Max got the Netherlands by this fine match, and came into properties enough; and soon into endless troubles and sorrows thereby; in all which, and in others that superadded themselves, Albert the Courageous was helpful according to ability; distinguishing himself indeed throughout by loyalty to his Kaiser; and in general, I think, being rather of a conservative turn. The rest of his merit in History,—we conclude, it was work that had mainly a Saxon, or at most a German fame, and did not reach the ear of the general world. However, sure enough it all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German Life to this hour, Saxony reaping the full benefit of it (if any); and it shall not concern us here. Only on three figures of the posterity begotten by him shall we pause a little, then leave him to his fate. Elector Moritz, Duke George, August the Strong: on these three we will glance for one moment; the rest, in mute endless procession, shall rustle past unseen by us.

Albert's eldest son, then, and successor in the eastern properties and residences, was Duke George of Saxony,—called 'of Saxony,' as all those Dukes, big and little, were and still are,—*Herzog Georg von Sachsen:* of whom, to make him memorable, it is enough to say that he was Luther's Duke George! Yes, this is he with whom Luther had such wrangling and jangling. Here, for the first time, English country gentlemen may discern "Duke George" as a fact, though a dark one, in this world; see dimly who begat him, where he lived, how he actually *was* (presumably) a human creature, and not a mere rumour of a name. "Fear of Duke George?" said Luther: "No, not that. I have seen the King of Chaos in my time, Sathanas himself, and thrown my inkbottle at him. Duke George! Had I had business in Leipzig, I should have gone thither, if it had rained Duke Georges for nine days running!" Well, reader, this is he: George the Rich, called also the *Barbatus* (Beardy), likewise the Learned: a very magnificent Herr; learned, bearded, gilded, to a notable degree; and much reverenced by many, though Luther thought so little of him.

He was strong for the old religion, while his cousins went so valiantly ahead for the new. He attended at Diets, argued, negotiated; offered to risk life and fortune, in some diplomatic degree, but was happily never called to do it. His Brother, and most of his people, gradually became Protestants, which much grieved him. Pack, unfortunate Herr Pack, whose 'revelations' gave rise to the Schmalkaldic League, and to the first Protestant War, had been his secretary. Pack ran off from him; made said 'revelations,' That there was a private bargain, between Duke George and others, headed by the Kaiser, to cut-off and forfeit Philip of Hessen, the chief Protestant, that &c. &c.: whereby, in the first place, poor Pack lost his head; and, in the second place, poor Duke George's troubles were increased fourfold and tenfold.

Poor soul, he had lost most of his ten children, some of them in infancy, others in maturity and middle age, by death; was now himself getting old, within a year or two of seventy; and his troubles not in the least diminishing. At length he lost his wife; the good old dame, a princess of Bohemia, who had been his stay in all sorrows, she too was called away from him.

Protestantism spreading, the Devil broken loose, all was against Duke George; and he felt that his own time must now be nigh. His very Brother, now heir-apparent by the death of all the young men, was of declared Protestant tendencies. George wrote to his Brother, who, for the present, was very poor, offering to give him up the government and territories at once, on condition that the Catholic Religion should be maintained intact: Brother respectfully refused. Duke George then made a will, to the like effect; summoned his Estates to sanction it; Estates would not sanction: Duke George was seized with dreadful bowel-disorders, and lay down to die. Sorrow on it! Alas, alas!

There is one memorability of his sad last moments: A reverend Pater was endeavouring to strengthen him by assurances about his own good works, about the favour of the Saints and suchlike, when Dr. Rothe, the Crypto-Protestant medical gentleman, ventured to suggest in the extreme moment, "*Gnädiger Herr*, you were often wont to say, Straightforward is the best runner! Do that yourself; go straight to the blessed Saviour and eternal Son of God, who bore our sins; and leave the dead Saints alone!"—"Ey, then,—help me, then," George groaned out in low sad murmur, "true Saviour, Jesus Christ; take pity on me, and save me by thy bitter sorrows and death!" and yielded-up his soul in this manner. A much-afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. He was so learned, he had written his Father Albert's exploits in Latin; of which respectable 'Monograph,' Fabricius, in his Chronicle, has made use. Fabricius: not that big Hamburg Fabricius of the *Bibliothecas;* but an earlier minor one, *Georg Goldschmied* his vernacular name, who was 'crowned poet by Kaiser Max,' became head-schoolmaster in Meissen, and wrote meritorious chronicles, indifferently exact, *Rerum Misnicarum*, and suchlike, —*he* is the Fabricius to whom the respectable Monograph fell. Of this poor Duke's palaces and riches, at Leipzig and elsewhere, I say nothing, except that they were very grand. He wore a magnificent beard, too, dagger-shaped and very long; was of heroic stature and carriage; truly a respectable-looking man. I will remember nothing more of him, except that he was withal an ancestor of Frederick the Great: no doubt of that small interesting fact. One of his daughters was married to

Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen,—wife insufficient for magnanimous Philip, wherefore he was obliged to marry a second, or supplement to her, which is a known story! But another of Duke George's daughters, who alone concerns us here, was spouse to Joachim II., sixth *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg, who bore him Johann George, seventh ditto, in lawful wedlock; and so was Frederick the Unique's great-grandfather's great-grandmother, that is to say, lineal ancestress in the seventh generation. If it rained Duke Georges nine days running, I would say no more about them.

We come now to *Elector Moritz*, our second figure. George's brother, Henry, succeeded; lived only for two years; in which time all went to Protestantism in the eastern parts of Saxony, as in the western. This Henry's eldest son, and first successor, was *Moritz*, the "Maurice" known in English Protestant books; who, in the Schmalkaldic League and War, played such a questionable game with his Protestant cousin, of the elder or Ernestine Line,—quite ousting said cousin, by superior jockeyship, and reducing his Line and him to the second rank ever since. This cousin was Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, of the Ernestine Line; whom we left above waiting for that catastrophe: and it came about in this manner.

Duke Moritz refused, namely, to join his poor cousin and other fellow Protestants in the Schmalkaldic League or War, in spite of Secretary Pack's denunciations, and the evidence of facts. Duke Moritz waited till the Kaiser (Charles V., year 1547), and their own ill-guidance, had beaten to pieces and ruined said League and War; till the Kaiser had captured Johann Frederick the Magnanimous in person, and was about to kill him. And then, at this point of the game, by dextrous management, Duke Moritz got the Electorship transferred to himself; Electorship, with Wittenberg and the 'inalienable lands and dignities;'—his poor cousin sitting prisoner the while, in imminent danger of his life; not getting loose for five years, but following the Kaiser like condemned luggage, up and down, in a very perilous and uncomfortable manner! This from Moritz, who was himself a Protestant, only better skilled in jockeyship, was not thought handsome conduct,—nor could it be.

However, he made it good; succeeded in it,—what is

called succeeding. Neither is the game yet played out, nor Moritz publicly declared (what he full surely *is*, and can by discerning eyes be seen to be) the *loser*. Moritz kept his Electorship, and, by cunning jockeying, his Protestantism too; got his Albertine or junior Line pushed into the place of the Ernestine or first; in which dishonourably acquired position it continues to this day; performing ever since the chief part in Saxony, as Electors, and now as Kings of Saxony;—which seems to make him out rather as winner in the game? For the Ernestine, or honourable Protestant Line is ever since in a secondary, diminished, and as it were, *disintegrated* state, a Line *broken small;* nothing now but a series of small Dukes, Weimar, Gotha, Coburg, and the like, in the Thuringian region, who, on mere genealogical grounds, put Sachsen to their name: Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Weimar, &c.;—and do not look like winners. Nor perhaps are they,—if they also have played too ill! Perhaps neither of the two is winner; for there are many other hands in the game withal: sure I am only that Moritz has *lost*, and never *could* win! As perhaps may appear yet, by and by.

But, however that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got *disintegrated*, broken small, and is not in a culminating condition. These, I say, are the Dukes who in the present day put Sachsen to their name; sons of Ernst, sons of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, all now in a reduced condition: while the sons of Albert, nephews of George the Dagger-bearded ('if it rain Duke Georges'), are Kings of Saxony, so-called Kings. No matter: nay, who knows whether it is not perhaps even *less* than nothing to them, this grand dignity of theirs? Whether, in very truth, if we look at substance and not semblance, the Albertine Line has *risen* since Moritz's time; or in spite of all these crowns and appearances, sublime to the valet judgment, has fallen and is still falling? I do not find, in fact, that it has ever *done* anything considerable since; which is the one sure symptom of rising. My probable conjecture rather is, that it has done (if Nature's Register, if the Eternal Daybook, were consulted) very little indeed, except dwindle into more and more contemptibility, and impotence to *do* anything considerable whatever! Which is a very melancholy issue of Moritz's great efforts; and might give rise to unspeakable

considerations, in many a high man and many a low,—for which there is not room in this place.

Johann Frederick, it is well known, sat magnanimously playing chess, while the Kaiser's sentence, of death, was brought in to him: he listened to the reading of the sentence; said a polite word or two; then turning round, with "*Pergamus*, Let us proceed!" quietly played on till the checkmate had been settled.[4] Johann Frederick magnanimously waited-out his five years of captivity, excellent old Lucas Kranach, his painter and humble friend, refusing to quit him, but steadfastly sharing the same; then quietly returned (old Lucas still with him) to his true loving-hearted wife, to the glad friends whose faith had been tried in the fire. With such a wife waiting him, and such a Lucas attending him, a man had still something left, had his lands been all gone; which in Johann Frederick's case, they were still far from being. He settled at Weimar, having lost electoral Wittenberg and the inalienable properties; he continued to do here, as formerly, whatever wise and noble thing he could, through the short remainder of his life:—one wishes he had not founded all that imbroglio of little dukes! But perhaps he could not help it: law of primogeniture, except among the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns, always a wise, decisive, thrifty and growing race, who *had* the fine talent of 'annihilating rubbish,' was not yet known in those countries. Johann Frederick felt, most likely, that he, for one, in this aspect of the stars, was not founding kingdoms! But indeed it was not he, it was his successors, his grandson and great-grandson chiefly, that made these multiplex divisions and confusions on the face of the German mother-earth, and perplexed the human soul with this inextricable wilderness of little dukes. From him, however, they do all descend; this let the reader know, and let it be some slight satisfaction to him to have got a historical double-girth tied round them in that manner, and see two compact Bundles made of them, in the mean while.

Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long. Shortly after Johann Frederick got home to Weimar, Moritz had already found his death, in prosecution of that game begun by him. It is well known he had no sooner made the Electorate sure to him-

[4] De Wette: *Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), i. 39.

self than he too drew sword against the Kaiser; beat the Kaiser; chased him into the Tyrol mountains; could have taken him there, but—"I have no cage big enough to hold such a bird," said Moritz: so he let the Kaiser run; and made the Treaty of Passau with him instead. Treaty of Passau (A.D. 1552), by which Johann Frederick's liberty was brought about, for one thing, and many liberties were stipulated for the Protestants; upon which Treaty indeed Germany rested from its religious battles, of the blood-shedding sort, and fought only by ink thenceforth,—till the Thirty-Years War came, and a new Treaty, that of Münster or Westphalia (1648), had to succeed.

Shortly after Passau, Moritz, now on the Kaiser's side, and clear for peace and submission to said treaty, drew-out against his oldest comrade, Albert Hohenzollern of Anspach,—'Albert *Alcibiades*' as they call him, that far-shining, too-impetuous Failure of a Frederick the Great; drew-out, I say, against this Alcibiades, who would not accept the Treaty of Passau; beat Alcibiades in the battle of Sievershausen, but lost his own life withal in it,—no more, either of fighting or diplomatising, needed from him;—and thus, after only some six years of Electorship, slept with his fathers, no Elector, but a clod of the valley.

His younger brother succeeded; from whom, in a direct line, come all the subsequent Saxon potentates; and the present King of Saxony, with whom one has no acquaintance, nor much want of any. All of them are *nephews*, so to speak, of Elector Moritz, grand-nephews of Duke George the Dagger-bearded ('if it rained Duke Georges'). Duke George is, as it were, the grand-uncle of them all; as Albert, our little stolen boy for whom Kunz von Kaufungen once gathered bilberries, is father of him and of them all. A goodly progeny, in point of numbers; and handsomely equipt and decorated by a liberal world: most expensive people,—in general not admirable otherwise. Of which multifarious progeny I will remember farther only one, or at most two; having no esteem for them myself, nor wish to encumber anybody's innocent memory with what perhaps deserves oblivion better, and at all events, is rapidly on the way to get it, with or without my sanction. Here, however is our third figure, *August the Strong*.

Friedrich August, the big King of Poland, called by some of his contemporaries August the Great, which epithet they had to change for *August der Starke*, August the Physically Strong: this August, of the three-hundred and fifty-four bastards, who was able to break a horse-shoe with his hands, and who lived in this world regardless of expense,—he is the individual of this junior-senior Albertine Line, whom I wish to pause one moment upon: merely with the remark, that if Moritz had any hand in making him the phenomenon he was, Moritz may well be ashamed of his work. More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom trod this lower earth. A miracle to his own century,—to certain of the flunky species a quasi-celestial miracle, bright with diamonds, with endless mistresses, regardless of expense,—to other men a prodigy, portent and quasi-infernal miracle, awakening insoluble inquiries: Whence this, ye righteous gods, and above all, whither! Poor devil, he was full of good humour too, and had the best of stomachs. A man that had his own troubles withal. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all, would have driven most men mad. You may discern dimly in the flunky histories, in babbling *Pöllnitz* and others, what a set they were; what a time he must have had with their jealousies, their sick vapours, megrims, angers and infatuations; —springing, on occasion, out of bed in their shift, like wild-cats, at the throat of him, fixing their mad claws in him, when he merely enters to ask, "How do you do, *mon chou?*"[5] Some of them, it is confidently said, were his own children. The unspeakably unexemplary mortal!

He got his skin well beaten,—cow-hided, as we may say, —by Charles XII., the rough Swede, clad mostly in leather. He was coaxed and driven-about by Peter the Great, as Irish post-horses are,—long miles, with a bundle of hay, never to be attained, stuck upon the pole of the coach. He reduced himself to utter bankruptcy. He had got the crown of Poland by pretending to adopt Papistry,—the apostate, and even pseudo-apostate; and we may say he has made Protestant Saxony, and his own House first of all, spiritually bankrupt ever since. He died at last, at Warsaw (year 1733), of an 'old man's foot;' highly composed, eupeptic to the last; busy in scheming-

[5] Pöllnitz: *La Saxe Galante; Mémoires et Lettres*, &c.

out a partition of Poland,—a thing more than once in men's heads, but not to be completed just yet. Adieu to him forever and a day.

One of his bastards was Rutowsky, long conspicuous in poor Saxony as their chief military man; whom the Prussians beat at Kesselsdorf,—who was often beaten; whom Frederick the Great at last shut-up in Pirna. Another was the *Chevalier de Saxe*, also a kind of general, good for very little. But by far the notablest was he of Aurora von Königsmark's producing, whom they called *Comte de Saxe* in his own country, and who afterwards in France became *Maréchal de Saze;* a man who made much noise in the world for a time. Of him also let us say an anecdotic word. Baron d'Espagnac and the biographers had long been uncertain about the date of his birth, —date and place alike dubious. For whose sake, here at length, after a century of searching, is the extract from the baptismal register, found by an inquiring man. Poor Aurora, it appears, had been sent to the Harz Mountains, in the still autumn, in her interesting situation; lodges in the ancient highland town of Goslar, anonymously, very privately; and this is what the books of the old *Marktkirche* (Market-Church) in that remote little place still bear:

'*Den acht-und-zwenzigsten October*' — But we must translate: 'The twenty-eighth of October, in the year Sixteen-hun-'dred and ninety-six, in the evening, between seven and eight 'o'clock, there was born by the high Lady (*von der vornehmen 'Frau*) who lodges in R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel's house, 'a Son; which Son, on the 30th *ejusdem*, was in the evening 'baptised, in M. S. Alb's house, and, by the name *Mauritius*, 'incorporated to the Lord Jesus (*dem Herrn Jesu einverleibt*). 'Godfathers were Herr Dr. Trumph, R. N. Dusings and R. 'Heinrich Christoph Winkel.'[6] Which ought to settle that small matter at least.

On the authority of Baron d'Espagnac, I mention one other thing of this *Mauritius*, or Moritz, Maréchal de Saxe; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a scavenger, had words with the scavenger, who perhaps had splashed

[6] Cramer: *Aurora von Königsmark* (Leipzig, 1836), i. 126.

him with his mud-shovel, or the like. Scavenger would make no apology; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of the breeches; whirls him aloft, in horizontal position; pitches him into his own mudcart, and walks on.[7] A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

He was tall of stature, had black circular eyebrows, black bright eyes,—brightness partly intellectual, partly animal,—oftenest with a smile in them. Undoubtedly a man of unbounded dissoluteness; of much energy, loose native ingenuity; and the worst *speller* probably ever known. Take this one specimen, the shortest I have, not otherwise the best; specimen achieved, when there had a proposal risen in the obsequious Académie Française to elect this Maréchal a member. The Maréchal had the sense to decline. *Ils veule me fere de la Cadémie*, writes he; *sela miret com une bage a un chas;* meaning probably, *Ils veulent me faire de l'Académie; cela m'iroit comme une bague à un chat:* 'They would have me in the Academy; it would suit me as a ring would a cat,'—or say, a pair of breeches a cock. Probably he had much skill in war; I cannot judge: his victories were very pretty; but it is to be remembered, he gained them all over the Duke of Cumberland; who was beaten by everybody that tried, and never beat anything, except once some starved Highland peasants at Culloden.

To resume and conclude. August the Physically Strong, be it known in brief, then, is great-grandson of an Elector called Johann Georg I., who behaved very ill in the Thirty-Years War; now joining with the great Gustavus, now deserting him; and seeking merely, in a poor tortuous way, little to the honour of German Protestantism in that epoch, to save his own goods and skin; wherein, too, he did not even succeed: August the Physically Strong, and Pseudo-Papist apostate, is great-grandson of that poor man; who again is grand-nephew of the worldly-wise Elector Moritz, Passau-Treaty Moritz, questionable Protestant, questionable friend and enemy of Charles V., with 'No cage fit to hold so big a bird,'—and is therefore also great-grand-nephew of Luther's friend, 'If it rained Duke Georges.' To his generation there are six from

[7] Espagnac: *Vie du Maréchal de Saxe* (ii. 274, of the German Translation).

Duke George's, five from Elector Moritz's : that is the genealogy. And if I add, that the son of August the Physically Strong was he who got to be August III., King of Poland ; spent his time in smoking tobacco ; and had Brühl for minister,—Brühl of the three-hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, who brought Frederick of Prussia and the Seven-Years War into his country, and thereby, so to speak, quite broke the back of Saxony,—I think we may close our excerpts from the Albertine Line. Of the elder or Ernestine Line, in its *disintegrated* state, I will hastily subjoin yet a word, with the reader's leave, and then end.

ERNESTINE LINE (*in the disintegrated state, or broken small*).

Noble Johann Frederick, who lost the Electorate, and retired to Weimar, nobler for his losses, is not to be particularly blamed for splitting his territory into pieces, and founding that imbroglio of little dukedoms, which run about, ever shifting, like a mass of quicksilver cut into little separate pools and drops ; distractive to the human mind, in a geographical and in far deeper senses. The case was not peculiar to Johann Frederick of the Ernestine Line ; but was common to all German dukes and lines. The pious German mind grudges to lop anything away ; holds by the palpably superfluous ; and in general 'cannot annihilate rubbish ;'—that is its inborn fault. Law of primogeniture, for such small sovereignties and dukedoms, is hardly yet, as the general rule, above a century old in that country ; which, for sovereigns and for citizens, much more than for geographers, was certainly a strange state of matters !

The Albertine Line, Electoral though it now was, made apanages, subdivisions, unintelligible little dukes and dukeries of a similar kind, though perhaps a little more charily : almost within a century we can remember little sovereign dukes of that line. A Duke of Weissenfels, for instance ; foolish old gawk, whom Wilhelmina Princess Royal recollects for his distracted notions,[8]—which were well shaken-out of him by Wilhelmina's Brother afterwards. Or again, contemporaneously, that other little Duke,—what was the title of him ?—who had

[8] *Mémoires de Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith.*

built the biggest bassoon ever heard of; thirty feet high, or so; and was seen playing on it from a trap-ladder;[9]—poor soul, denied an employment in this world, and obliged to fly to bassoons!

Then, too, a Duke of Merseburg,[10] who was dining solemnly, when the "Old Dessauer" (Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, conqueror at Kesselsdorf afterwards, and a great rough Prussian son of Mars) broke-in upon him, in a friendly manner, half-drunk, with half-drunk grenadiers whom he had been reviewing; and reviewed and paraded them again *there* within the sublime ducal dining-room itself, and fired volleys there (to the ruin of mirrors and cut-glass); and danced with the princesses, his officers and he,—a princess in your left-hand, a drawn sword in your right;—and drank and uproared, in a Titanic manner, for about eight hours; making a sorcerer's-sabbath of the poor duke's solemn dinner.[11] Sachsen-Weissenfels, Sachsen-Merseburg, Sachsen-Zeitz:—there were many little dukes of the Albertine Line, too, but happily they are now all dead childless; and their apanages have fallen home to the general mass, which does not henceforth make subdivisions of itself. The Ernestine Line was but like the Albertine, and like all its neighbours, in that respect.

So, too, it would be cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes that they have no history; though it must be owned, in the modern state of the world, they are evermore, and have long been, almost in the impossibility of having any. To build big bassoons, and play on them from trap-ladders; to do hunting, build opera-houses, give court-shows: what else, if they do not care to serve in foreign armies, is well possible for them? It is a fatal position; and they really ought to be delivered from it. Perhaps, then, they might do better. Nay, perhaps already here and there they have more history than we are all aware of. The late Duke of Weimar was beneficent to men-of-letters; had the altogether essential merit, too, which is a very singular one, of finding out, for that object, the real men-of-letters instead of the counterfeit. A Duke

[9] Pöllnitz: *Mémoires et Lettres.*

[10] Same as the Bassoon Duke.—ED.

[11] *Des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben, &c.* (Leipzig, 1742), pp. 108-112.

of Sachsen-Gotha, of earlier date, went into the *Grumbach'sche Handel* (sad 'Grumbach Brabble,' consisting of wild-justice in high quarters, by assassination or sudden homicide in the street, with consequences; of all which the English reader happily knows nothing),—went into it bravely, if rashly, in generous pity for Grumbach, in high hope for himself withal; and got thrown into jail for life, poor Duke! Where also his Wife attended him, like a brave true woman, 'for twenty years.'—On the whole, I rather think they would still gladly have histories if they could; and am willing to regret that brave men and princes, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand inert in the whirling arena of the world in that manner, swathed in old wrappages and packthread meshes, into inability to move; watching sadly the Centuries with their stormful opulences rush past you, Century after Century in vain!

But it is better we should close. Of the Ernestine Line, in its disintegrated state, let us mention only two names, in the briefest manner, who are not quite without significance to men and Englishmen; and therewith really end. The first is Bernhard of Weimar; champion of Elizabeth Stuart, Ex-queen of Bohemia; famed captain in the Thirty-Years War; a really notable man. Whose *Life* Goethe once thought of writing; but prudently (right prudently, as I can now see) drew out of it, and wrote nothing. Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mountainous owl-droppings, deadening to the human nostril, which moulder in Record Offices and Public Libraries; patrolled-over by mere irrational monsters, of the gryphon and vulture and chimera species! Easier, a good deal, to versify the Ideal a little, and stick-by ballads and the legitimate drama. Bernhard was Johann Frederick the Magnanimous's great-grandson: that is his genealogy; great-grandson of little stolen Ernst's grandson. He began in those Bohemian Campaigns (1621), a young lad of seventeen; *Rittmeister* to one of his elder Brothers; some three of whom, in various capacities, fought in the Protestant wars of their time. Very ardent Protestants, they and he; men of devout mind withal; as generally their whole Line, from Johann Frederick the Magnanimous downwards, were distinguished by being.

He had risen to be a famed captain, while still young; and, under and after the great Gustavus, he did exploits to make the whole world know him. He 'was in two-and-thirty battles;' gained, or helped to gain, almost all of them; but unfortunately *lost* that of Nördlingen, which, next to Lützen, was the most important of all. He had taken Breisach (in the Upper-Rhine country), thought to be inexpugnable; and was just in sight of immense ulterior achievements and advancements, when he died suddenly (1639), still only in his thirty-fifth year. The Richelieu French poisoned him (so ran and runs the rumour); at least he died conveniently for Richelieu, for Germany most inconveniently; and was in truth a mighty kind of man; distinguished much from the imbroglio of little Dukes: 'grandson's great-grandson,' as I said, 'of' —— Or, alas, is it hopeless to charge a modern reader's memory even with Bernhard!

Another individual of the Ernestine Line, surely notable to Englishmen, and much to be distinguished amid that imbroglio of little Dukes, is the '*Prinz* ALBRECHT *Franz August Karl Emanuel von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha;*' whom we call, in briefer English, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg; actual Prince Consort of these happy realms. He also is a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst. Concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something,—but not conveniently in this place. By the generality of thinking Englishmen he is regarded as a man of solid sense and worth, seemingly of superior talent, placed in circumstances beyond measure singular. Very complicated circumstances; and which do not promise to grow less so, but the contrary. For the Horologe of Time goes inexorably on; and the Sick Ages ripen (with terrible rapidity at present) towards —— Who will tell us what? The human wisdom of this Prince, whatever share of it he has, may one day be unspeakably important to mankind!— But enough, enough. We will here subjoin his Pedigree at least; which is a very innocent Document, riddled from the big Historical cinderheaps, and may be comfortable to some persons:

'Ernst the Pious, Duke of Sachsen-Gotha (1601-1675), was one of Bernhard of Weimar's elder brothers; great-grandson of Johann Frederick the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate. Had been a soldier

in his youth; succeeded to Gotha and the main part of the Territories; and much distinguished himself there. A patron of learning, among other good things; set Seckendorf on compiling the *History of the Reformation.* To all appearance, an excellent, prudent and really *pious* Governor of men. He left seven sons; who at first lived together at Gotha, and 'governed conjointly;' but at length divided the Territories; Frederick the eldest taking Gotha, where various other Fredericks succeeded him, and the line did not die out till 1824. The other six brothers likewise all founded 'Lines,' Coburg, Meinungen, Römhild, Eisenberg, Hildburghausen, Saalfeld, most of which soon died out; but it is only the youngest brother, he of *Saalfeld* with his Line, that concerns us here.

1° JOHANN ERNST (1658-1729), youngest son of Ernst the Pious; got *Saalfeld* for his portion. The *then* Coburg Line died out in 1678, upon which arose great arguings as to who should inherit; arguings, bargainings; and, between Meinungen and Saalfeld especially, a lawsuit in the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council, as we call it), which seemed as if it would never end. At length, in 1735, Saalfeld, 'after two-hundred and six *Conclusa* (Decrees) in its favour,' carried the point over Meinungen; got possession of 'Coburg Town, and nearly all the Territory,' and holds it ever since. Johann Ernst was dead in the interim; but had left his son,

2° FRANZ JOSIAS (born 1697), Duke of *Sachsen-Saalfeld,*—who, as we see, in 1735, after these '206 Decrees,' got Coburg too, and adopted that town as his *Residenz;* Duke of Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld thenceforth. A younger son of this Franz Josias was the "Coburg" (Austrian General) thrice-famous in the French Newspapers of 1792-'94, if now forgotten. His (Franz Josias's) eldest son and successor was

3° ERNST FRIEDRICH (1724-1800);—and his

4° FRANZ FRIEDRICH ANTON (1750-1806). He left three daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Kent, and mother of Queen Victoria: likewise three sons; the youngest of whom is Leopold, now King of the Belgians; and the eldest of whom was

5° ERNST ANTON KARL LUDWIG (1784-1844); to whom *Sachsen-Gotha* fell in 1824;—whose elder son is now reigning Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha* (chief Residence Gotha); and whose younger is

6° PRINCE ALBERT, whom we know.[12]

So that the young gentleman who will one day (it is hoped, but not till after many years) be King of England, is visibly, as we count, Thirteenth in direct descent from that little boy Ernst whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole. Ernst's generation and Twelve others have blossomed-out and grown big, and have

[12] Hübner, tab. 163; Œrtel, tab. 70; Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Teutschland,* i. 511-525.

faded and been blown away; and in these 400 years, since Kunz did his feat, we have arrived so far. And that is the last 'pearl, or odd button,' I will string on that Transaction.

*** Here is a Letter since received, which may be worth printing:

'Royal Society, Somerset House, 6th August 1856.

'DEAR SIR,—I am a stranger to you, though not to your works; and would not intrude on your time and attention, were it not that the subject on which I write may perhaps procure me your indulgence.

'I have taken a walk into Bohemia, and visited, on the way, some of the places identified with the Prinzenraub. The old town of Altenburg is picturesque in situation, architecture and the costume of its Wendish population. In the castle, which stands on a hill resembling that at Edinburgh, are to be seen the dresses worn by the young Princes at the time of their kidnapping, ancient weapons, armour, &c., old chambers and modern halls, and a walled-up window marking the situation of the one through which Kunz carried-off his princely booty.

'The estate which was given to the Driller is situate about half-an-hour's walk to the east of Zwickau; a town that recalls Luther to memory. He (Luther) often ascended the tall church-tower to enjoy the prospect around; and there remains on the top an old clumsy table said to have been his.

'The Driller family is not extinct. Three male representatives are living at Freyberg and other places in Saxony; but the estate has been out of their possession for many years. It lies pleasantly on one side of a narrow glen, and is now the site of a large brewery—*Driller Bierbrauerei*—famed in all the country round for the excellence of its beer. By experience acceptably gathered on the spot on a hot afternoon, I can testify that the *Driller beer* is equal to its reputation. Hence there is something besides a patriotic sentiment to attract customers to the shady gardens and spacious guest-chambers of the brewery; and to justify the writing over the entrance,—*Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ.*

'In one of the rooms I saw a full-length painting of the Driller; a sturdy, resolute-looking fellow, with ample black beard, grasping his pole, and supporting the young Prince whom he had just rescued. Also two miniatures; one inscribed *Georg Schmidt od. Triller;* the other, a likeness of his Wife, a rustic dame of quiet expression, with gray eyes and arched eyebrows. Also a portrait of Kunz, very different from what I expected. He bears a striking resemblance to our portraits of Sir Philip Sidney; with crisp curly hair, ample forehead, well-opened eye, pointed beard, and wearing a gold chain. Also a thin quarto containing a history of the *Prinzenraub*, with portraits, and engravings of the incidents: The stealing of the princes from the castle—the rescue

—the joyful return—the beheading of Kunz, &c. All these things help to keep-up a little enthusiasm among the Saxons, and perhaps encourage trade.

'On the 8th of July of last year (1855), a festival was held to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the *Prinzenraub*. A long procession, headed by Herr Ebert, the chief proprietor (since deceased), walked from Zwickau to the brewery, passing under two triumphal arches on the way. The leader was followed by a long file of coalers, by friends on foot and in carriages, and bands of music in wagons; altogether about eight-hundred persons. They kept-up the celebration with right good will, and drank, so the Braumeister told me, a hundred *eimers* of beer.

'A similar festival was held on the same day at Altenburg, Hartenstein, Grünhain, attended by people from all the neighbouring villages, when not a few paid a visit to the Prinzenhöhle,—the cave in which Prince Ernst was hidden.

'I did not see the monastery of Ebersdorf; but I was informed by sundry persons that the Driller's coat is still to be seen there.

'I remain, yours with much respect,

'WALTER WHITE.

'THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.'

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT EDINBURGH,

2D APRIL 1866,

ON BEING INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY THERE.

GENTLEMEN,—I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and it is now my duty to return thanks for the great honour done me. Your enthusiasm towards me, I must admit, is in itself very beautiful, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was of an age like yours, nor is it yet quite gone. I can only hope that, with you too, it may endure to the end,—this noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour; and that you will come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it:—for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and of many things else, as you go on [*Laughter and cheers*]. It is now fifty-six years, gone last November, since I first entered your City, a boy of not quite fourteen; to 'attend the classes' here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I could little guess what, my poor mind full of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long course, this is what we have come to [*Cheers*]. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see, as it were, the third generation of my dear old native land rising up and saying, "Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges: this is our judgment of you!" As the old proverb says, 'He that builds by the wayside has many masters.' We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me;

and I return you many thanks for it,—though I cannot go into describing my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more perfectly conceivable if expressed in silence [*Cheers*].

When this office was first proposed to me, some of you know I was not very ambitious to accept it, but had my doubts rather. I was taught to believe that there were certain more or less important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it, and overcoming the objections I felt to such things: if I could do anything to serve my dear old *Alma Mater* and you, why should not I? [*Loud cheers.*] Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different scene of things; and my weak health, with the burden of the many years now acccumulating on me, and my total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may depend on it, however, that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavour to do in it whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment [*Cheers*].

Meanwhile, the duty I at present have,—which might be very pleasant, but which is not quite so, for reasons you may fancy,—is to address some words to you, if possible not quite useless, nor incongruous to the occasion, and on subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. Accordingly, I mean to offer you some loose observations, loose in point of order, but the truest I have, in such form as they may present themselves; certain of the thoughts that are in me about the business you are here engaged in, what kind of race it is that you young gentlemen have started on, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper, and had it read out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment [*A laugh*];—but on attempting the thing, I found I was not used to write speeches, and that I didn't get on very well. So I flung that aside; and could only resolve to trust, in all superficial respects, to the suggestion of

the moment, as you now see. You will therefore have to accept what is readiest; what comes direct from the heart; and you must just take that in compensation for any good order or arrangement there might have been in it. I will endeavour to say nothing that is not true, so far as I can manage; and that is pretty much all I can engage for [*A laugh*].

Advices, I believe, to young men, as to all men, are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing; and talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. In fact, it is the summary of all advices, and doubtless you have heard it a thousand times; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand-and-first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not:—namely, That above all things the interest of your whole life depends on your being *diligent*, now while it is called today, in this place where you have come to get education! Diligent: that includes in it all virtues that a student can have; I mean it to include all those qualities of conduct that lead on to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life; in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at little. And in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers,—and among many counsellors there is wisdom,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at Universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to allow it, or constrain it, to form itself into. The mind is then in a plastic or fluid state; but it hardens gradually, to the consistency of rock or of iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man: he, as he has begun, so he will proceed and go on to the last.

By diligence I mean, among other things, and very chiefly too,—honesty, in all your inquiries, and in all you are about.

Pursue your studies in the way your conscience can name honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I should say for one thing, an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that latter on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to admit a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is imprinted clearly on your mind, and has become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them [*Hear, hear, and a laugh*]. There is also a process called cramming, in some Universities [*A laugh*],—that is, getting-up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honourable mind. Be modest, and humble, and assiduous in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to follow and adopt them in proportion to their fitness for you. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do; it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In short, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrules all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; he never will study with real fruit; and perhaps it would be greatly better if he were tied up from trying it. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now some seven hundred years since Universities were first set-up in this world of ours. Abelard and other thinkers had arisen with doctrines in them which people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was

no getting the thing recorded in books, as you now may. You had to hear the man speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together, these speaking ones,—the various people who had anything to teach;—and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, and nobly studious of their best benefit; and became a body-corporate, with high privileges, high dignities, and really high aims, under the title of a University.

Possibly too you may have heard it said that the course of centuries has changed all this; and that 'the true University of our days is a Collection of Books.' And beyond doubt, all this is greatly altered by the invention of Printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of Universities. Men have not now to go in person to where a Professor is actually speaking; because in most cases you can get his doctrine out of him through a book; and can then read it, and read it again and again, and study it. That is an immense change, that one fact of Printed Books. And I am not sure that I know of any University in which the whole of that fact has yet been completely taken in, and the studies moulded in complete conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society;—I think, a very high, and it might be, almost the highest value. They began, as is well known, with their grand aim directed on Theology,—their eye turned earnestly on Heaven. And perhaps, in a sense, it may be still said, the very highest interests of man are virtually intrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been, and especially was then, the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world,—what is the nature of this stupendous Universe, and what are our relations to it, and to all things knowable by man, or known only to the great Author of man and it. Theology was once the name for all this; all this is still alive for man, however dead the name may grow! In fact, the members of the Church keeping theology in a lively condition [*Laughter*] for the benefit of the whole population, theology was the great object of the Universities. I consider it is the same intrinsically now, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not

so successful [*A laugh*] as might be wished, by any manner of means!

It remains, however, practically a most important truth, what I alluded to above, that the main use of Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities can mainly do for you,—what I have found the University did for me, is, That it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences; so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me.

Well, Gentlemen, whatever you may think of these historical points, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers,—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in, a real not an imaginary, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended by your Professors for assistance towards the effect of their prelections. And then, when you leave the University, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have chosen a field, some province specially suited to you, in which you can study and work. The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut-out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind,—honest work, which you intend getting done.

If, in any vacant vague time, you are in a strait as to choice of reading,—a very good indication for you, perhaps the best you could get, is towards some book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient,

You must learn, however, to distinguish between false appetite and true. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet; will tempt him to eat spicy things, which he should not eat at all, nor would, but that the things are toothsome, and that he is under a momentary baseness of mind. A man ought to examine and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for, what suits his constitution and condition; and that, doctors tell him, is in general the very thing he ought to have. And so with books.

As applicable to all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into History; to inquire into what has passed before you on this Earth, and in the Family of Man.

The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have two of the most remarkable races of men in the world set before you, calculated to open innumerable reflections and considerations; a mighty advantage, if you can achieve it;—to say nothing of what their two languages will yield you, which your Professors can better explain; model languages, which are universally admitted to be the most perfect forms of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations, shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of beacon, or solitary mass of illumination, to light-up some noble forms of human life for us, in the otherwise utter darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were, and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, of empty rumour and tradition, which does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see the old Roman and the old Greek face to face; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform their feats in the world.

I believe, also, you will find one important thing not much noted, That there was a very great deal of deep religion in both nations. This is pointed out by the wiser kind of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is very well worth reading on Roman History,—and who, I believe, was an alumnus of our own University. His book is a very creditable work. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman

people, notwithstanding their ruggedly positive, defiant and fierce ways. They believed that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of nations, provided they followed his commands,—to brave all danger, all difficulty, and stand up with an invincible front, and be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to truth of promise, to thorough veracity, thorough integrity, and all the virtues that accompany that noblest quality of man, valour,—to which latter the Romans gave the name of 'virtue' proper (*virtus*, manhood), as the crown and summary of all that is ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome this religious feeling had very much decayed away; but it still retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories of nations, that this has been at the origin and foundation of them all; and that no nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awestricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise and all-just Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it,—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

Our own history of England, which you will naturally take a great deal of pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find beyond all others worthy of your study. For indeed I believe that the British nation,—including in that the Scottish nation,—produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world [*Applause*]. I don't know, in any history of Greece or Rome, where you will get so fine a man as Oliver Cromwell, for example [*Applause*]. And we too have had men worthy of memory, in our little corner of the Island here, as well as others; and our history has had its heroic features all along; and did become great at last in being connected with world-history:—for if you examine well, you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of

Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution never would have taken place in England at all, had it not been for that Scotchman [*Applause*]. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part, but will stand examining [*Laughter and applause*].

In fact, if you look at the struggle that was then going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed by the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fearing men in that country were flying away, with any ship they could get, to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They durst not confront the powers with their most just complaints, and demands to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they, and all men, understood to be the exact transcript of the Will of God;—and could there be, for man, a more legitimate aim? Nevertheless, it would have been impossible in their circumstances, and not to be attempted at all, had not Knox succeeded in it here, some fifty years before, by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he also is of the select of the earth to me,—John Knox [*Applause*]. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among the nations, should have been so sneered at, misknown, and abused [*Applause*]. Knox was heard by Scotland; the people heard him, believed him to the marrow of their bones: they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. "We must have it," they said; "we will and must!" It was in this state of things that the Puritan struggle arose in England; and you know well how the Scottish earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill in 1639, and sat down there: just at the crisis of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on Dunse Hill,—thirty-thousand armed men, drawn out for that occasion, each regiment round its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and zealous all of them 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant.' That was the signal for all England's rising up into unappeasable deter-

mination to have the Gospel there also; and you know it went on, and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the King should rule; whether it should be old formalities and use-and-wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men, namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here, as the sum of all prosperity; which of these should have the mastery: and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know.

I should say also of that Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell's, notwithstanding the censures it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it could continue in the world, and so on, it appears to me to have been, on the whole, the most salutary thing in the modern history of England. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out, I don't know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted probably in other hands, and could not have gone on; but it was pure and true, to the last fibre, in his mind; there was perfect truth in it while he ruled over it.

Macchiavelli has remarked, in speaking of the Romans, that Democracy cannot long exist anywhere in the world; that as a mode of government, of national management or administration, it involves an impossibility, and after a little while must end in wreck. And he goes on proving that, in his own way. I do not ask you all to follow him in that conviction [*Hear*], —but it is to him a clear truth; he considers it a solecism and impossibility that the universal mass of men should ever govern themselves. He has to admit of the Romans, that they continued a long time; but believes it was purely in virtue of this item in their constitution, namely, of their all having the conviction in their minds that it was solemnly necessary, at times, to appoint a Dictator; a man who had the power of life and death over everything, who degraded men out of their places, ordered them to execution, and did whatever seemed to him good in the name of God above him. He was commanded to take care that the republic suffer no detriment. And Macchiavelli calculates that this was the thing which purified the social system from time to time, and enabled it to continue as it did. Probable enough, if you consider it. And an extremely proper function surely, this of a Dictator, if the republic was com-

posed of little other than bad and tumultuous men, triumphing in general over the better, and all going the bad road, in fact. Well, Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, or Dictatorate if you will let me name it so, lasted for about ten years, and you will find that nothing which was contrary to the laws of Heaven was allowed to live by Oliver [*Applause*].

For example, it was found by his Parliament of Notables, what they call the 'Barebones Parliament,'—the most zealous of all Parliaments probably [*Laughter*],—that the Court of Chancery in England was in a state which was really capable of no apology; no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen-thousand, or fifteen-hundred [*Laughter*],—I really don't remember which, but we will call it by the latter number, to be safe [*Renewed laughter*]; —there were fifteen-hundred cases lying in it undecided; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was eighty-three years old, and it was going on still; wigs were wagging over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it. Upon view of all which, the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient, and commanded by the Author of Man and Fountain of Justice, and in the name of what was true and right, to abolish said court. Really, I don't know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser in their generation, and had more experience of the world, that this was a very dangerous thing, and wouldn't suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it [*Laughter*]. All the public, the great mass of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it: and the Speaker of the Parliament, old Sir Francis Rous,—who translated the Psalms for us, those that we sing here every Sunday in the Church yet; a very good man, and a wise and learned, Provost of Eton College afterwards,—he got a great number of the Parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator, and lay down their functions altogether, and declare officially, with their signature, on Monday morning, that the Parliament was dissolved. The act of abolition had been passed on Saturday night; and on Monday morning Rous came and said, "We cannot carry-on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your Highness."

Oliver in that way became Protector, virtually in some sort a Dictator, for the first time.

And I give you this as an instance that Oliver did faithfully set to doing a Dictator's function, and of his prudence in it as well. Oliver felt that the Parliament, now dismissed, had been perfectly right with regard to Chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing Chancery, or else reforming it in some kind of way. He considered the matter, and this is what he did. He assembled fifty or sixty of the wisest lawyers to be found in England. Happily, there were men great in the law; men who valued the laws of England as much as anybody ever did; and who knew withal that there was something still more sacred than any of these [*A laugh*]. Oliver said to them, "Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with it. You will see how we may clean-out the foul things in that Chancery Court, which render it poison to everybody." Well, they sat down accordingly, and in the course of six weeks,—(there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no babble of any kind, there was just the business in hand),—they got some sixty propositions fixed in their minds as the summary of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions, Chancery was reconstituted and remodelled; and so it got a new lease of life, and has lasted to our time. It had become a nuisance, and could not have continued much longer. That is an instance of the manner of things that were done when a Dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was how the Dictator did them. I reckon, all England, Parliamentary England, got a new lease of life from that Dictatorship of Oliver's; and, on the whole, that the good fruits of it will never die while England exists as a nation.

In general, I hardly think that out of common history-books you will ever get into the real history of this country, or ascertain anything which can specially illuminate it for you, and which it would most of all behove you to know. You may read very ingenious and very clever books, by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do other than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. God and the Godlike, as our fathers would have said, has fallen

asleep for them; and plays no part in their histories. A most sad and fatal condition of matters; who shall say how fatal to us all! A man unhappily in that condition will make but a temporary explanation of anything:—in short, you will not be able, I believe, by aid of these men, to understand how this Island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want, you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions.

I remember getting Collins's *Peerage* to read,—a very poor performance as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity. I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time [*Applause*]. I could get no biographical dictionary available; and I thought the Peerage Book, since most of my men were peers or sons of peers, would help me, at least would tell me whether people were old or young, where they lived, and the like particulars, better than absolute nescience and darkness. And accordingly I found amply all I had expected in poor Collins, and got a great deal of help out of him. He was a diligent dull London bookseller, of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of parchments, charter-chests, archives, books that were authentic, and gathered far and wide, wherever he could get it, the information wanted. He was a very meritorious man.

I not only found the solution of everything I had expected there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for, if you have not already found it. It was that the Kings of England, all the way from the Norman Conquest down to the times of Charles I., had actually, in a good degree, so far as they knew, been in the habit of appointing as Peers those who *deserved* to be appointed. In general, I perceived, those Peers of theirs were all royal men of a sort, with minds full of justice, valour and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that men ought to have who rule over others. And then their genealogy, the kind of sons and descendants they had, this also was remarkable:—for there is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people [*Laughter*]. If you look

around, among the families of your acquaintance, you will see such cases in all directions;—I know that my own experience is steadily that way; I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them. So that it goes for a great deal, the hereditary principle,—in Government as in other things; and it must be again recognised so soon as there is any fixity in things. You will remark, too, in your Collins, that, if at any time the genealogy of a peerage goes awry, if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool,—in those earnest practical times, the man soon gets into mischief, gets into treason probably,—soon gets himself and his peerage extinguished altogether, in short. [*Laughter*].

From those old documents of Collins, you learn and ascertain that a peer conducts himself in a pious, high-minded, grave, dignified and manly kind of way, in his course through life, and when he takes leave of life:—his last will is often a remarkable piece, which one lingers over. And then you perceive that there was kindness in him as well as rigour, pity for the poor; that he has fine hospitalities, generosities,—in fine, that he is throughout much of a noble, good and valiant man. And that in general the King, with a beautiful approximation to accuracy, had nominated this kind of man; saying, "Come you to me, sir. Come out of the common level of the people, where you are liable to be trampled upon, jostled about, and can do in a manner nothing with your fine gift; come here and take a district of country, and make it into your own image more or less; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function." I say this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of thing whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty's Divine Government as that thing, which, we see, went on all over England for about six hundred years. That is the grand soul of England's history [*Cheers*]. It is historically true that, down to the time of James, or even Charles I., it was not understood that any man was made a Peer without having merit in him to constitute him a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time it grew to be known or said that, if a man was born a gentleman, and cared to lay-out 10,000*l.* judiciously up and down among courtiers, he could be made a Peer. Under

Charles II. it went on still faster, and has been going-on with ever-increasing velocity, until we see the perfectly breakneck pace at which they are going now [*A laugh*], so that now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject.

First, however, one remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted, or ill acquainted, with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that [*Laughter and cheers*]. It would be much safer and better for many a reader, that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful [*Hear*]. But an ingenuous reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people,—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry, do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls; divided into sheep and goats [*Laughter and cheers*]. Some few are going up, and carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends!—

And for the rest, in regard to all your studies and readings here, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledges,—not that of get-

ting higher and higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher aim lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary or speaking pursuits, or the sacred profession. 'You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom;—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habit of behaving with justice, candour, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated; it is the highest achievement of man: 'Blessed is he that getteth understanding.' And that, I believe, on occasion, may be missed very easily; never more easily than now, I sometimes think. If that is a failure, all is failure!—However, I will not touch further upon that matter.

But I should have said, in regard to book-reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every University! I hope that will not be neglected by the gentlemen who have charge of you; and, indeed, I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since the time I knew it, and I hope it will go on improving more and more. Nay, I have sometimes thought, why should not there be a library in every county town, for benefit of those that could read well, and might if permitted? True, you require money to accomplish that;—and withal, what perhaps is still less attainable at present, you require judgment in the selectors of books; real insight into what is for the advantage of human souls, the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people [*Laughter*], and the choice of wise books, as much as possible of good books. Let us hope the future will be kind to us in this respect.

In this University, as I learn from many sides, there is considerable stir about endowments; an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected to encourage the ingenuous youth of Universities, especially of this our chief University [*Hear, hear*]. Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very desirable. It should be responded to, and one surely expects it will. At least, if it is not, it will be shameful to the country of Scotland,

which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble Universities, and institutions to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be slack in coming forward in the way of endowments [*A laugh*]; at any rate, to the extent of rivalling our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise; and to them, I am sorry to say, we are not yet by any manner of means equal, or approaching equality [*Laughter*]. There is an abundance and over-abundance of money. Sometimes I cannot help thinking that probably never has there been, at any other time, in Scotland, the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part. For wherever I go, there is that same gold-nuggeting [*A laugh*], —that 'unexampled prosperity,' and men counting their balances by the million sterling. Money was never so abundant, and nothing that is good to be done with it [*Hear, hear, and a laugh*]. No man knows,—or very few men know,—what benefit to get out of his money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse to him. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed [*Laughter*]. Nevertheless, I should think it would be a beneficent relief to many a rich man who has an honest purpose struggling in him, to bequeath some house of refuge, so to speak, for the gifted poor man who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him to get on his way a little. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have been describing; to raise some noble poor man out of the dirt and mud, where he is getting trampled on unworthily by the unworthy, into some kind of position where he might acquire the power to do a little good in his generation! I hope that as much as possible will be achieved in this direction; and that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. In regard to the classical department, above all, it surely is to be desired by us that it were properly supported,—that we could allow the fit people to have their scholarships and subventions, and devote more leisure to the cultivation of particular departments. We might have more of this from Scotch Universities than we have; and I hope we shall.

I am bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if, of late times, endowment were the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people in the world for endowments in their Universities; and it is an evident fact that, since the time of Bentley, you cannot name anybody that has gained a European name in scholarship, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man who does so is a man worthy of being remembered; and he is poor, and not an Englishman. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony; who edited his Tibullus, in Dresden, in a poor comrade's garret, with the floor for his bed, and two folios for pillow; and who, while editing his Tibullus, had to gather peasecods on the streets and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment [*Laughter*]. But he was recognised soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne [*Cheers.*] I can remember, it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that man's edition of Virgil. I found that, for the first time, I understood Virgil; that Heyne had introduced me, for the first time, into an insight of Roman life and ways of thought; had pointed out the circumstances in which these works were written, and given me their interpretation. And the process has gone on in all manner of developments, and has spread out into other countries.

On the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when men founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with such success as we know. All that has now changed; a vast decay of zeal in that direction. And truly the reason may in part be, that people have become doubtful whether colleges are now the real sources of what I called wisdom; whether they are anything more, anything much more, than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been in the world a suspicion of that kind for a long time [*A laugh*]. There goes a proverb of old date, 'An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy' [*Laughter*]. There is a suspicion that a man is perhaps not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously [*Laughter*]. When 'the seven free arts,' which the old Universities were based on, came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for the wants of

modern society,—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us,—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, is not the synonym of wisdom by any means! That a man may be a 'great speaker,' as eloquent as you like, and but little real substance in him,—especially, if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the 'ologies,' and are apparently becoming more and more ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking [*Laughter*]; and above all, are not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest of us to the lowest,—faithful obedience, modesty, humility, and correct moral conduct.

Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that, if one went into it,—what has been done by rushing after fine speech! I have written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be; but they were and are deeply my conviction [*Hear, hear*]. There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world,—the English and the American, in chief,—were going all off into wind and tongue [*Applause and laughter*]. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by and by, long after I am away out of it. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent. Silence withal is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than aught else pertinent to his interests, without keeping silence too. 'Watch the tongue,' is a very old precept, and a most true one.

I don't want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any one of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a most proper, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and to know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech, in the case even of Demosthenes, does not seem, on the whole,

to have turned to almost any good account. He advised next to nothing that proved practicable; much of the reverse. Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker, if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who mostly did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes [*Laughter*]. He used to tell the Athenians, "You can't fight Philip. Better if you don't provoke him, as Demosthenes is always urging you to do. You have not the slightest chance with Philip. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; a full treasury; can bribe anybody you like in your cities here; he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object; while you, with your idle clamourings, with your Cleon the Tanner spouting to you what you take for wisdom—! Philip will infallibly beat any set of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him once, "Phocion, you will drive the Athenians mad some day, and they will kill you." "Yes," Phocion answered, "me, when they go mad; and as soon as they get sane again, you!" [*Laughter and applause.*]

It is also told of him how he went once to Messene, on some deputation which the Athenians wanted him to head, on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature: Phocion went accordingly; and had, as usual, a clear story to have told for himself and his case. He was a man of few words, but all of them true and to the point. And so he had gone on telling his story for a while, when there arose some interruption. One man, interrupting with something, he tried to answer; then another, the like; till finally, too many went in, and all began arguing and bawling in endless debate. Whereupon Phocion struck-down his staff; drew back altogether, and would speak no other word to any man. It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that rap of Phocion's staff which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said: "Take your own way, then; I go out of it altogether" [*Applause*].

Such considerations, and manifold more connected with them,—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this epoch,—have led various people to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not

mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For, if a 'good speaker,' never so eloquent, does not see into the fact, and is not speaking the truth of that, but the untruth and the mistake of that,—is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? [*Loud cheers.*] Of such speech I hear all manner of people say, "How excellent!" Well, really it is not the speech, but the thing spoken, that I am anxious about! I really care very little how the man said it, provided I understand him, and it be true. Excellent speaker? But what if he is telling me things that are contrary to the fact; what if he has formed a wrong judgment about the fact,—if he has in his mind (like Phocion's friend, Cleon the Tanner) no power to form a right judgment in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying, "Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true; here is the man for you!" [*Great laughter and applause.*] I recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech [*Renewed laughter*].

Well, all that sad stuff being the too well-known product of our method of vocal education,—the teacher merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way [*Laughter*],—it has made various thinking men entertain a distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure; and they have longed for some less theoretic, and more practical and concrete way of working-out the problem of education;—in effect, for an education not vocal at all, but mute except where speaking was strictly needful. There would be room for a great deal of description about this, if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of writing on it is in a book of Goethe's,—the whole of which you may be recommended to take up, amd try if you can study it with understanding. It is one of his last books; written when he was an old man above seventy years of age: I think, one of the most beautiful he ever wrote; full of meek wisdom, of intellect and piety; which is found to be strangely illuminative, and very touching, by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. This about education is one of the

pieces in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels;* or rather, in a fitful way, it forms the whole gist of the book. I first read it many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into the very heart of it while I was translating it [*Applause*]; and it has ever since dwelt in my mind as perhaps the most remarkable bit of writing which I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said that there are some ten pages of that, which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written, been able to write, than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world [*Cheers*]. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. Those pages turn on the Christian religion, and the religious phenomena of the modern and the ancient world: altogether sketched out in the most aërial, graceful, delicately wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon.

Among others, he introduces in an airy, sketchy kind of way, with here and there a touch,—the sum-total of which grows into a beautiful picture,—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what the pupils have to do. Three of the wisest men discoverable in the world have been got together, to consider, to manage and supervise, the function which transcends all others in importance,—that of building up the young generation so as to keep it free from that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down, and clogging every step;—which function, indeed, is the only thing we can hope to go on with, if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse, of our having been in it, for those who are to follow. The Chief, who is the Eldest of the three, says to Wilhelm: "Healthy well-formed children bring into the world with them many precious gifts; and very frequently these are best of all developed by Nature herself, with but slight assistance, where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and with forbearance very often on the part of the overseer of the process. But there is one thing which no child brings into the world with him, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, asks, "And what is that?" "All want it," says the Eldest; "perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says,

"Well, but tell me what it is?" "It is," answers the other, "Reverence (*Ehrfurcht*); Reverence!" Honour done to those who are greater and better than ourselves; honour distinct from fear. *Ehrfurcht;* the soul of all religion that has ever been among men, or ever will be.

And then he goes into details about the religions of the modern and the ancient world. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are, or have been, in the world; and says that for men there are three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations; to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, in sign of the first reverence; other forms for the other two: so they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in the antique man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us,—reverence for our equals, to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us; to learn to recognise in pain, in sorrow and contradiction, even in those things, odious to flesh and blood, what divine meanings are in them; to learn that there lies in these also, and more than in any of the preceding, a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion,—the highest of all religions; 'a height,' as Goethe says (and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider), 'a height ' to which mankind was fated and enabled to attain; and from ' which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde.' Man cannot quite lose that (Goethe thinks), or permanently descend below it again; but always, even in the most degraded, sunken and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognise what this highest of the religions meant; and that, the world having once received it, there is no fear of its ever wholly disappearing.

The Eldest then goes on to explain by what methods they seek to educate and train their boys; in the trades, in the arts, in the sciences, in whatever pursuit the boy is found best fitted for. Beyond all, they are anxious to discover the boy's aptitudes; and they try him and watch him continually, in many wise ways, till by degrees they can discover this. Wilhelm had left his own boy there, perhaps expecting they would make

him a Master of Arts, or something of the kind; and on coming back for him, he sees a thunder-cloud of dust rushing over the plain, of which he can make nothing. It turns out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for horsemanship, for hunting, and being grooms. His own son is among them; and he finds that the breaking of colts has been the thing *he* was most suited for [*Laughter*].

The highest outcome, and most precious of all the fruits that are to spring from this ideal mode of educating, is what Goethe calls Art:—of which I could at present give no definition that would make it clear to you, unless it were clearer already than is likely [*A laugh*]. Goethe calls it music, painting, poetry: but it is in quite a higher sense than the common one; and a sense in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets and music-men would not pass muster [*A laugh*]. He considers this as the highest pitch to which human culture can go; infinitely valuable and ennobling; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about in the men who have a turn for it. Very wise and beautiful his notion of the matter is. It gives one an idea that something far better and higher, something as high as ever, and indubitably true too, is still possible for man in this world.—And that is all I can say to you of Goethe's fine theorem of mute education.

I confess it seems to me there is in it a shadow of what will one day be; will and must, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is altogether frightful: some kind of scheme of education analogous to that; presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance: a training in practicality at every turn; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among men. Not very often or much, rarely rather, should a man speak at all, unless it is for the sake of something that is to be done; this spoken, let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it.

I will only add, that it is possible,—all this fine theorem of Goethe's, or something similar! Consider what we have already; and what 'difficulties' we have overcome. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together

as soldiers. Rough, rude, ignorant, disobedient people; you gather them together, promise them a shilling a day; rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill; and by bullying and drilling and compelling (the word *drilling*, if you go to the original, means 'beating,' 'steadily *tormenting*' to the due pitch), they do learn what it is necessary to learn; and there is your man in red coat, a trained soldier; piece of an animated machine incomparably the most potent in this world; a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go where bidden; obeys one man, will walk into the cannon's mouth for him; does punctually whatever is commanded by his general officer. And, I believe, all manner of things of this kind could be accomplished, if there were the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented, organised into this mute system;—and perhaps in some of the mechanical, commercial and manufacturing departments some faint incipiences may be attempted before very long. For the saving of human labour, and the avoidance of human misery, the effects would be incalculable, were it set about and begun even in part.

Alas, it is painful to think how very far away it all is, any real fulfilment of such things! For I need not hide from you, young Gentlemen,—and it is one of the last things I am going to tell you,—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find your path in it to be smoother than ours has been, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognise as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world, I think, more anarchical than ever. Look where one will, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were: hotter and hotter blows the element round everything. Curious to see how, in Oxford and other places that used to seem as lying at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humour of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are afloat. It is evident that whatever is not inconsumable, made

of *asbestos*, will have to be burnt, in this world. Nothing other will stand the heat it is getting exposed to.

And in saying that, I am but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy. Anarchy *plus* a constable! [*Laughter.*] There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up [*Renewed laughter*]. But in every other point, man is becoming more and more the son, not of Cosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, discontented, reckless and altogether waste kind of object (the commonplace man is, in these epochs); and the wiser kind of man,—the select few, of whom I hope you will be part,—has more and more to see to this, to look vigilantly forward; and will require to move with double wisdom. Will find, in short, that the crooked things he has got to pull straight in his own life all round him, wherever he may go, are manifold, and will task all his strength, however great it be.

But why should I complain of that either? For that is the thing a man is born to, in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get,—which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it,—is that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he buy those necessaries with seven thousand a year, or with seven million, could that be, or with seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find intrinsically, if he is a wise man, wonderfully little real difference [*Laughter*].

On the whole, avoid what is called ambition; that is not a fine principle to go upon,—and it has in it all degrees of *vulgarity*, if that is a consideration. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' I warmly second that advice of the wisest of men. Don't be ambitious; don't too much need success; be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California

would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the Planet just now [*Loud and prolonged cheers*].

Finally, Gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one. In the midst of your zeal and ardour,—for such, I foresee, will rise high enough, in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you,—remember the care of health. I have no doubt you have among you young souls ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be attended to continually; that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you [*Applause*]. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Why, is there no sleep to be sold!" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation [*Laughter and applause*].

It is a curious thing, which I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for 'holy' in the Teutonic languages, *heilig*, also means 'healthy.' Thus *Heilbronn* means indifferently 'holy-well' or 'health-well.' We have in the Scotch, too, 'hale,' and its derivatives; and, I suppose, our English word 'whole' (with a 'w'), all of one piece, without any *hole* in it, is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what 'holy' really is than 'healthy.' Completely healthy; *mens sana in corpore sano* [*Applause*]. A man all lucid, and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation: healthy, clear and free, and discerning truly all round him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation that will last a long while; if, for instance, you are going to write

a book,—you cannot manage it (at least, I never could) without getting decidedly made ill by it: and really one nevertheless must; if it is your business, you are obliged to follow out what you are at, and to do it, if even at the expense of health. Only remember, at all times, to get back as fast as possible out of it into health; and regard that as the real equilibrium and centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means 'holy' as well as 'healthy.'

And that old etymology,—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, who have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house! It has indeed got all the ugly things in it which I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it; and the blessed sunshine, the green of prophetic spring, and rich *harvests* coming,—all this is in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy wisely what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with the best sort,—with old Knox, in particular. No; if you look into Knox, you will find a beautiful Scotch humour in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man; for instance, in his *History of the Reformation*,—which is a book I hope every one of you will read [*Applause*], a glorious old book.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it; not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but to push on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at ill-will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you: but you will find that to mean only, that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on you. That is mostly all: to you no specific ill-will;—only each has an extremely good-will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is rushing on towards his object. Keep out of literature, I should say also, as a general rule [*Laughter*],—though that is by the bye. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you, in a world which you consider to

be inhospitable and cruel, as often indeed happens to a tender-hearted, striving young creature, you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed you.

I will wind-up with a small bit of verse, which is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has something of a modern psalm in it, in some measure. It is deep as the foundations, deep and high, and it is true and clear:—no clearer man, or nobler and grander intellect has lived in the world, I believe, since Shakspeare left it. This is what the poet sings;—a kind of road-melody or marching-music of mankind:

'The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal;
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."'

Work, and despair not: *Wir heissen euch hoffen*, 'We bid you

be of hope!'—let that be my last word. Gentlemen, I thank you for your great patience in hearing me; and, with many most kind wishes, say Adieu for this time.

FINIS OF RECTORSHIP.—'*Edinburgh University.* Mr. Carlyle ex-'Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, has been asked to deliver 'a valedictory address to the students, but has declined. The following 'is a copy of the correspondence.

'2 S.-W. Circus Place, Edinburgh, 3d December 1868.

'SIR,—On the strength of being Vice-President of the Com-'mittee for your election as Lord Rector of the University of 'Edinburgh, I have been induced to write to you, in order to 'know if you will be able to deliver a Valedictory Address to 'the Students. Mr. Gladstone gave us one, and we fondly hope 'you will find it convenient to do so as well. Your Inaugural 'Address is still treasured up in our memories, and I am sure 'nothing could give us greater pleasure than once more to lis-'ten to your words. I trust you will pardon me for this intru-'sion; and hoping to receive a favourable answer, I am, &c.

'A. ROBERTSON, M.A.

'T. CARLYLE, ESQ.'

'Chelsea, 9th December 1868.

'DEAR SIR,—I much regret that a Valedictory Speech from 'me, in present circumstances, is a thing I must not think of. 'Be pleased to assure the young Gentlemen who were so friendly 'towards me, that I have already sent them, in silence, but with 'emotions deep enough, perhaps too deep, my loving Farewell, 'and that ingratitude, or want of regard, is by no means among 'the causes that keep me absent. With a fine youthful enthu-'siasm, beautiful to look upon, they bestowed on me that bit 'of honour, loyally all they had; and it has now, for reasons 'one and another, become touchingly memorable to me,—'touchingly, and even grandly and tragically,—never to be for-'gotten for the remainder of my life.

'Bid them, in my name, if they still love me, fight the good 'fight, and quit themselves like men, in the warfare, to which '*they* are as if conscript and consecrated, and which lies ahead.

'Tell them to consult the eternal oracles (not yet inaudible, 'nor ever to become so, when worthily inquired of); and to 'disregard, nearly altogether, in comparison, the temporary 'noises, menacings and deliriums. May they love Wisdom as 'Wisdom, if she is to yield *her* treasures, must be loved,— 'piously, valiantly, humbly, beyond life itself or the prizes of 'life, with all one's heart, and all one's soul:—in that case (I 'will say again), and not in any other case, it shall be well with 'them.

'Adieu, my young Friends, a long adieu.

'Yours with great sincerity,

'T. CARLYLE.

'A. ROBERTSON, ESQ.'[1]

[1] Edinburgh Newspapers of December 12-13, 1868.

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?[1]

[August 1867.]

I.

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging-up of caps; nor one in which, —with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions,—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

1° *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an England, with its hundred-and-fifty millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say fifty years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion it-

[1] Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1867. With some Additions and Corrections.

self, shall have deliquesced,—into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3° That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade,—which some take to mean, 'Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*;'—this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the Universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off,—and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly,—'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain-side in motion) 'as the *square* of the time:'—so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see itself fulfilled, not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the Newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now doable; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of com-

pleted Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

II.

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while: Δόγμα γὰρ αὐτῶν τίς μεταβάλλει; "For who can change the opinion of these people!" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of Euclid; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. "For who can change the opinion of these people?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwärmerey* ('*enthusiasm*' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply '*Swarmery*,' or the 'Gathering of Men in Swarms,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the centre of the swarm; but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of Leyden, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee: and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practice, and without delay see *done*, if your soul would live! Divine commandment *to vote* ("Manhood Suffrage,"—Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); universal "glorious Liberty" (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as

would appear); count of Heads the God-appointed way in this Universe, all other ways Devil-appointed; in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ;—and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practice for the salvation of the world,—I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor Mankind; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day!

But you will in vain attempt, by argument of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, indisputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot: if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible; and will plunge more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment. Once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest case of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest; and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like:—he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein;—and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, *cannot* be other than misdone. The whole world rises

in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing :—yet the whole world, listening to those cool Sheffield disclosures of *rattening*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular 'Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited),' feels its hair rising on end ;—to little purpose hitherto ; being without even a gallows to make response ! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to "disastrous *strikes*," "merciless *lockouts*," and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude ; nay is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, naturally enough, as "distressed needle-women" who cannot sew ; thirty-thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand : but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that,—to the fond notion, in short, That servantship and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargoning, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken !

Servantship, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough !), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely,—a "contract for life," if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all.[2] And this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra ; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there ! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison ; vitally

[2] *Ilias* (*Americana*) *in Nuce.*

'PETER *of the North* (*to* PAUL *of the South*) : "Paul, you unaccountable 'scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year 'as I do ! You are going straight to Hell, you — !"

'PAUL : "Good words, Peter ! The risk is my own ; I am willing to take 'the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight 'to Heaven ; leave me to my own method."

'PETER : "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first !" (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*)—T. C.

'3d May 1863.'—(*Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1863.)

important to every just man concerned in it; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic "Abolitionists," fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger's case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so! America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America's blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense *we* sent over to them); and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing to be done. Their energy, their valour, their &c. &c. were worthy of the stock they sprang from:—and now, poor fellows, *done* it they have, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have torn and slashed one another into horrid death, in a temporary humour, which will leave centuries of remembrance fierce enough: and three million absurd Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely "emancipated;" launched into the career of improvement,—likely to be 'improved off the face of the earth' in a generation or two! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men,—who doesn't regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in Heaven at this time. *Papæ, papæ;* wonderful indeed!

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about "Liberty," "Constitutional Government," "Reform," and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture: venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox populi vox Dei*, can make them: axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true; that taken unconditionally, or under changed

conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about "Liberty," for example; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be "free," as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be "free,"—permitted to unfold himself in *his* particular way, is contrariwise the fatalest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one "blessing" left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quàm primùm*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from "extension of the suffrage," laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a "chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,"—laying *him* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became "Reform Parliament;" victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum or tatter of rope or leather left upon it:—there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled with, under penalties; hardly a murderer,

never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and board him at the public expense,—a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the *way*, my poor friends;—a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (*i.e.* tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of "way" it is!

But indeed your "Reform" movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me; everybody meaning by it, not 'Reformation,' practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour's, which is always much welcomer; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply "Extension of the Suffrage." Bring in more voting; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and quagmire of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

III.

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the "Reform Measure;" that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of "improvement" by such a method is to me a finished-off and shut-up intellect, with which I would not argue: mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence; it is mere 'reflex and reverberation,' repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all

Nature groan everywhere, and lie in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the '*swarmeries*' and enthusiasms of mankind thereon, will seem to you not a little marvellous!—

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious "new Reform Measure,"—as there lies something of good in almost everything,—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable;—pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon!* For a generation past, it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on;—one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one's own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it. And yet, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, "Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities *ends*,—if not in some improvement, then in death and finis,—may it not be the better? The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!" Nay have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*schadenfreude*, 'mischief-joy,' the Germans call it, but really it is *justice*-joy withal), that he they call "Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers, of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh-out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milk-cow);—and you sha'n't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort. Other

traits there are abundantly ludicrous, but they are too lugubrious to be even momentarily pleasant. A superlative Hebrew Conjuror, spell-binding all the great Lords, great Parties, great Interests of England, to his hand in this manner, and leading them by the nose, like helpless mesmerised somnambulant cattle, to such issue,—did the world ever see a *flebile ludibrium* of such magnitude before? Lath-sword and Scissors of Destiny; Pickleherring and the Three *Parcæ* alike busy in it. This too, I suppose, we had deserved. The end of our poor Old England (such an England as we had at last made of it) to be not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well!—

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given-up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home-Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty) listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary to be kicked, down stairs, with injunction never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you, then; God bless *you!*" and bursts into tears. Those 'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee;" and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such &c. &c. as takes with ravishment the general Editorial ear, Penny and Threepenny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfulest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with

Human Society, from its first beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute-Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips, and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object),—or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which, on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our Social Affairs and Arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly,—leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter the Penniless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughs, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour the mob than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees this official slinking-off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it; but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing-down Beales and his Roughs.

So that, if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquences

in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, "Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England;* that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!" —in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, 'within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone:—alas, it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still:—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it! It has lasted long, that unblessed process; process of 'lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing; finis on any terms whatever! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time, with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us, we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews,—is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others strictly that?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

IV.

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be: "What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take; what are, in main features, the issues it will arrive at, on unexpectedly (with immense sur-

prise to the most) *shooting* Niagara, to the bottom? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man; and to be candid with myself, up to this date I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If 'immortal smash,' and shooting of the Falls, be the one issue ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing, in comparison!—And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches of it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards?" Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past,—it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then? Show us, show us; or else disappear!" I regard this as potentially a great benefit;—springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one, I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes;" and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous,—with success! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged!)—and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to,—

with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile,—by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be, That from *Plebs* to *Princeps*, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are,—some of them (as my Lord Derby, I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually,—ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours! More than once I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry; life of giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economies, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least *do* this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years, I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen 'in Council' (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet,—younger Son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed now to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career;—and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie in you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading and coercing to a noble goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are the grandest gifts a mortal can have; and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world. See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquences, and Emancipated Niggers ripening towards nothing but destruc-

tion: one of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and perhaps your posterity's if worthy): go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing,—thinks the reader? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant.

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work: ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Friedrich Wilhelm, followed by his Friedrich, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round and lovingly kissed and laved by the beautifulest seas in the world, and beshone by the grandest sun and sky!

"Forever impossible," say you; "contrary to all our notions, regulations and ways of proceeding or of thinking"? Well, I daresay. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is: Population of 100 white men (by no means of select type); unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers and Mulattoes; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (head Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman),—and so exquisite a care of Being and of Well-being that the old Fortifications have become jungle-quarries (Tinman "at liberty to tax himself"), vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb and oxide of iron, in the vigorous embrace of

jungle: military force nil, police force next to nil: an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see,—who would not go away again, but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly,—had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order it home straightway to its bed. Which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Demosthenic Tinman and his Ten, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not "Self-government" a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and some others?—But to leave all this.

V.

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element; leaving that to such Cleon the Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech issuing in no deed is hateful and contemptible:—how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that? In God's name, let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do;* if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot!—

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity: polite he is, in the finest form; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefulest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this, if you consider it well! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you); and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it; none but potential kings can really have it. In the

crude, what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all 'men of genius' have it; but see what it avails some of them,—your Samuel Johnson, for instance,—in that crude form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

Withal it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a "New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary Many, may nevertheless be for good, if the Few *shall* be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for "reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old, our habits in regard to "reformation," or repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic! And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious, and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years.

Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier "reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well! Varnish alone is cheap and is safe; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and ham-

mering on the old quiet House ;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep ; don't disturb the old beams and junctures : varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men ! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names ; and this at last has its fruits,—such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe ; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly consciously, *liars* to their own souls and to other men's ; grimacing, finessing, periphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing:*— clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that ; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge ; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by Destiny as *slaves ;* and not even the immortal gods could make them free,—except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it ! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble Few, who we always trust will be born to us, generation after generation ; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only ! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaverish or doglike one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class ? And

if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, 'who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.' If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanimous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it,—then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous 'Copper-Captaincy' as of France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer, or guess, has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid the ever-increasing bewilderments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develop themselves into something of Heroic Well-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parliamenteering, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophy-ing, immortal Verse-writing, &c. &c. (if of *vocal* turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet)? How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible Ἄριστοι fighting for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," "Death for you"! Looking into this, there are fearful dubitations many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, and how extensively, in stupid, maundering and

degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The *best:* for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can hold out and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase; to become (as Oliver once termed it) "a company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable at last of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold, we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die, we say;—what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and, 'while God lives'—(I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, though so many have forgotten it!)—said issue can or will fall only one way.

VI.

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: 'men of *genius*' they all emphatically are, the 'inspired Gift of God' lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class,—provided God *have* 'touched their lips with his hallowed fire'! Supreme is the importance of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (*political* or other);—priceless and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless it is not of these I mean to speak at present; the topic is far too wide, nor is the call to it so immediately pressing. These Sons of Wisdom, gifted to speak as with hallowed lips a real God's-message to us,—I don't much expect they will be numerous, for a long while yet, nor even perhaps appear at all in this time of swarmeries, or be disposed to speak

their message to such audience as there is. And if they did, I know well it is not from my advice, or any mortal's, that they could learn their feasible way of doing it. For a great while yet, most of them will fly off into "Literature," into what they call Art, Poetry and the like; and will mainly waste themselves in that inane region, — fallen so inane in our mad era. Alas, though born Sons of Wisdom, they are not exempt from all our 'Swarmeries,' but only from the grosser kinds of them. This of "Art," "Poetry" and so forth, is a refined Swarmery; the most refined now going; and comes to us, in venerable form, from a distance of above a thousand years. And is still undoubtingly sanctioned, canonised and marked sacred, by the unanimous vote of cultivated persons to this hour. How stir such questions in the present limits? Or in fact, what chance is there that a guess of mine, in regard to what these born Sons of Wisdom in a yet unborn section of Time will say, or to how they will say it, should avail in the least my own contemporaries, much less them or theirs? Merely on a point or two I will hint what my poor wish is; and know well enough that it is the drawing a bow, not at a venture indeed, but into the almost utterly dark.

First, then, with regard to Art, Poetry and the like, which at present is esteemed the supreme of aims for vocal genius, I hope my literary *Aristos* will pause, and seriously make question before embarking on that; and perhaps will end, in spite of the Swarmeries abroad, by devoting his divine faculty to something far higher, far more vital to us. Poetry? It is not pleasant singing that we want, but wise and earnest speaking: —'Art,' 'High Art' &c. are very fine and ornamental, but only to persons sitting at their ease: to persons still wrestling with deadly chaos, and still fighting for dubious existence, they are a mockery rather. Our Aristos, well meditating, will perhaps discover that the genuine 'Art' in all times is a higher synonym for God Almighty's Facts,—which come to us direct from Heaven, but in so abstruse a condition, and cannot be read at all till the better intellect interpret them. That is the real function of our Aristos and of his divine gift. Let him think well of this! He will find that all real 'Art' is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned 'Soul of Fact;' that any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison.

The *Bible* itself has, in all changes of theory about it, this as its highest distinction, that it is the *truest* of all Books;—Book springing, every word of it, from the intensest convictions, from the very heart's core, of those who penned it. And has not that been a "successful" Book? Did all the Paternoster-Rows of the world ever hear of one so "successful"! Homer's *Iliad*, too, that great Bundle of old Greek Ballads, is nothing of a *Fiction;* it is the *truest* a Patriotic Balladsinger, rapt into paroxysm and enthusiasm for the honour of his native Country and native Parish, could manage to sing. To 'sing,' you will observe; always sings,—pipe often rusty, at a loss for metre (flinging-in his γε, μὲν, δὲ); a rough, laborious, wallet-bearing man; but with his heart rightly on fire, when the audience goes with him, and 'hangs on him with greed' (as he says they often do). Homer's *Iliad* I almost reckon next to the *Bible;* so stubbornly sincere is it too, though in a far different element, and a far shallower.

"Fiction,"—my friend, you will be surprised to discover at last what alarming cousinship *it* has to *Lying:* don't go into "Fiction," you *Aristos*, nor concern yourself with "Fine Literature," or Coarse ditto, or the unspeakable glories and rewards of pleasing your generation; which you are not sent hither to *please*, first of all! In general, leave "Literature," the thing called "Literature" at present, to run through its rapid fermentations (how more and more rapid they are in these years!), and to fluff itself off into Nothing, in its own way,—like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung;—it won't be long. In our time it has become all the rage; highest noblemen and dignitaries courting a new still higher glory there; innumerable men, women and children rushing towards it, yearly ever more. It sat painfully in Grub Street, in hungry garrets, so long; some few heroic martyrs always serving in it, among such a miscellany of semi-fatuous worthless ditto, courting the bubble reputation in *worse* than the cannon's mouth; in general, a very flimsy, foolish set. But that little company of martyrs has at last lifted Literature furiously or foamingly high in the world. Goes like the Iceland geysers in our time,—like uncorked soda-water;—and will, as I said, soon have done. Only wait: in fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces; and for any

Noble-man or useful person it will be a credit rather to declare, "I never tried Literature; believe me, I have not written anything;"—and we of "Literature" by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling; no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpences flung into the hat. Of "Literature" keep well to windward, my serious friend!—

"But is not Shakspeare the highest genius?" Yes, of all the Intellects of Mankind that have taken the speaking shape, I incline to think him the most divinely gifted; clear, all-piercing like the sunlight, lovingly melodious; probably the noblest human Intellect in that kind. And yet of Shakspeare too, it is not the Fiction that I admire, but the Fact; to say truth, what I most of all admire are the traces he shows of a talent that could have turned the *History of England* into a kind of *Iliad*, almost perhaps into a kind of *Bible*. Manifest traces that way; something of *epic* in the cycle of hasty Fragments he has yielded us (slaving for his bread in the Bankside Theatre);—and what a work wouldn't that have been! Marlborough said, He knew no English History but what he had got from Shakspeare;—and truly that is still essentially the serious and sad fact for most of us; Fact thrice and four times lamentable, though Marlborough meant it lightly. Innumerable grave Books there are; but for none of us any real *History* of England, intelligible, profitable, or even conceivable in almost any section of it!

To write the History of England as a kind of BIBLE (or in parts and snatches, to *sing* it if you could), this were work for the highest Aristos or series of Aristoi in Sacred Literature (really a sacred kind, this); and to be candid, I discover hitherto no incipiences of this; and greatly desire that there were some! Some I do expect (too fondly perhaps, but they seem to me a *sine quâ non*) from the Writing and Teaching Heroes that will yet be born to us. For England too (equally with any Judah whatsoever) has a History that is Divine; an Eternal Providence presiding over every step of it, now in sunshine and soft tones, now in thunder and storm, audible to millions of awe-struck valiant hearts in the ages that are gone; guiding England forward to *its* goal and work, which too has been highly considerable in the world! The "interpretation" of all which, in the present ages, has (what is the root of all

our woes) fallen into such a set of hands! Interpretation scandalously ape-like, I must say; impious, blasphemous;—totally incredible withal. Which Interpretation will have to become pious and human again, or else—or else vanish into the Bottomless Pit, and carry us and our England along with it! This, some incipiences of this, I gradually expect from the Heroes that are coming. And in fact *this*, taken in full compass, is the one thing needed from them; and all other things are but branches of this.

For example, I expect, as almost the first thing, new definitions of LIBERTY from them; gradual extinction, slow but steady, of the stupid '*swarmeries*' of mankind on this matter, and at length a complete change of their notions on it. 'Superstition and idolatry,' sins real and grievous, sins ultimately ruinous, wherever found,—this is now our English, our Modern European form of them; Political, not Theological now! England, Modern Europe, will have to quit them or die. They are sins of a fatal slow-poisonous nature; not permitted in this Universe. The poison of them is not intellectual dimness chiefly, but torpid unveracity of heart: not mistake of road, but want of pious earnestness in seeking your road. Insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety:—careless tumbling and buzzing about, in blind, noisy, pleasantly companionable 'swarms,' instead of solitary questioning of yourself and of the Silent Oracles, which is a sad, sore and painful duty, though a much incumbent one upon a man. The meaning of LIBERTY, what it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods, will gradually begin to appear again? Were that once got, the eye of England were *couched;* poor honest England would again *see*,—I will fancy with what horror and amazement,—the thing she had grown to in this interim of *swarmeries*. To show this poor well-meaning England, Whom it were desirable to furnish with a "suffrage," and Whom with a *dog-muzzle* (and plenty of fresh water on the streets), against rabidity in the hot weather:—what a work for our Hero speakers that are coming!—

I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, this idle habit of "accounting for the Moral Sense," as they phrase it. A most singular problem:—instead of bending every thought to *have* more and ever more of "Moral Sense," and therewith to irradiate your own poor

soul, and all its work, into something of divineness, as the one thing needful to you in this world! A very futile problem that other, my friends; futile, idle, and far worse; leading to what Moral *Ruin* you little dream of! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will "account for;" that, if you could think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times, visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered Earth with his Maker, who is Eternal in the Heavens. By no Greatest Happiness Principle, Greatest Nobleness Principle, or any Principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is;—forbear, I say; or you may *darken* it away from you altogether! 'Two things,' says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysical Thinkers, 'Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heaven; and 'the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man.'[3] *Visible* Infinities, both; *say* nothing of them; don't try to "account for them;" for you can say nothing wise.

On the whole, I hope our Hero will, by heroic word, and heroic thought and *act*, make manifest to mankind that 'Reverence for God and for Man' is not yet extinct, but only fallen into disastrous comatose sleep, and hideously dreaming; that the 'Christian Religion itself is not dead,' that the soul of it is alive forevermore,—and only the dead and rotting *body* of it is now getting burial. The noblest of modern Intellects, by far the noblest we have had since Shakspeare left us, has said of this Religion: 'It is a Height to which the HUMAN SPECIES 'were fitted and destined to attain; and from which, having 'once attained it, they can never retrograde.' Permanently, never. Never, *they;*—though individual Nations of them fatally *can;* of which I hope poor England is not one? Though, here as elsewhere, the *burial*-process does offer ghastly enough phenomena: Ritualisms, Puseyisms, Arches-Court Lawsuits, Cardinals of Westminster, &c. &c.;—making night hideous! For a time and times and half a time, as the old Prophets used to say.

[3] 'Zwei Dinge erfüllen das Gemüth mit immer neuer und zunehmender 'Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht, je öfter und anhaltender sich das Nachden-'ken damit beschäftigt: *der bestirnte Himmel über mir*, und *das moralische* '*Gesetz in mir*,' . . . *u. s. w.* Kant's *Sämmtliche Werke* (Rosenkranz and Schubert's edition, Leipzig, 1838), viii. 312.

One of my hoping friends, yet more sanguine than I fully dare to be, has these zealous or enthusiast words: 'A very 'great "work," surely, is going on in these days,—has been '*begun*, and is silently proceeding, and cannot easily *stop*, under 'all the flying dungheaps of this new "Battle of the Giants" 'flinging their *Dung*-Pelion on their Dung-Ossa, in these bal-'lot-boxing, Nigger-emancipating, empty, dirt-eclipsed days: '—no less a "work" than that of restoring GOD and whatever 'was Godlike in the traditions and recorded doings of Man-'kind; dolefully forgotten, or sham-remembered, as it has been, 'for long degraded and degrading hundreds of years, latterly! 'Actually this, if you understand it well. The essential, still 'awful and ever-blessed Fact of all that was meant by "God 'and the Godlike" to men's souls is again struggling to become 'clearly revealed; will extricate itself from what some of us, too 'irreverently in our impatience, call "Hebrew old-clothes;" 'and will again bless the Nations; and heal them from their 'basenesses, and unendurable woes, and wanderings in the 'company of madness! This Fact lodges, not exclusively or 'specially in Hebrew Garnitures, Old or New; but in the Heart 'of Nature and of Man forevermore. And is not less certain, 'here at this hour, than it ever was at any Sinai whatsoever. 'Kant's "Two things that strike me *dumb*;"—these are per-'ceptible at Königsberg in Prussia, or at Charing-cross in Lon-'don. And all eyes shall yet see them *better*; and the heroic 'Few, who are the salt of the earth, shall at length see them '*well*. With results for everybody. A great "work" indeed; 'the greatness of which beggars all others!'

VII.

Of the second, or silent Industrial Hero, I may now say something, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial hero, here and there recognisable and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the *Orson* form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title; and by degrees will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat

by title; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born; called and impelled to coöperate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future,—if there be any such, as I well discern there must,—will have grown out of both. A new "Valentine;" and perhaps a considerably improved,—by such *re*contact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical 'man of genius' will probably *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament:—his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire (truly a "bloated" specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitude of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two!—In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilise, out of its now utter savagery, the world of Industry;—think what a set of items: To change *nomadic* contract into *permanent;* to annihilate the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor; matters sanitary (and that not to the *body* only) for his people; matters governmental for them; matters &c. &c.:—no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generations yet!

And indeed Reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will, you would suppose, have to start at once upon the Industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its "Four eights,"[4] with assassin pistol in its hand, will at once urge itself on Reformed Parliament: and Reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books upon it, if nothing farther. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what I could reckon,—as touching on our Ark of the Covenant, on sacred "Free Trade" itself,—to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*. Let me explain it a little.

"Cheap and nasty;" there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which, in all times and places, haunts it or lies near it, and

[4] "Eight hours to work, eight hours to play,
Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day!"
Reformed Workman's Pisgah Song.

which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage "cheapness" at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present,—I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing and all producing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronise, or in any form countenance the working, wearing or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work: how much more for that of doers and producers of it! Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder; work, none of you, like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer,—under penalties!

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the "cheap and nasty" genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you,—consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason, petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts, in comparison! Do you know the shop, saleshop, workshop, industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had? I confess I hardly do; the more is my sorrow! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's-dust cunningly varnished over; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as ware invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*,—our Practical hero will be not a little anxious to deal with that question. Infinitely anxious to see how "Free Trade," with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be got *tied* again a little, and forbidden to make a very brute of itself at this rate!

Take one small example only. London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannon, for 6,000 years if you like! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick;—we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London housebuilding, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! "Not a house this of mine," said one indignant gentleman, who had searched the London Environs all around for any bit of Villa, "Alpha"-cottage or Omega, which were less inhuman, but found none: "Not a built house, but a congeries of plastered bandboxes; shambling askew in all joints and corners of it; creaking, quaking under every step;—filling you with disgust and despair!" For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of object!

England needs to be *rebuilt* once every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*, the expense will be, say fifty per cent more; but it will stand till the Day of Judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things); and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you; lying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, and not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time)

pay your National Debt for you; bridge the ocean for you; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth, instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high; about faith, works, grace, prevenient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*;—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds and liturgies whatsoever is, To do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's-dust, and, with constant invocation of the Devil, endeavouring to reap where you have not sown?—

Truly, I think our Practical Aristos will address himself to this sad question, almost as the primary one of all. It is impossible that an Industry, national or personal, carried on under 'constant invocation of the Devil,' can be a blessed or happy one in any fibre or detail of it! Steadily, in every fibre of it, from heart to skin, that is and remains an Industry accursed; nothing but bewilderment, contention, misery, mutual rage, and continually advancing ruin, *can* dwell there. *Cheap and Nasty* is not found on shop-counters alone; but goes down to the centre,—or indeed springs from it. Overend-Gurney Bankruptcies, Chatham-and-Dover Railway Financierings,—Railway "Promoters" generally, (and no oakum or beating of hemp to give them, instead of that nefarious and pernicious industry);—Sheffield Sawgrinders and Assassination Company; "Four eights," and workman's Pisgah Song: all these are diabolic

short-cuts towards wages; clutchings at money without just work done; all these are *Cheap and Nasty* in another form. The glory of a workman, still more of a master-workman, That he does his work well, ought to be his most precious possession; like "the honour of a soldier," dearer to him than life. That is the ideal of the matter:—lying, alas, how far away from us at present! But if you yourself *demoralise* your soldier, and teach him continually to invoke the Evil Genius and to *dis*honour himself,—what do you expect your big Army will grow to?—

"The *prestige* of England on the Continent," I am told, is much decayed of late; which is a lamentable thing to various Editors; to me not. '*Prestige*, *præstigium*, magical illusion,'—I never understood that poor England had in her good days, or cared to have, any "*prestige* on the Continent" or elsewhere; England was wont to follow her own affairs in a diligent heavy-laden frame of mind, and had an almost perfect stoicism as to what the Continent, and its extraneous ill-informed populations might be thinking of her. Nor is it yet of the least real importance what '*prestiges*, magical illusions,' as to England, foolish neighbours may take up; important only one thing, What England *is*. The account of that in Heaven's Chancery, I doubt, is very bad: but as to "*prestige*," I hope the heart of the poor Country would still say, "Away with your *prestige*; that won't help me or hinder me! The word was Napoleonic, expressive enough of a Grand-Napoleonic fact: better leave it on its own side of the Channel; not wanted here!"

Nevertheless, unexpectedly, I have myself something to tell you about English *prestige*. "In my young time," said lately to me one of the wisest and faithfulest German Friends I ever had, a correct observer, and much a lover both of his own country and of mine, "In my boyhood" (that is, some fifty years ago, in Würzburg country, and Central Germany), "when "you were going to a shop to purchase, wise people would ad- "vise you: 'If you can find an English article of the sort "wanted, buy that; it will be a few pence dearer; but it will "prove itself a well-made, faithful and skilful thing; a comfort- "able servant and friend to you for a long time; better buy

"that.' And now," continued he, "directly the reverse is the "advice given: 'If you find an English article, don't buy that; "that will be a few pence cheaper, but it will prove only a "more cunningly devised mendacity than any of the others; "avoid that above all.' Both were good advices; the former "fifty years ago was a good advice; the latter is now." Would to Heaven this were a *præstigium* or magical illusion only!—

But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

VIII.

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now,—to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*,—granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted?—This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing;* the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths, not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and *dis*countenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself: and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kinghood ruling "by the Grace of God," in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by de-

grees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours it ever had in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer: this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I have practically little faith in it. Discerning well how *few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, "Blessed is every one that does!"—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to *be* 'noble' and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. 'Management of one's land on this principle,' yes, in some degree this might be possible: but as to 'fostering merit' or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem),[5] "What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another!" [*Hear, hear!*] By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan! In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at!—To recognise merit, you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it, is the saddest operation under the sun; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day. Alas, no: Ideals won't carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

And yet, in such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be actual scope for a kingly soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it.

[5] Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil-Service Examination Proposal.

Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him, which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbours round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitalest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt: but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more unattainable, by public clamoring and jargoning, than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out 'the *wise*,' who are apt *not* to be found on the high roads at present, or only to be transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a grimmish aspect of countenance, among the crowd of loquacious *sham*-wise. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well):—in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department, such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal;* presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this King could eliminate from all corners of the impious world;

and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation, by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing-paper, white as snow;—everything we please can be written on it;—and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun; towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this,—if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it! — Goethe has shadowed out a glorious far-glancing specimen of that Non-vocal, or very partially vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small but highly useful and practicable little corner of one, actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and have often thought of it since.

IX.

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into coöperative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points,—and ultimately in the point of actual *Military Service*, should such be required of it!

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do,—is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia;—*he* does his function, he is genuine; and from the highest to the lowest no one else does. Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else; ask your poor Bishop, sacred

Overseer of souls; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice; your poor Doctor, ditto of health: they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to!" That is the melancholy fact; well worth considering at present.—Nay, I often consider farther, If, in any Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Court-martial revelations, Newspaper controversies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice-miserable Drill-Sergeant? Reformed Parliament, I hear, has decided on a "thorough Army reform," as one of the first things. So that we shall at length have a perfect Army, field-worthy and correct in all points, thinks Reformed Parliament? Alas, yes;—and if the sky fall, we shall catch larks, too!—

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged King in all corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill, not military only, but human in all kinds; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it, —which would be immense to man, woman and child? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs; and I would never wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something of this; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes,—is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto); and one he takes the greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all the invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet,—and to infinitely higher degrees (that of symboling in concert your "first reverence," for instance, supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere!)—there is a natural

charm in it; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures; richer by what a multiple; and hitherto as good as never opened,—worked only for the Fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose; no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too, and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial Persons we have had, for the long centuries past! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multiform opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out millionfold on a Whit-Monday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny News-

papers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, he would have to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament; but, on the contrary, might and would loyally help said Parliament in warring-down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man he was widening the arena of *Anti*-Anarchy, of God-appointed *Order* in this world and Nation,—and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him that, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this Universe, and in every Nation that is not *divorced* from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy not, but contrariwise; having the whole Universe forever set against it; pushing *it* slowly, at all moments, towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast, in the course of time, you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say: "Here are we, Sirs; we also are now minded to *vote*,—to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

X.

These are a kind of enterprises, hypothetical as yet, but possible evidently more or less, and, in all degrees of them, tending towards noble benefit to oneself and to all one's fellow-creatures; which a man born noble by title and by nature, with ample territories and revenues, and a life to dispose of as he pleased, might go into, and win honour by, even in the England that now is. To my fancy, they are bright little potential breaks, and *up*turnings, of that disastrous cloud which now overshadows his best capabilities and him;—as every blackest cloud in this world has withal a 'silver lining;' and is, full surely, beshone by the Heavenly lights, if we *can* get to that other side of it! More of such fine possibilities I might add: that of "Sanitary regulation," for example; To see the divinely-appointed laws and conditions of Health, at last, *humanly* appointed as well; year after year, more exactly ascertained, rendered valid, habitually practised, in one's own Dominion; and the old adjective 'Healthy' once more becoming synonymous with 'Holy,'—what a conquest there! But I forbear; feeling well enough how visionary these things look; and how aerial, high and spiritual they *are;* little capable of seriously tempting, even for moments, any but the highest kinds of men. Few Noble Lords, I may believe, will think of taking this course; indeed not many, as Noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Dilettantism will avail nothing in any of these enterprises; the law of them is, grim labour, earnest and continual; certainty of many contradictions, disappointments; a life, not of ease and pleasure, but of noble and sorrowful toil; the reward of it far off,—fit only for heroes!

Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be that of coalescing nobly with his two Brothers, the Aristocrats by nature, spoken of above. Both greatly need him; especially the Vocal or Teaching one, wandering now desolate enough, heard only as a *Vox Clamantis e Deserto;*—though I suppose, it will be with the Silent or Industrial one, as with the easier of the two, that our Titular first comes into clear coöperation. This Practical hero, Aristocrat by nature, and standing face to face and hand to hand, all his days, in life-

battle with Practical Chaos (with dirt, disorder, nomadism, disobedience, folly and confusion), slowly coercing it into Cosmos, will surely be the natural ally for any titular Aristocrat who is bent on being a real one as the business of his life. No other field of activity is half so promising as the united field which those two might occupy. By nature and position they are visibly a kind of Kings, actual British 'Peers' (or Vice-Kings, in absence and abeyance of any visible King); and might take manifold counsel together, hold manifold 'Parliament' together (*Vox e Deserto* sitting there as 'Bench of Bishops,' possibly!)—and might mature and adjust innumerable things. Were there but Three Aristocrats of each sort in the whole of Britain, what beneficent unreported '*Parliamenta*,'—actual human consultations and earnest deliberations, responsible to no '*Buncombe*,' disturbed by no Penny Editor,—on what the whole Nine were earnest to see done! By degrees, there would some beginnings of success and Cosmos be achieved upon this our unspeakable Chaos; by degrees something of light, of prophetic twilight, would be shot across its unfathomable dark of horrors,—prophetic of victory, sure though far away.

Penny-Newspaper Parliaments cannot legislate on anything; they know the real properties and qualities of no *thing*, and don't even try or want to know them,—know only what '*Buncombe*' in its darkness thinks of them. No law upon a *thing* can be made, on such terms; nothing but a mock-law, which Nature silently abrogates, the instant your third reading is done. But men in contact with the fact, and earnestly questioning it, can at length ascertain what *is* the law of it,—what it will behove any Parliament (of the Penny-Newspaper sort or other) to enact upon it. Whole crops and harvests of authentic "Laws," now pressingly needed and not obtainable, upon our new British Industries, Interests and Social Relations, I could fancy to be got into a state of forwardness by small virtual 'Parliaments' of this unreported kind,—into a real state of preparation for enactment by what actual Parliament there was, itself so incompetent for "legislating" otherwise. These are fond dreams? Well, let us hope not altogether. Most certain it is, an immense Body of Laws upon these new Industrial, Commercial, Railway &c. Phenomena of ours are pressingly wanted; and none of mortals knows where to get them.

For example, the Rivers and running Streams of England; primordial elements of this our poor Birthland, face-features of it, created by Heaven itself: Is Industry free to tumble out whatever horror of refuse it may have arrived at into the nearest crystal brook? Regardless of gods and men and little fishes. Is Free Industry free to convert all our rivers into Acherontic sewers; England generally into a roaring sooty smith's forge? Are we all doomed to eat dust, as the Old Serpent was, and to breathe solutions of soot? Can a Railway Company with "Promoters" manage, by *feeing* certain men in bombazeen, to burst through your bedroom in the night-watches, and miraculously set all your crockery jingling? Is an Englishman's house still his castle; and in what sense?—Examples plenty!

The Aristocracy, as a class, has as yet no thought of giving-up the game, or ceasing to be what in the language of flattery is called "Governing Class;" nor should, till it have seen farther. In the better heads among them are doubtless grave misgivings; serious enough reflections rising,—perhaps not sorrowful altogether; for there must be questions withal, "Was it so very blessed a function, then, that of 'Governing' on the terms given?" But beyond doubt the vulgar Noble Lord intends fully to continue the game,—with doubly severe study of the new rules issued on it;—and will still, for a good while yet, go as heretofore into Electioneering, Parliamentary Engineering; and hope against hope to keep weltering atop by some method or other, and to make a fit existence for himself in that miserable old way. An existence filled with labour and anxiety, with disappointments and disgraces and futilities I can promise him, but with little or nothing else. Let us hope he will be wise to discern, and not continue the experiment too long!

He has lost his place in that element; nothing but services of a sordid and dishonourable nature, betrayal of his own Order, and of the noble interests of England, can gain him even momentary favour there. He cannot bridle the wild horse of a Plebs any longer:—for a generation past, he has not even tried to bridle it; but has run panting and trotting meanly by the side of it, patting its stupid neck; slavishly plunging with

it into any "Crimean" or other slough of black platitudes it might reel towards,—anxious he, only not to be kicked away, not just yet; oh, not yet for a little while! Is this an existence for a man of any honour; for a man ambitious of more honour? I should say, not. And he still thinks to hang by the bridle, now when his Plebs is getting into the gallop? Hanging by its bridle, through what steep brambly places (scratching out the very *eyes* of him, as is often enough observable), through what malodorous quagmires and ignominious pools will the wild horse drag him,—till he quit hold! Let him quit, in Heaven's name. Better he should go yachting to Algeria, and shoot lions for an occupied existence:—or stay at home, and hunt rats? Why not? Is not, in strict truth, the Ratcatcher our one *real* British Nimrod now!—Game-preserving, Highland deer-stalking, and the like, will soon all have ceased in this over-crowded Country; and I can see no other business for the vulgar Noble Lord, if he will continue vulgar!—

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71.

To the Editor of the TIMES.

Chelsea, 11 Nov. 1870.

SIR,—It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; but it seems to me a very idle, dangerous, and misguided feeling, as applied to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France to her German conquerors; and argues, on the part of England, a most profound ignorance as to the mutual history of France and Germany, and the conduct of France towards that Country, for long centuries back. The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of 'magnanimity,' of 'heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe,' but of solid prudence, and practical consideration what the fallen foe will, in all likelihood, do when once on his feet again. Written on her memory, in a dismally instructive manner, Germany has an experience of 400 years on this point; of which on the English memory, if it ever was recorded there, there is now little or no trace visible.

Does any of us know, for instance, with the least precision, or in fact know at all, the reciprocal procedures, the mutual history as we call it, of Louis XI. and Kaiser Max? Max, in his old age, put down, in chivalrous allegorical or emblematic style, a wonderful record of these things, The *Weisse König* ("White King," as he called himself; "Red King," or perhaps "Black," being Louis's adumbrative title); adding many fine engravings by the best artist of his time: for the sake of these prints, here and there an English collector may possess a copy of the book; but I doubt if any Englishman has ever read it, or could, for want of other reading on the subject, understand any part of it. Old Louis's quarrel with the Chief of Germany,

at that time, was not unlike this last one of a younger Louis: "You accursed Head of Germany, you have been prospering in the world lately, and I not; have at you, then, with fire and sword!" But it ended more successfully for old Louis and his French than I hope the present quarrel will. The end, at that time, was, That opulent, noble Burgundy did not get re-united to her old Teutonic mother, but to France, her grasping step-mother, and remains French to this day.

Max's grandson and successor, Charles V., was hardly luckier than Max in his road-companion and contemporary French King. Francis I., not content with France for a kingdom, began by trying to be elected German Kaiser as well; and never could completely digest his disappointment in that fine enterprise. He smoothed his young face, however; swore eternal friendship with the young Charles who had beaten him; and, a few months after, had egged-on the poor little Duke of Bouillon, the Reich's and Charles's vassal, to refuse homage in that quarter, and was in hot war with Charles. The rest of his earthly existence was a perpetual haggle of broken treaties, and ever-recurring war and injury with Charles V.;—a series, withal, of intrusive interferences with Germany, and every German trouble that arose, to the worsening and widening of them all, not to the closing or healing of any one of them. A terrible journey these Two had together, and a terrible time they made out for Germany between them, and for France too, though not by any means in a like degree. The exact deserts of his Most Christian Majesty Francis I. in covenanting with Sultan Soliman,—that is to say, in letting loose the then quasi-infernal roaring-lion of a Turk (*then* in the height of his sanguinary fury and fanaticism, not sunk to *caput mortuum* and a torpid nuisance as now) upon Christendom and the German Empire, I do not pretend to estimate. It seems to me, no modern imagination can conceive this atrocity of the Most Christian King; or how it harassed, and haunted with incessant terror, the Christian nations for the two centuries ensuing.

Richelieu's trade, again, was twofold: first, what everybody must acknowledge was a great and legitimate one, that of coercing and drilling into obedience to their own Sovereign the vassals of the Crown of France; and secondly, that of plundering, weakening, thwarting, and in all ways tormenting the

German Empire. "He protected Protestantism there?" Yes, and steadily persecuted his own Huguenots, bombarded his own Rochelle; and in Germany kept up a Thirty-Years War, cherishing diligently the last embers of it till Germany were burnt to utter ruin; no nation ever nearer absolute ruin than unhappy Germany then was. An unblessed Richelieu for Germany; nor a blessed for France either, if we look to the ulterior issues, and distinguish the solid from the specious in the fortune of Nations. No French ruler, not even Napoleon I., was a feller or crueler enemy to Germany, nor half so pernicious to it (to its very *soul* as well as to its body): and Germany had done him no injury that I know of, except that of existing beside him.

Of Louis XIV.'s four grand plunderings and incendiarisms of Europe,—for no real reason but his own ambition, and desire to snatch his neighbour's goods,—of all this we of this age have now, if any, an altogether faint and placid remembrance, and our feelings on it differ greatly from those that animated our poor forefathers in the time of William III. and Queen Anne. Of Belleisle and Louis XV.'s fine scheme to cut Germany into four little kingdoms, and have them dance and fence to the piping of Versailles, I do not speak; for to France herself this latter fine scheme brought its own reward: loss of America, loss of India, disgrace and discomfiture in all quarters of the world,—advent, in fine, of The French Revolution; embarkation on the shoreless chaos on which ill-fated France still drifts and tumbles.

The Revolution and Napoleon I., and their treatment of Germany, are still in the memory of men and newspapers; but that was not by any means, as idle men and newspapers seem to think, the first of Germany's sufferings from France; it was the last of a very long series of such,—*the last but one*, let us rather say; and hope that *this* now going on as "Siege of Paris," as wide-spread empire of bloodshed, anarchy, delirium, and mendacity, the fruit of France's latest "*marche à Berlin*" may be the last! No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years; bad in all manner of ways; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive.

And now, furthermore, in all History there is no insolent, unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing-down as France has now got from Germany. Germany, after 400 years of ill-usage, and generally of ill-fortune, from that neighbour, has had at last the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in this manner :—and Germany, I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation not to think of raising up some secure boundary-fence between herself and such a neighbour, now that she has the chance.

There is no law of Nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them. To nobody, except to France herself for the moment, can it be credible that there is such a law of Nature. Alsace and Lorraine were not got, either of them, in so divine a manner as to render that a probability. The cunning of Richelieu, the grandiose long-sword of Louis XIV., these are the only titles of France to those German countries. Richelieu screwed them loose (and, by happy accident, there was a Turenne, as General, got screwed along with them ;—Turenne, I think, was mainly German by blood and temper, had not Francis I. egged-on his ancestor, the little Duke of Bouillon, in the way we saw, and gradually *made* him French) ; Louis le Grand, with his Turenne as supreme of modern Generals, managed the rest of the operation,—except indeed, I should say, the burning of the Palatinate, from Heidelberg Palace steadily downwards, into black ruin; which Turenne would not do sufficiently, and which Louis had to get done by another. There was also a good deal of extortionate law-practice, what we may fairly call violently-sharp attorneyism, put in use. The great Louis's "*Chambres de Réunion*," Metz Chamber, Brissac Chamber, were once of high infamy, and much complained of here in England, and everywhere else beyond the Rhine. The Grand Louis, except by sublime gesture, ironically polite, made no answer. He styled himself, on his very coins (*écu* of 1687, say the Medallists), EXCELSUS SUPER OMNES GENTES DOMINUS ; but it is certain, attorneyism of the worst sort was one of his instruments in this conquest of Alsace. Nay, as to Strasburg, it was not even attorneyism, much less a long-sword, that did the feat ; it was

a housebreaker's *jemmy* on the part of the *Grand Monarque.* Strasburg was got in time of profound peace by bribing of the magistrates to do treason, on his part, and admit his garrison one night.

Nor as to Metz la Pucelle, nor any of these Three Bishoprics, was it force of war that brought them over to France; rather it was force of fraudulent pawnbroking. King Henri II (year 1552) got these places,—Protestants applying to him in their extreme need,—as we may say, in the way of pledge. Henri entered there with banners spread and drums beating, "solely in defence of German liberty, as God shall witness;" did nothing for Protestantism or German liberty (German liberty managing rapidly to help itself in this instance); and then, like a brazen-faced unjust pawnbroker, refused to give the places back,—"had ancient rights over them," extremely indubitable to him, and could not give them back. And never yet, by any pressure or persuasion, would. The great Charles V., Protestantism itself now supporting, endeavoured, with his utmost energy and to the very cracking of his heart, to compel him; but could not. The present Hohenzollern King, a modest and pacific man in comparison, could and has. I believe it to be perfectly just, rational and wise that Germany should take these countries home with her from her unexampled campaign; and, by well fortifying her own old *Wasgau* ("Vosges"), Hundsrück (*Dog's-back*), Three Bishoprics, and other military strengths, secure herself in time coming against French visits.

The French complain dreadfully of threatened "loss of honour;" and lamentable bystanders plead earnestly, "Don't dishonour France; leave poor France's honour bright." But will it save the *honour* of France to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's windows? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour. Signally disgraceful to any nation was her late assault on Germany; equally signal has been the ignominy of its execution on the part of France. The honour of France can be saved only by the deep repentance of France; and by the serious determination never to do so again,—to do the reverse of so forever henceforth. In that way may the honour of France again gradually brighten to the height of its old splendour,—far beyond the *First* Napo-

leonic, much more the *Third*, or any recent sort,—and offer again to our voluntary love and grateful estimation all the fine and graceful qualities Nature has implanted in the French.

For the present, I must say, France looks more and more delirious, miserable, blamable, pitiable and even contemptible. She refuses to see the facts that are lying palpable before her face, and the penalties she has brought upon herself. A France scattered into anarchic ruin, without recognisable head; *head*, or chief, indistinguishable from *feet*, or rabble; Ministers flying up in balloons ballasted with nothing but outrageous public lies, proclamations of victories that were creatures of the fancy; a Government subsisting altogether on mendacity, willing that horrid bloodshed should continue and increase rather than that *they*, beautiful Republican creatures, should cease to have the guidance of it: I know not when or where there was seen a nation so covering itself with *dis*honour. If, among this multitude of sympathetic bystanders, France have any true friend, his advice to France would be, To abandon all that, and never to resume it more. France really ought to know that 'refuges of lies' were long ago discovered to lead down only to the Gates of Death Eternal, and to be forbidden to all creatures!—That the one hope for France is to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came withal by invitation of her own: how she,—a mass of gilded, proudly varnished anarchy,—has wilfully insulted and defied to mortal duel a neighbour not anarchic, but still in a quietly-human, sober and governed state; and has prospered accordingly. Prospered as an array of sanguinary mountebanks *versus* a Macedonian phalanx must needs do;—and now lies smitten down into hideous wreck and impotence; testifying to gods and men what extent of rottenness, anarchy and hidden vileness lay in her. That the inexorable fact is, she has left herself without resource or power of resisting the victorious Germans; and that her wisdom will be to take that fact into her astonished mind; to know that, howsoever hateful, said fact is inexorable, and will have to be complied with,—the *sooner* at the cheaper rate. It is a hard lesson to vainglorious France; but France, we hope, has still in it veracity and probity enough to accept fact as an evidently-adamantine entity, which will not brook resistance without penalty, and is unalterable by the very gods.

But indeed the quantity of conscious mendacity that France, official and other, has perpetrated latterly, especially since July last, is something wonderful and fearful. And, alas, perhaps even that is small compared to the self-delusion and '*un*conscious mendacity' long prevalent among the French ; which is of still feller and more poisonous quality, though unrecognised for poison. To me, at times, the mournfulest symptom in France is the figure its "men of genius," its highest literary speakers, who should be prophets and seers to it, make at present, and indeed for a generation back have been making. It is evidently their belief that new celestial wisdom is radiating out of France upon all the other overshadowed nations ; that France is the new Mount Zion of the Universe ; and that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious and, in good part, *infernal* stuff which French Literature has been preaching to us for the last fifty years, is a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven, pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of men. Alas, one does understand that France made her Great Revolution ; uttered her tremendous doom's-voice against a world of human shams, proclaiming, as with the great Last Trumpet, that shams should be no more. I often call that a celestial-infernal phenomenon,—the most memorable in our world for a thousand years ; on the whole, a transcendent revolt against the Devil and his works (since shams are *all* and sundry of the Devil, and poisonous and unendurable to man). For that we all infinitely love and honour France. And truly all nations are now busy enough copying France in regard to that ! From side to side of the civilised world there is, in a manner, nothing noticeable but the whole world in deep and dismally-chaotic Insurrection against Shams, determination to have done with shams, *coûte qu'il coûte*. Indispensable that battle, however ugly. Well done, we may say to all that ; for it is the preliminary to everything :—but, alas, all that is not yet victory ; it is but half the battle, and the much easier half. The infinitely harder half, which is the equally or the still more indispensable, is that of achieving, instead of the abolished shams which were of the Devil, the practicable realities which should be veritable and of God. That *first* half of the battle, I rejoice to see, is now safe, can now never cease except in victory ; but the farther stage of it, I also see, must be under better presidency than that of France, or

it will forever prove impossible. The German race, not the Gaelic, are now to be protagonist in that immense world-drama; and from them I expect better issues. Worse we cannot well have. France with a dead-lift effort, now of eighty-one years, has accomplished under this head, for herself or for the world, Nothing, or even less,—in strict arithmetic, *zero* with *minus* quantities. Her prophets prophesy a vain thing; her people rove about in darkness, and have wandered far astray.

Such prophets and such a people;—who, in the way of deception and self-deception, have carried it far! 'Given up to strong delusion,' as the Scripture says; till, at last, the lie seems to them the very truth. And now, in their strangling crisis and extreme need, they appear to have no resource but self-deception still, and quasi-heroic gasconade. They do believe it to be heroic. They believe that they are the "Christ of Nations;" an innocent godlike people, suffering for the sins of all nations, with an eye to redeem us all:—let us hope that this of the "Christ of Nations" is the *non plus ultra* of the thing. I wish they would inquire whether there might not be a *Cartouche* of Nations, fully as likely as a Christ of Nations in our time! Cartouche had many gallant qualities; was much admired, and much pitied in his sufferings; and had many fine ladies begging locks of his hair, while the inexorable, indispensable gibbet was preparing. But in the end there was no salvation for Cartouche. Better he should obey the heavy-handed Teutsch police-officer, who has him by the windpipe in such frightful manner; give up part of his stolen goods; altogether cease to be a Cartouche, and try to become again a Chevalier Bayard under improved conditions, and a blessing and beautiful benefit to all his neighbours,—instead of too much the reverse, as now! Clear it is, at any rate, singular as it may seem to France, all Europe does *not* come to the rescue, in gratitude for the heavenly "illumination" it is getting from France: nor could all Europe, if it did, at this moment prevent that awful Chancellor from having his own way. Metz and the boundary-fence, I reckon, will be dreadfully hard to get out of that Chancellor's hands again.

A hundred years ago there was in England the liveliest desire, and at one time an actual effort and hope, to recover

Alsace and Lorraine from the French. Lord Carteret, called afterwards Lord Granville (no ancestor, in any sense, of his now Honourable synonym), thought by some to be, with the one exception of Lord Chatham, the wisest Foreign Secretary we ever had, and especially the 'one Secretary that ever spoke German or understood German matters at all,' had set his heart on this very object; and had fair prospects of achieving it,—had not our poor dear Duke of Newcastle suddenly peddled him out of it; and even out of office altogether, into sullen disgust (and too much of *wine* withal, says Walpole), and into total oblivion by his Nation, which, except Chatham, has none such to remember. That Bismarck, and Germany along with him, should now at this propitious juncture make a like demand is no surprise to me. After such provocation, and after such a victory, the resolution does seem rational, just and even modest. And considering all that has occurred since that memorable cataclysm at Sedan, I could reckon it creditable to the sense and moderation of Count Bismarck that he stands steadily by this; demanding nothing more, resolute to take nothing less, and advancing with a slow calmness towards it by the eligiblest roads. The "Siege of Paris," which looks like the hugest and most hideous farce-tragedy ever played under this sun, Bismarck evidently hopes will never need to come to uttermost bombardment, to million-fold death by hunger, or the kindling of Paris and its carpentries and asphalt streets by shells and red-hot balls into a sea of fire. Diligent, day by day, seem those Prussians, never resting nor too much hasting; well knowing the proverb, 'Slow fire makes sweet malt.' I believe Bismarck will get his Alsace and what he wants of Lorraine; and likewise that it will do him, and us, and all the world, and even France itself by and by, a great deal of good. Anarchic France gets her first stern lesson there,—a terribly drastic dose of physic to sick France!—and well will it be for her if she can learn her lesson honestly. If she cannot, she will get another, and ever another; learnt the lesson must be.

Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismarck is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers, nearly all of them, seem to me to be only getting towards a true knowledge of Bismarck, but not yet got to it. The standing likeness, circulating everywhere ten years ago, of demented Bis-

marck and his ditto King to Strafford and Charles I. *versus* our Long Parliament (*as* like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker) has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard more. That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-nursed by Niobe Denmark), is also nearly gone; and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of "Napoleonic" ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic; shows no invincible "lust of territory," nor is tormented with "vulgar ambition," &c.; but has aims very far beyond that sphere; and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand and successful steps, towards an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

SUMMARY.

DR. FRANCIA.

THE South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. (p. 1.)—Liberator Bolivar, a much enduring and many-counselled man. Of General San Martin, too, there is something to be said: His march over the Andes into Chile; a feat worth looking at. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? Don Ambrosio O'Higgins: His industry and skill in road-making. O'Higgins the Second: Governing a rude business everywhere; but in South America of quite primitive rudeness. Ecclesiastic Vampire-bats. An immense increase of soap-and-water, the basis of all improvements in Chile. (2.)—By far the notablest of these South-American phenomena, Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay. Nothing could well shock the constitutional mind like this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia. Our chief source of information about him, a little Book by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp: An endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The Messrs. Robertson, and their *Francia's Reign of Terror* and other books: Given a cubic inch of Castile soap, to lather it up in water, so as to fill a wine-puncheon. How every idle volume flies abroad like idle thistle-down; frightful to think of, were it not for reaphook and rake. In all human likelihood this sanguinary tyrant of Paraguay did mean *something*, could we in quietness ascertain what. (10.)—Francia born about the year 1757; of Portuguese or French extraction. Intended for a priest. Subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria. Sent to the University of Cordova in Tucuman. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries, often dreadfully ill-dealt with, as times go: So much is unspeakable; and a most strange Universe, this, to be born into! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Had doubtless gained some insight into the veritable workings of the Universe: Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology he did not take-in. French-Encyclopedic influences, and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company: An *ill*-fed, ghastly-looking flame; but a needful, and even kind of sacred one. Francia perhaps the best and justest Advocate that ever took briefs in that distant Assumpcion City. The people of that profuse climate in careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things: One art they seemed to have perfected, that of riding. Their lives, like empty capacious bottles, calling to the Heavens and the Earth, and to all Dr. Francias who may pass that way. Francia a lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men: Passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour and rectitude. A Law-case; an unjust judge discomfited. Francia's quarrel

with his Father. A most barren time: Not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him permanently. But now, far over the waters there have been Federations, Sansculottism: In the new Hemisphere, too, arise wild projects, armed gatherings, invasions and revolts. A new figure of existence is cut-out for the Assumpcion Advocate. (19.)—Not till a year after, did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom. National Congress: Papers 'compiled chiefly out of Rollin's *Ancient History*.' Paraguay Republic: Don Fulgencio Yegros, President; two Assessors; Francia, Secretary. Alas, these Gaucho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain, mendacious: We know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury, to do a just or true thing, under that sun. Secretary Francia flings-down his papers, and retires again into privacy: An accidental meeting; description of the man, and of his library. The reign of liberty becomes unendurable: A second Congress got together: Fulgencio and Francia, joint Consuls. Next year, a third Congress; and Francia gets himself declared Dictator. He never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and got his wicked will! (30.)—A great improvement did, nevertheless, in all quarters forthwith show itself: Every official in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin actually doing his work. The land had peace; a rabid dog-kennel wide as South America raging round it, but kept-out as by lock-and-key. A Conspiracy; to start with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it might close with: Francia not a man to be trifled-with in plots. It was in this stern period he executed above forty persons. A visitation of locusts: Two harvests in one season. (35.)—Sauerteig's sun-glances into the matter. No Reform, whether of an individual or a nation, can be effected without stern suffering, stern working: Pity it cannot be done by 'tremendous cheers.' What they say about 'love of power:' Love of 'power' to make flunkies come and go for you! A true man must tend to be king of his own world. This Paraguay got the one veracious man it had, to take lease of it. Funeral Eulogium, by the Reverend Manuel Perez: Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still. Dictator Francia, a man whose worth and meaning are not soon exhausted. His efforts to rebuild the City of Assumpcion. His desire to open a trade with the English Nation,—foolishly supposed to be represented, and made accessible, in the House of Commons: Francia's unreasonable detestation of a man who was not equal to his word. (39.)—His sore struggle with imaginary workmen, cleric and laic: In despair he erected his 'Workman's Gallows:' Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, everywhere pressingly desirable. O Gauchos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting-out your Seven Devils! (47.)—Francia; as he looked and lived, managing that thousandfold business for his Paraguenos, and keeping a sharp eye for assassins. His treatment of M. Bonpland; of his old enemy Artigas: His rumoured conduct to his dying Father. His interest in any kind of intelligent human creature, when such by rarest chance could be fallen-in with. So lived, so laboured Dictator Francia; and had no rest but in Eternity. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute some forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee! (50.)

AN LECTION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

How Pym, Hampden and others rode about the country to promote the election of their own faction. Our entire ignorance, but for this fact, how that celebrated Long Parliament was got together. (p. 55.)—Welcome dis-

covery of certain semi-official Documents, relative to the Election for Suffolk. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a most spotless man and High-Sheriff; ambitious to be the very pink of Puritan magistrates: How shall any shadow of Partiality be suffered to rest on his clear-polished character?—Hence these Documents. General character of our Civil-War documents and records: Comparative emphasis and potency of Sir Simonds' affidavits. An old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived on that 'extreme windy day,' may dimly suggest itself. (57.)—Samuel Duncon, Town-constable, testifieth: Unconsciously, How the Polling was managed in those old days: Consciously, How the Opposition Candidate was magnanimously allowed every precedence and facility; and yet couldn't win: And, How in the rage of their disappointment and ingratitude, his party scandalously upbraided the immaculate High-Sheriff himself with injustice towards them. The High-Sheriff's own Narrative of his admirable carriage and ill-requited magnanimity. (61.)—Another case Sir Simonds had to clear up: Being High-Sheriff, he returned *himself* for Sudbury: In this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. A thin high-flown character, by no means without his uses. Colonel Pride in the end had to purge him out, with four or five score others. He died soon after; leaving an unspotted pedant character and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers in the British Museum. His Notes of the Long Parliament, perhaps the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Our sorrowful Dryasdust Printing Societies; and what they might do towards a real History of England. (74.)

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

Occasional Discourse of an unknown Philanthropist: Doctrines and practical notions pretty much in a 'minority of one.' Danger of our proposed universal 'Abolition-of-Pain Association' issuing in a universal 'Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society.' Our West-Indian Colonies: Black animal enjoyment, at the price of White human misery: Our entire Black population equal in importance to perhaps 'one of the streets of Seven-Dials.' Exeter-Hall jargon, and bewildered Broad-brimmed Sentimentalism. (p. 79.)—'Supply and demand' brought to bear on the Black 'Labour-Market,' as well as on the White: Perennial Starvation: A *Black Ireland;* and reality stranger than a nightmare dream. Such Social Science, emphatically the *dismal science:* Not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, nearing the Niagara Falls. Nature and her Facts: Every idle man, a perpetual Right to be guided, and even compelled, to work honestly for his living: Idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot* and become putrid. The true 'Organisation of Labour' and reign of 'universal blessedness.' (82.)—No enmity for the poor Negro; a merry-hearted, affectionate kind of creature. We shall have to find the right regulation for him: Neither the old method nor the new method now will answer. Only the Noble work willingly with their whole strength: Slavishness, and the need of slavery, exist everywhere in this world. The one intolerable slavery, that of the great and noble-minded to the small and mean. Wise minorities, and despicable majorities: 'Crucify him—Crucify him!' Maximum and Minimum of Social Wisdom. (87.)—Except by just Mastership and Servantship, no conceivable deliverance from unjust Tyranny and Slavery. Sham-kings and sham-subjects: Ballot-box perdition. The White Flunky the flower of *nomadic* servitude and pretentious inutility: How the Duke of Trumps proposed to emancipate *himself* from slavery. Thirty-thousand Distressed Needlewomen, the most of whom cannot sew. Alas, were it but the guilty that suffered from such 'enfranchisement'! *Per-*

manency in human relations the only condition of any good whatsoever: Marriage by the month. Servant 'hired for life,' the true essence of the Negro's position: How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it: *Unjust* master over servant hired for life, once for all unendurable to human souls. Letter of advice to the Hon. Hickory Buckskin. (91.)—The speculative 'rights' of Negroes, or of any men, an abstruse and unprofitable inquiry: Their 'mights,' or practical availabilities, the sum-total of all that can personally concern them. The 'right' to the West-India Islands, with those who have the 'might' to do the Will of the Maker of them. He that will not work shall perish from the earth: Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any Negro, how much British heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle! England wants sugar of these Islands, and means to have it: Wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. Any *idle* man, Black or White, rich or poor, a mere eye-sorrow, and must be set to work; only it is so terribly difficult to do. To be servants the more foolish of us to the more wise, the only condition of social welfare. West-Indian sorrows and Exeter-Hall monstrosities: Solution of the problem. Black *Adscripti glebæ:* Many things might be done, must be done, under frightful penalties. (100.)—The 'Slave-Trade:' How it may easily be 'suppressed,' if the urgency be equal to the remedy. Alas, how many sins will need to be remedied, when once we seriously begin! (108.)

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A FRAGMENT ABOUT DUELS.

Duelling, one of the sincerities of Human Life, capable of taking many forms. A background of wrath does lie in every man and creature: Deadliest rage, and tenderest love, different manifestations of the same radical fire whereof Life is made. The elaboration an immense matter! (p. 111.)

No. I. *Holles of Haughton.*

How John Holles married the fair Anne Stanhope, and so gave offence to the Shrewsburys. High feud between the two houses; the very retainers biting thumbs, and killing one another. John Holles and Gervase Markham: 'Markham, guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you!' Loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham could not guard himself; and got 'spoilt' accordingly. (p. 112.)

No. II. *Croydon Races.*

Scotch favourites of King James, and English jealousies. Scotch Maxwell, and his insolent sardonic humour: Fashionable Young England in deadly emotion. How his Majesty laboured to keep peace. At the Croydon Races there arose sudden strife; and the hour looked really ominous: Philip Herbert (beautiful young man), of the best blood in England, switched over the head by an accursed Scotch Ramsay! And Philip Herbert's rapier —did *not* flash-out. (p. 115.)

No. III. *Sir Thomas Dutton and Sir Hatton Cheek.*

How unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! Peace here, if possible; over in the Netherlands is always fighting enough. Swashbuckler duels had now gone out: Fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away: A more silent duel, but a terribly serious one. Hot tempers at the siege of Juliers: Under military duty; but not always to be so. Two gentlemen on Calais sands, in

the height of silent fury stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched: A bloody burial there that morning. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this? (p. 118.)

THE OPERA.

Music the speech of Angels, raising and admitting the soul to the Council of the Universe. It was so in old earnest times, whatever it may have come to be with us. The waste that is made in music among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. David's inspired Psalms; and the things men are inspired to sing now at the Opera. (p. 123.) The Haymarket Opera, with its lustres, painting, upholstery: Artists, too, got together from the ends of the world; capable of far other work than squalling here. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers and mad ugly caperings, little short of miraculous. And to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it! (124.)—All this to afford an hour's dreary amusement to a high-dizened select populace—not worth amusing. The Rhythmic Arts, with their magical accessories, a mere accompaniment; the real service of the evening Paphian rather. Wonderful to see, and sad if we had eyes, what the Modern Aristocracy of men can deliberately do! A world all calculated for strangling of heroisms; and the ages have altered strangely: They will alter yet again. (126.)

A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.

Historical interest in good Historical Portraits. *Any* representation by a faithful human creature of a Face and Figure worth knowing, which *he* saw, which we can *never* see, is invaluable. (p. 129.)—All this apart from the artistic value of the Portraits. Historical Portrait-Galleries might far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatsoever. In selecting Portraits, the grand question, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying History to himself? At the end of the account, to have served him, will be to have served everybody. The thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods; nor should it, if it could. (130.)—No portrait of any living man admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be: The space of a generation required, to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities. Engravings, coins, casts; any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man, should be welcome. No modern pictures of historical events: Infatuated blotches of insincere ignorance: Wilkie's *John Knox; Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other. All that kind of matter, as indisputable 'chaff,' to be severely purged away. Considerations respecting a plurality of portraits of the same person. The question, Who is a Historical Character? The Catalogue, if well done, one of the best parts of the whole concern. (133.)

THE PRINZENRAUB.

A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

English ignorance of foreign history. German history, especially, quite wild soil, very rough to the ploughshare. (p. 138.)—The Wettin Line of Saxon Princes (Prince Albert's line); and its lucky inheritance and force of survival: Through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, one of the greatest houses in Germany. Coalescings, splittings, never-ending readjust-

ments. Frederick the Pacific and his brother Wilhelm 'rule conjointly;' till they quarrel and take to fighting. Kunz von Kaufungen, a German *condottiere*, employed by Frederick. The fighting over, Kunz is dissatisfied with his bargain: Exasperations, and threats of revenge. Frederick's two children left at home unguarded: Here is the opportunity we have hungrily waited for! A midnight surprise in the venerable little town of Altenburg: The two Princes (but with a mistake to mend) carried off: Sudden alarms, shrieks, a mother's passionate prayer: Away, rapidly, through the woods. All Saxony, to the remotest village, from all its belfries ringing madly. (139.) —Kunz, with Albert the younger Prince, within an hour of the Bohemian border. A grimy Collier, much astonished to find such company in the solitudes: The Prince rescued, and Kunz safe-warded under lock-and-key. The rest of his band, supposing their leader dead, restore Prince Ernst, and are permitted to fly. Kunz and others soon after tried, and all their transactions ended. The Collier also not allowed to go unrewarded. This little actual adventure worthy of a nook in modern memory, for many reasons. (144.)—Inextricable confusion and unintelligibility of Saxon princely names; each person having from ten to twenty to hide among. Our two little stolen Princes the heads of two main streams or Lines, which still continue conspicuously distinct. The elder, or Ernestine Line, got for inheritance the better side of the Saxon country: They had Weimar, Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg, had especially the *Wartburg* too, and still have; of all places the sun now looks upon, the *holiest* for a modern man: Immortal remembrances, influences and monitions. Ernst's son, Frederick the Wise; who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms: A man less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than he might be. His brother, John the Steadfast, succeeded him; with whose son the Line underwent sad destinies. (148.)—Of the younger, or Albertine Line, there was 'Duke George;' much reverenced by many, though Luther thought so little of him: A much afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. One of his daughters a lineal ancestress of Frederick the Great. Elector Moritz, and his seemingly-successful jockeyship: The game not yet played out. However that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got disintegrated: Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, then head of that elder line, all now in a reduced condition: Why did he found all that imbroglio of little dukes! The thrifty Brandenburg Hohenzollerns; and their fine talent of 'annihilating rubbish.' Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long: No cage big enough to hold a Kaiser: Beats Albert Alcibiades; and gets killed. The present King of Saxony a far-off *nephew* of jockeying Moritz: A most expensive progeny; in general not admirable otherwise. August the Strong, of the three hundred and fifty-four bastards: More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom stalked this earth. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all: The unspeakably unexemplary mortal! Protestant Saxony spiritually bankrupt ever since. One of his bastards became Maréchal de Saxe, and made much noise for a time: Like his father, an immensely strong man; of unbounded dissoluteness and loose native ingenuity. (152.)—The elder or Ernestine Line, in its undecipherable, disintegrated state. How the pious German mind holds by the palpably superfluous; and in general cannot annihilate rubbish: The Ernestine Line was but like its neighbours in that. Cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes, they have no history: Perhaps here and there they have more history than we are aware of. Pity brave men, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand thus inert, amid the whirling arena of the world! (162.)—Bernhard of Weimar, a famed captain in the Thirty-Years War,—whose Life Goethe prudently did *not*

write: Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mouldering paper-heaps. Another individual of the Ernestine Line; notable to Englishmen as 'Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.' He also a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst; concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something. The Horologe of Time goes inexorably on. (164.)

EDINBURGH INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The desire to honour those worthy of honour, a feeling honourable to all men: Necessity for selectest discrimination. Reminiscences of boyhood. The approving voice of Young Scotland really of some value: If I could do anything to serve my dear old *Alma-Mater* and you. A few words, not quite useless, nor incongruous to the occasion. Advice seldom much valued. The whole interest of after-life depends on early diligence: Youth the golden season and seed-time of life: The habits of an old man cannot alter. Honest study. Separate accurately in the mind what is really known from what is still unknown. All 'cramming' entirely unworthy an honourable mind. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do. A dishonest man cannot bring forth real fruit. (p. 169.)—Some seven-hundred years since Universities were first set up. No getting things recorded in books then. All this greatly altered by the invention of Printing. Present and future uses of Universities. Theology. A great library of books. Learn to be good readers,—perhaps a more difficult thing than imagined. The most unhappy of men, he who cannot tell what he is going to do. (172.)—Universal value of History. The old Romans and Greeks. A very great deal of deep religion in both nations. Our own history. The Puritan Revolution. John Knox, the author of all that distinguishes Scotland among the nations. Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Democracy and Dictatorship. How the Court of Chancery got reformed. No real history of this country to be got out of the common history-books. Collins's Peerage-book. Kings of England once in the habit of appointing as Peers those who deserved it: That the grand soul of England's history. A peerage now a paltry thing to what it was in those old times. Good books and bad books. Infinite the value of Wisdom. Why not a library of good books in every county town? (180.)—University endowments. Heyne's 'endowment' of peashells and an empty garret: His edition of Virgil. Mere speech-culture by no means the synonym of wisdom. Demosthenes and Phocion. Not the speech, but the thing spoken that is important. (184.)—Goethe's wise thoughts and suggestions: Education; Christian Religion; Reverence; Art, or Human Perfectibility. All is possible. Wonderful efficacy of soldier-drill. (189.)—A very troublous epoch of the world: Age of revolutions. Sons of Chaos and of Cosmos. A man's reward shall be in his own faithfulness. Do not too much need success. Perfect Health, the highest of all temporal things. Piety not gloomy asceticism. The world not so cruelly inhospitable as it sometimes seems. Goethe's marching-song of mankind. (193.) Finis of Rectorship. (p. 198.)

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

Present critical epoch of England's history. Democracy to complete itself,—in a Parliament zealously watched by Penny Newspapers. All Churches and so-called Religions to deliquesce into Liberty, Progress and philanthropic slush. Free Trade for everybody, in all senses and to all lengths. Manifold reflections and dubitations. Unexpected velocity of events. Germany become honourably Prussian. England's Niagara leap. (p. 200.)—

Strange how prepossessions and delusions seize on whole communities of men. The singular phenomenon the Germans call *Schwärmerey*. No difficulty about your Queen Bee. Axioms of folly for articles of faith. Any man equal to any other, and Bedlam and Gehenna to the New Jerusalem. The one refutation. (202.)—The late American War a notable case of *Swarmery*. The Nigger Question essentially one of the smallest; poor Nigger. Servantship on the nomadic principle cannot but be misdone and disastrous. Sheffield Assassination Company, Limited. Thirty-thousand 'distressed needlewomen' on the pavements of London. A 'contract for life' the Nigger's essential position. Injustices between Nigger and Buckra. American *Swarmery* and a continent of the earth submerged by deluges from the Pit of Hell. (203.)—*Swarmery* in our own country. Our accepted axioms. 'Liberty,' for example. Chaining the Devil for a thousand years. Strange notion of 'Reform:' Not practical amendment, but 'extension of the suffrage.' (205.)—The intellect that believes in the possibility of 'improvement' by such a method, a finished-off and shut-up intellect. Something of good even in our 'new Reform measure.' The day of settlement at last brought nearer. He they call 'Dizzy' is to do it. Not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well. Beales and his ragamuffins. Home-Secretary Walpole in tears. A Lord Chief Justice's six hours of eloquent imbecility. An actual *Martial Law* the unseen basis of all written laws, without which no effective law of any kind would be even possible. Governor Eyre and the Nigger-Philanthropists. Our Social Arrangements pretty much an old-established Hypocrisy. The demand 'to become *Commonwealth of England*,' answered by official persons with a rope round their necks. The end perhaps nearer than expected. (208.)—What the duties of good citizens, now and onwards. Possibilities yet remaining with our Aristocracy. Hopes and fears. Vice-Kings for the Colonies. Even Dominica enough to kindle a heroic young heart. At present all gone to jungle and sublime 'Self-government.' (211.)—The better kind of our Nobility still something considerable. Politeness the beautiful natural index and outcome of all that is kingly. Nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations. Conservative *varnish*. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe. Little help or hindrance from the populace. The unclassed Aristocracy by nature, supreme in wisdom and in courage: If these also fail us,—national death. One is inclined timidly to hope the best. A company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather. It must at length come to battle. While God lives, the issue can or will fall only one way. (215.)—Our inspired speakers and seers, who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries. What is called Art, Poetry and the like. How stir such questions in the present limits! All real 'Art' the imprisoned 'Soul of Fact.' The Bible the *truest* of all Books. Homer's Iliad, too, the truest a Patriotic Ballad-singer could manage to sing. 'Fiction,' and its alarming cousinship to *lying*. Modern 'Literature,' like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung. Shakspeare, and his ability to have turned the History of England into an Iliad, almost perhaps into a kind of Bible. England, too (equally with any Judah whatsoever), has a History that is divine. Incredible, and even impious interpretations. (219.)—New definitions of LIBERTY: What it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods. Idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense.' The Moral Sense, the perennial Miracle of Man, the *visible link* between Earth and Heaven. Christian Religion, the soul of it alive forevermore; its dead and rotting *body* now getting burial. A very great work going on in these days: 'God and the Godlike' again struggling to become clearly revealed. (223.)—The Industrial Noble, and his born brother the Aristocrat by title; their united result what we want from both. The world of Industry to be recivilised out

of its now utter savagery. The Reformed Parliament, with Trades Unions in search of their 'Four eights.' The immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*. London houses and house-building. England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Foul Circe enchantments. The essence and outcome of all religion, to do one's work in a faithful manner. (225.)—Constant invocation of the Devil, and diabolic short-cuts towards wages. The '*prestige* of England on the Continent.' Account as it stands in Heaven's Chancery. (229.)—Opportunities and possibilities of Kingship still open to our titular Aristocracy. Human worth: To recognise merit, a man must first *have* it. Right Schools never more needed than now. Unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible by him. Non-vocal schools, presided over by 'pious Wisdom.' (231.)—The Drill-Sergeant, the one official reality. Blessedness of wise drill in every activity of life. The richest and deepest element in all practical education. Silent charm of rhythmic human companionship. Soldier-drill, the last or finishing touch of all sorts of Drilling: Our wise hero Aristocrat, with his private Field-regiment. The issue very certain when it comes so far as that. (234.)—Wide enterprise still possible. Few noble Lords, as noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be, to coalesce nobly with his 'two untitled Brothers.' Were there but three of each sort in the whole of Britain, what a 'Parliament' they might be! (238.)—Penny-Newspaper Parliaments. Immense body of Laws pressingly wanted, and none of mortals knows where to get them. Beyond doubt the vulgar noble Lord intends fully to continue his game,—to keep weltering atop, however ignominiously. Let us hope he will be wise in time. (239.)

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71.

English ignorance of the mutual history of France and Germany: Not now a question of mere 'magnanimity' between them, but of practical security. Louis XI. and Kaiser Max. Burgundy becomes French. (p. 242.)—Francis I. tries to become Kaiser. Broken treaties, and ever-recurring strife with Charles V. Lets loose the fury and fanaticism of the Turks upon Christendom and the German Empire. Richelieu's pernicious meddling in the Thirty-Years War. (243.)—Louis XIV.'s plunderings and burnings of Europe. Belleisle's and Louis XV.'s fine schemes for Germany. The Revolution and Napoleon I. No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany had in France. Germany now at last in a position to see itself righted. Restoration of goods basely plundered: Strasburg and Metz. (244.)—The 'honour' of France. Her late disgraceful assault on Germany, and its ignominious execution. Only repentance can make her what she once was. For the present, becoming more and more delirious. Balloons ballasted with lies. The one hope for France, to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came by invitation of her own. (246.)—French 'men of genius' and their semi-delirious extravagances. The 'Insurrection against Shams' indispensable, however ugly. The infinitely 'harder half' of the battle still more indispensable. The German race, not the Gaelic, now to be protagonist in the world-drama. Might there not be a *Cartouche* of Nations fully as likely as a 'Christ of Nations' in our time? (248.)—Lord Carteret once hoped to recover Alsace and Lorraine for Germany. Bismarck, and Germany with him, will make sure work of it. The 'Siege of Paris.' Considerable misconception as to Bismarck long prevalent in England. Not a person of 'Napoleonic' ideas. Noble, patient Germany at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent. (249.)

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